MEMOIRS OF BARON HYDE DE NEUVILLE

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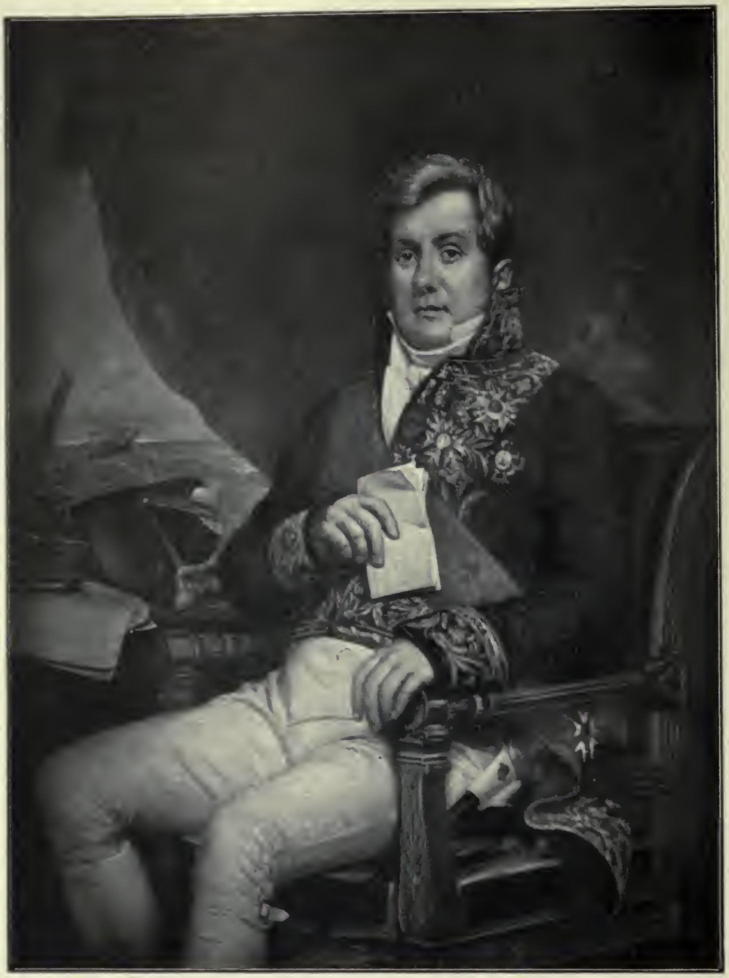

BARON HYDE DE NEUOILLE, COUNT OF BEMPOSTA.
By Paulin Guérin.

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MEMOIRS OF BARON HYDE DE NEUVILLE

OUTLAW · EXILE · AMBASSADOR

TRANSLATED AND ABRIDGED BY

FRANCES JACKSON

AUTHOR OF

A Papal Envoy during the Reign of Terror

WITH 24 ILLUSTRATIONS

IN TWO VOLS. VOL II.

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CHAPTER I

MEASURE THE DISTANCE BETWEEN ELBA AND FRANCE

Admiral Sir Sidney Smith : his fears with regard to Buonaparte.—M. Hyde de Neuville returns to France.—Interviews with the Marquis de Blacas, Count Beugnot and the Abbé de Montesquiou.—Return to England.—M. Hyde de Neuville assists at the conclusion of Peace between England and the United States.—Return to France.—Carelessness of the Government with regard to Buonaparte.—M. Hyde de Neuville charged with a Mission to the Courts of Turin and Florence.—Activity in Elba.—M. Hyde de Neuville asks for an interview with General Bertrand.—Return to Paris.

Notwithstanding my impatience to reach Paris, I stayed in London long enough to see a few of my friends. . . . I heard that Sir Sidney Smith was there, whom I had not met since the days when I used to cross over to England in the service of the King. I knew the Admiral's practical character, and his sound judgment combined with singular generosity. He greeted me warmly, and explained to me better than anyone I had yet seen, the true situation of the French government.

'My friend,' he said, . . . 'Your King has all the qualifications necessary for reigning over a nation like yours ; he measures out his concessions in proportion to the degree of liberty that, in his opinion, the people can bear, after a Revolution that has shed the most generous blood without founding anything.

'But, do you not see a black speck, to which no one is paying any attention, on the other side of the Channel ?' A map of Europe was beside him, and he went on: 'Measure the distance between the Isle of Elba and the southern part of the coast of France. Is it anything to the man who has passed over the countries of Europe with such giant strides? Could he not within a few hours find himself again among his battalions? The sun sometimes sinks amid clouds, which seem as if they would deprive us of his light forever, only to rise in the morning with all his purple splendour. Take care, *there* lies a great danger for you Frenchmen and Royalists.'

I was struck with this picture. The Admiral continued: 'Do you not know, the Emperor, at Fontainebleau, had already studied on the map the position of Elba and of Tuscany, and the strategical points which would render a landing practicable. Your countrymen deceive themselves greatly, if they imagine that the prestige surrounding Napoleon's name has been destroyed by the recent reverses of France. It will long live as a marvellous legend in the mind of a nation, pre-eminently susceptible to the love of glory.'[1] Sir Sidney Smith added: 'If they will listen to you at Paris, advise them to watch the coasts. Italy is ready to rise under Murat; M. de Talleyrand's demand, at Vienna, for Murat's dethronement, has naturally aroused this very ordinary type of man from his apathy.

'The question of the liberty of the seas, and the means of putting down the piracy of the Barbary States, will be brought forward at the Congress at Vienna. This shameful brigandage is not only revolting to humanity, but fetters trade. The blockade of the African coasts, and the undertaking on the part of the nations interested, to furnish a maritime force capable of re-establishing security, would enable them, at the same time, to keep a watch over the Emperor's proceedings.'

---

[1] The words of Sir Sidney Smith left a deep impression on the mind of M. Hyde de Neuville. After the Revolution of 1848, when Louis-Philippe was going away from Paris, M. Hyde de Neuville prophesied that the Empire and a Buonaparte, although they would found nothing durable, would be the last word of the Revolution that had just taken place.

Urged on by these predictions, I cut short my visit to London, and reached Paris on the 20th July.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings on seeing once more the places that had witnessed so many perilous adventures for me. . . . I hastened to my friends, hoping that they would be able to explain a situation which was still somewhat of an enigma. I met M. de Chateaubriand in the salon of the Duchess de Duras. His courage in separating from the Emperor after he had struck down the Duc d'Enghien, and the fame of his pamphlet, *Buonaparte and the Bourbons*, had filled me with admiration. I easily renewed the acquaintance, formed when we were in Spain, of which Mme. de Noailles had been the link ; and from this time, there sprang up between us a friendship, which, notwithstanding its vicissitudes, has been a source of real joy to me.

I met once more Mme. de Damas, the Montchenus, M. and Mme. de Vaux, whose protection had been invaluable to me in Normandy, the Marquis de Rivière, Michaud, La Maisonfort, who had taken an important part in the recent events, and many political friends who had not forgotten the exile. Nor did I forget the generous man who had sheltered me when a price was set on my head. I went into the little room where, not so long ago, I had heard the crier announce my execution. The faithful Caron greeted me warmly.

My happiness must not, however, turn me aside from the grave duty that had fallen to me.

I wished to reach the King's ear otherwise than through the men now in power, in some of whom I had no great confidence. I saw the Marquis de Blacas, and told him of the rumours current in London, adding that the return of the Emperor was evidently not a subject of dread to England, who viewed with jealousy the growing influence of Russia. . . . I had a long conversation with Count Beugnot. He did not altogether share my fears, but promised to speak of them to the Abbé de Montesquiou, and advised me to communicate with the Duc d'Aumont. Eventually, it was decided that I should return at once to London, with a confidential note from the King to the British Government.

I arrived there on the 20th August. My mission had reference, ostensibly, to the suppression of piracy in the Barbary States, but its secret object was to prevent the escape of Buonaparte. I drew up a Memorandum, dated London, the 31st August 1814, which was submitted to the various Sovereigns for approval, and adopted in September at Paris, at Turin on the 4th October, and by the Congress at Vienna.

I had been charged to inform the King, through M. de Blacas, of the results of my enquiries, and on the 21st September, I sent the following statement :

'According to some reports, Buonaparte is conspiring to disturb Europe anew ; according to others, he is sad and gloomy in his Island, worries those about him, is wearied and alarmed at his position ; he talks of going to England, and seems to wish it.

'To these various rumours, current alike in London and Paris, I answer : that Buonaparte, active or inactive, remains formidable ; that his genius, and the memory of his glory and marvellous career, will continue to exercise a great influence in Europe, and especially in France ; and that it is a mistake to believe that his former partisans, in accepting a new flag, have forsaken *at heart* the man who wielded such a magic sway over them. He will retain this power as long as he lives, and it is certain that, as long as he is comparatively near to Italy and France, intrigue, ambition, party spirit, and enthusiasm, will be active on his behalf, even without his concurrence. Thus, whether he conspire or not, whether he be alarmed at his position or not, he is, and always will be, a source of great danger . . .even if he were dead, he would still be to be feared. . .

'As for Murat, he is a man of no great ability, cast upon a throne by the whirlwind of Napoleon's glory; his high position is above his powers. I am assured in London, that he is seriously uneasy, and that the death of the Queen of Naples,[1] will but add to the difficulties of this crowned soldier.

'Now let us see what can be done. . . .

'While still following out the chivalrous project against the Barbary pirates . . . why should not the Kings of France, Sardinia, and Sicily, approach Murat directly, before the Congress brings about dissensions among the Powers, as may probably happen. Who knows, if this Usurper might not be glad to exchange a precarious position for a secure one? Murat is aware that England is against him. Can he seriously hope to remain standing after Napoleon has fallen? When the planet disappears, what becomes of the satellite? Murat is a man of pleasure, and such men do not stake their all, unless driven to extremity. . . .

'Now, who knows if Buonaparte, wearied with men, (what contempt he must have for many of them!) will not feel that in Elba he is, in a manner, a prisoner, that he is watched, and that conspirators take advantage of his name and glory, and associate them with the most wretched plots?

'That, on the other hand, in the United States, he would enjoy his renown in peace. Who knows, if the idea would not come to his mind to create a new Power beyond the seas, if he should still require scope for his terrible activity? What a dream! South America as much as he will, but let us drive France and Italy from his mind.

'Sidney Smith thinks with me. . . . He wishes to go to Vienna. I do not know if he will be of any great use there; he is a man of action, a veritable knight without fear and without reproach, but his head is not equal to his heart; his imagination soars. As a statesman, his opinion would not count for much, but he would be useful with regard to the Barbary enterprise. He has set his heart upon the thing, and pursues it untiringly; and with his well-earned reputation for courage and strength, he cannot fail to inspire the Sovereigns with confidence; the important point is to interest them in this great measure.

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[1] Maria Carolina (daughter of Maria Theresa and sister of Marie Antoinette) died in Austria, very suddenly, on the 7th September 1814. [Tr.]

'The Congress is about to open at Vienna, and the subject of the abolition of the traffic in negroes will be raised. The question of the slavery of whites ought also to be considered; and it behoves the King of France especially, to call upon the civilised nations to unite in putting down, at once, the shameful brigandage of the States of Barbary. . . . In this, France will find her safety, for in making war on the pirates, we shall effectually prevent the escape of Buonaparte.

'It is certain—all the information that I have been able to gain tends to confirm it—either Napoleon is conspiring, or others are conspiring on his behalf. The English will do little, or nothing, to keep him in his Island. If he should get away, he might once more cause an insurrection in Italy, and civil war in France. They say he is worn out, but that is a ridiculous report. Buonaparte is still full of life and vigour; people of such elasticity do not die so quickly. Now, it seems to me that we must, either put the ocean between him and Europe, or keep him so closely guarded in Elba, that he can no longer entertain the thought of carrying out terrible designs in the future; we must not go to sleep when we have such a man to deal with.'

This was not the only subject that I discussed with the English Ministry. My long sojourn in the United States had given me a very exact knowledge of the situation of the belligerents beyond the sea. The War between England and America, which broke out in 1812—ostensibly on the question of the limits of Lower Canada, and of the northern provinces of the United States,—had a deeper cause. England was disputing the empire of the seas with her former Colony. My intimacy with President Madison had convinced me that the sound judgment of the Americans would lead them to extend their possessions towards the west, and not towards the north.

In London, as in New York, men were wearied of hostilities, so it was rendering a service to appease them in America, at a time when they had scarcely ceased in Europe; and I certainly contributed to bring about the Peace[1] between the two countries. Louis XVIII with his usual penetration, had judged of the situation as I presented it. In sending me to England, in order, if possible, to promote an understanding, he wished to be useful to the Republic, for which he did not conceal his sympathy, as I shall show later.

While my interviews with the English statesmen on the subject of the two Maritime Powers, were pleasant and courteous, I could not help noticing a cold reserve when I alluded to the fears entertained in France with regard to Napoleon. . . .

On returning to my own country, I found the same careless indifference as when I left. One man only, the Abbé de Montesquiou, was beginning to think that Napoleon was too near to France. Possibly, the conversations we had together, before I went to England, had destroyed his feeling of security, but I learned that, after certain reports from his agents, he had expressed the opinion that America, or even St Helena, as a place of residence, would alone give safety to Europe. . . . In all this, I do not want to praise myself for having been a bit of a prophet, but to show how the gravest consequences often arise from the blindness and carelessness of men in power.

Eventually, I was informed by the Minister of Foreign Affairs[2] that I was charged by the King with a secret mission to the Courts of Turin and Florence, and was to set out immediately. Briefly, my instructions were, to present a letter from Louis XVIII to the King of Sardinia, and at the same time, to present him with the Memorandum drawn up by Admiral Sidney Smith, and to point out the great advantage which would result to Sardinia from the Barbary expedition. After discussing this point, I was to enter upon the steps necessary to unmask Napoleon's projects, in order to secure the safety of the European Powers. I was then to pass on to Florence, where I should see how far I might confide the object of my mission to the Archduke.

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[1] The centenary of this Peace between England and the U.S. is soon to be celebrated. [Tr.]

[2] M. de Jaucourt, who temporarily held that office.

We[1] set out on the 8th October, and reached Turin on the 14th, which was regarded as a quick journey in those days. The roads had been rendered almost impassable by the rains, the posts were ill-served, and the rudeness of the postillions, who answered us in bad French, proved to us, as soon as we had passed the frontier, that here, as in many other places, our troops had left painful memories of their depredations. At every step, a pillaged convent, or houses partly burned down, called forth our pity. It was sad to reflect, that the ambition of Buonaparte should have caused these evils, and that a generous nation like the French must bear the blame.

On reaching Piedmont, and especially in Savoy, I marvelled at the attachment of the people to their Sovereign. The nobles had defended the country, inch by inch, against the Republican invaders : they surrounded the throne, ready to support it if the same calamities should again befall the house of Savoy.

From the moment I set foot in Italy, and especially at Turin, everyone was talking about what was going on in Elba. The preparations that were being made were no secret, and important news was shortly expected. What form it would take no one knew, but all along the coast there was a constant interchange of communications, and embarkation of persons arriving from Paris and Naples, on their way to Elba.

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[1] Madame Hyde de Neuville accompanied her husband.

At Turin, the King granted me several audiences; at Modena, Count Guicciardi obtained for me an audience with the Grand Duke Francis d'Este; finally, at Florence, I had a long conference with the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, now reinstated in his dominions. Everywhere, I met with the same good-will, and desire to co-operate with the King of France for the suppression of piracy; but as soon as I ventured on the subject of Italian politics, I met with cold reserve. During my journey, I learned something of the movements of the Buonapartists. Only a feeble echo reached me, but I gathered that more than one Frenchman, even among those whose functions attached them to the new government, were probably involved in these intrigues; it seemed to me that spies and adherents were everywhere.

Among the French Consuls, I had been told that I should find an active and intelligent man at Livorno,[1] Baron Mariotti. He had all the prudent subtilty of the Italian, combined with a straightforwardness that inspired confidence. I learned from him, that unquestionably some decision would shortly be taken at the Emperor's little Court. Relying upon the genius of Napoleon, his signal was awaited for the enterprise, whatever it might be. He alone, kept up the pretence of indifference, which he exaggerated when receiving foreigners, or persons suspected of being unfavourable to his cause. The fêtes, given by his sister Pauline, gathered together the officers of his little army, and the principal inhabitants; and it was hoped thus to gain them over, or at least, to assure their silence.

I sent the following report to the Government at Paris; 'Facts speak for themselves; there are two projects in view. The landing is to take place, either in Provence, or Italy. It is believed that a large number of adherents have been gained over in the South of France. Buonaparte does not seem so confident as his agents. He often speaks of Genoa, and seems to lean towards Italy, but it may be only a ruse.

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[1] Leghorn. [Tr.]

'Still, conspiracies, like illnesses, are nearly always less serious when taken in time.

'It is of the first necessity to adopt the measures I venture to point out:

'Two frigates and an advice-boat should be sent from Toulon. I will inform His Excellency of the places to be watched, and the instructions to be given to the Commander of the frigates, who should be an intelligent and reliable man. The frigates will watch the Island, and drive away the pirates from Tunis.

'It would be well to change the garrison at Toulon, and to place only such officers as are devoted to the King, in command of the troops in the South.

'Also, to keep a watch on all persons who convey letters to and from the Island, not to arrest them, as this would give the alarm.

'To change any of the Consuls, or diplomatic agents, in Corsica and Italy who are not quite to be trusted.

'The Consul at Livorno should be retained.

'I will add, that with great watchfulness Buonaparte may be prevented from reaching France by sea, if he should attempt it. But how can he be prevented from going to Genoa, the easiest country in the world to incite to revolt? The reasons in favour of it are ten to one.

'It is certain, that Buonaparte takes great interest in this part of Italy. His corvet is constantly going to and fro between Genoa and Porto-Ferrajo. His agents are known. This is the country he always mentions first. He carefully enquires as to the number of the troops left there. I have these details from Colonel Campbell.'[1]

To try to see General Bertrand, as I had intended, had now become an almost useless, if not dangerous, step; nevertheless, I did not give it up. If I could obtain an interview with the General, I should be able to draw my conclusions from what he said.

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[1] One of the four Commissioners appointed by the Allies to accompany Napoleon to Elba. The others were Koller, Schouvalow and Count Truchsess.

The decisions taken by the Congress at Vienna were not yet known; it was only known, that it had been suggested that Napoleon should be sent away from the coast of France, and offered a retreat in the United States worthy of the position he had held in Europe.

To give General Bertrand to understand, that the suggestion of a new place of residence for the Emperor, had been all but accepted by the Representatives of the Powers assembled at Vienna, and that I had been charged by the King's Government to propose it to Napoleon, was not a chimerical idea. This is proved by what took place a few months later at Rochefort, in 1815, when the Emperor's devoted followers pressed him to go to America, rather than surrender his destiny to England.

I was well aware that every effort would be made to mislead me. No one was in the Emperor's secret, it was to Napoleon himself that my overtures would be made known. . . .

I said to M. Mariotti: 'Can you help me to send a letter to one of the Emperor's suite, without it passing through the post, which will be watched? In the midst of the conspiracies around us, I consider it imprudent to put on paper the information which you mentioned yesterday as of such importance. M. Marcelly, who is in secret communication with the Prince de Talleyrand, wrote to me, from Parma, that the Congress had ratified the Treaty of Fontainebleau, and decided that Marie-Louise should remain in possession of her States, to which she will soon return; the greatest prudence was enjoined upon me. Simultaneously, the very same news reached me from Elba; it was added that Buonaparte seemed greatly touched at the prospect of the Empress and King of Rome being near him. . . .'

'Everything is known down there,' [replied M. Mariotti], 'and I have no doubt your presence at Livorno arouses an anxiety, or at least a curiosity, that may lend itself to your ends'—'All the more reason,' I replied, 'to hasten the dénouement.'

It was decided that a trustworthy man, known to M. Mariotti, should take my letter to General Bertrand. I wrote it rapidly, for time was pressing. I said:

'M. LE COMTE,

'If I have the honour of being known to you, the step I am taking will cause you no surprise. It is that of a man, who, having been all his life devoted to one cause, is able to appreciate a brave soldier on the opposite side, as distinguished for his talents, as he is honoured for his generous conduct.

'It is impossible for a man like me to attempt to corrupt a man like you; but two men of honour may meet and confer together, on a subject which is not contrary to duty, honour, or the fitness of things.

'I come then frankly, to ask an interview. The important matter I wish to discuss with you cannot harm any government; it may reconcile many interests, and you may deem it worthy to be brought before the illustrious Exile whom you serve. Be so kind, General, as to take his orders, and let me know your intentions. I will meet you at any place you may name. I think Piombino will probably seem to you the most suitable. If your duties do not permit you to leave, I shall be equally pleased to confer with General Drouot, whose nobility of character is well known to me.'

Several days passed without any reply. The sea was tempestuous, and communication almost cut off. . . .

This silence seemed to indicate a fear of awakening suspicions, which had become almost certainties to me. The important thing now was, not to remain in Italy, but to hasten to Paris, and destroy the blind security of the Government; to induce them to adopt energetic measures, and counteract those of the Emperor. In Revolutions, it is not men, but events, that travel most quickly. I left Livorno on the 6th November, resolved to stop as little as possible on the way.

[Madame Hyde de Neuville describes the journey in her diary.]

'We reached Cavigliajo on Wednesday, the 9th. We had been told that it was very dangerous to cross the Apennines by night; but, as my husband always wishes to do what is best for others, however inconvenient to himself, he did not hesitate to continue the journey through the darkest night.

'He walked beside the carriage, carbine in hand, along the steep and snow-covered road; Saint-Léger[1] followed, armed with pistols, and I, anxious not to be outdone, formed the rear-guard, with a lantern in one hand and a pistol in the other, at the door of our carriage.

'The evening before, we had been unable to procure horses on account of the number of travellers, chiefly French, but on this day, not having met with the same difficulty, we made a long journey, and put up for the night at a posting-house in Modena. The fine weather had returned; our horizon brightened with it, and we became less anxious.

'On Saturday the 12th, we slept at Tortona, and thanks to the weather, and our determination to get up at dawn, and not to stop, we reached Turin last night.

'The snow had already fallen on the mountains, which added to their impressiveness. It seems to me that when the mind is filled with political events, these grand aspects of nature become more striking, being, as it were, in harmony with our thoughts.

'To make up for lost time, we again determined to travel by night, but the darkness, a driving rain, and bad roads, compelled us to stop at Chambéry, whence we set out to go through, without further break. The "son,"[1] distressed at all this delay, took advantage of it to enter into conversation with everyone he met, and was not at all satisfied with what he heard. Still, we had recovered a little from our anxiety—simply, I think, because impressions become more dim as we go further away from the place where we received them—when an incident occurred to increase our fears.

---

[1] M. Hyde de Neuville's nephew, the son of his sister, Mme. de Larue. [Tr.]

'Our carriage broke down as we were descending the Mountain of La Grotte, one of the steepest on the way to "Les Echelles." It was very difficult, in the dead of night, to find the nearest posting-house. The landlord, who was called, declared it was impossible to repair the carriage at that hour. We had to submit, and made our way to the inn, grumbling all the time. A bright light streamed from one of the windows, and the clinking of glasses, and clattering of plates, told of an early morning meal; it was four o'clock. As I went forward, I caught some words of French with too good an accent for the speaker to be a Savoyard or an Italian. I touched M. Hyde de Neuville's arm, and he listened too; then turning quickly to the inn-keeper who was following, he said: "You have some Frenchmen here?" "Yes, some gentlemen on their way from *the other one*."[2] It was not the first time we had been struck by this curious expression in Italy. It referred to Buonaparte. Our host continued: "As you are so pressed for time, they might be able to give you a seat in their post-chaise as far as Les Echelles, and I could take your lady and the young gentleman there to-morrow." The proposal was tempting, but M. Hyde de Neuville declined it. If the travellers were really Buonapartist agents, he could not stoop to learn their secrets by this subterfuge, still less, to allow them to guess his own.

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[1] Madame Hyde de Neuville was considerably older than her husband, and the word 'son' was frequently used by her, as a disguise, in writing of him during the Revolutionary times.

[2] De *chez l'autre*.

'We had gone into the coffee-room, where there was a good fire, which was very welcome to warm our limbs benumbed with the cold. The travellers passed through the room a few minutes later; there were two of them, and we saw at once, from their dress and the way they bowed to us, that they were accustomed to society. As soon as we had recovered from our surprise, we could not help laughing at this curious adventure; the Emperor's Agents travelling with an Envoy of Louis XVIII!'

[M. Hyde de Neuville resumes the narrative.]

On reaching Paris, I hastened to see the Abbé de Montesquiou, M. Beugnot and M. de Blacas, to give them an account of my mission. Most of them had recognised its importance when I left, but impressions, which change so rapidly in the field of politics, were no longer the same, and more attention was now given to what was going on in Paris than in Italy. It would not have taken much to make them look upon me as a visionary.

CHAPTER II

RETURN OF NAPOLEON FROM ELBA

False security in Paris.—Fouché.—Napoleon lands.—Panic among the Royalists.—M. de Vitrolles.—M. Hyde de Neuville tries to arouse the enthusiasm of the Royalists.—He goes to Versailles.—News of the King's departure.—Letter from Mme. Hyde de Neuville.—M. Hyde de Neuville goes to St Germain.—Thence to Pontoise.—Learns that the King is on his way to Lille.—M. Hyde de Neuville goes on to Beauvais, and to Abbeville.—Interview with the Prince de Condé.—News that the King has gone to Belgium, on his way to Dunkerque.—M. Hyde de Neuville goes to England by way of Calais and Dover.—Finds his wife at Richmond.

There was no feeling of uneasiness in Paris, while the storm rumbled in the distance, and I had seen the first flashes of lightning. I had brought convincing proofs; Louis XVIII was informed, and a few worthy men trembled. I was welcomed as a deliverer. Steps were to be taken; my advice was to be followed; but soon, fears were laid to rest. Buonaparte would not fall from the skies. The conspiracy was proved; there were the letters; the agents were known. All this was only a miserable intrigue; it was graciously acknowledged that I had rendered a real service; I had discovered the fuse, but it would go out of itself. They even went so far as to say, a skirmish would do great good.

'Buonaparte will be captured, and there will be an end of it,' said one of those men who bring about the downfall of kings, as he rubbed his hands.

At the salons, which have so much influence in Paris, nothing was discussed but the debates in the Chambers. The King had shown great condescension to some of the Liberal party, Madame de Stael among others; some distrusted these advances, others were grieved to see

Royalty compromised. It was all Louis XVIII could do to calm the discontent of his faithful supporters; he did it with tact and dignity.

Meanwhile, in Paris itself, the last threads of the plot of which I had given warning, were being woven. It is a great mistake to suppose that Napoleon was the sole conspirator. Unquestionably, since his abdication, his genius had soared into the future, to discover, if possible, a last card to play against united Europe; but he must be sure that the army was faithful to him. As soon as he knew it, he hesitated no longer.

As I have said, far-seeing statesmen were uneasy about Italy. M. de Talleyrand, at the Congress, had demanded the restoration of the Bourbons to Naples. Murat felt himself insecure, although he was all but recognised by England. Expecting shortly to be dethroned, he readily listened to the malcontents of Italy. He put himself at their head, and sought to re-establish his crown by invading the Roman States. Naturally, Austria could not consent to the passage of the Neapolitan troops through her territory; and in face of this new aggression, France decided to assemble an army of 50,000 men between Lyons and Chambéry. As M. de Talleyrand had said, Napoleon distrusted Murat as an ally, knowing his incapacity. France alone occupied his thoughts; the inevitable struggle with united Europe, which he foresaw, reawakened his military genius. How he should govern France afterwards, did not trouble him; he refused to consider it. Certainly the *Additional Act* was not then made.

On the further side of the Alps, the unrest was extreme; on this side, confidence alternated with a vague misgiving. Thus, the month of February went by.

I do not know how my journey to Italy had come to be talked about. The salon of the Princess de Vaudémont was neutral ground, and there, I occasionally met Fouché, the persecutor of my youthful days and of my family, but who had behaved well to me in the matter of the infernal machine. He had also, at the request of Madame de Pastoret, my wife's cousin, solicited from the Emperor, though unsuccessfully, the release of my brother, imprisoned, as we have seen, in the Château d'If.

My natural repulsion for a regicide, in addition to the double project attributed to him of overthrowing the elder branch of the Bourbons, and placing the Duc d' Orléans upon the throne, or as others said, of favouring Napoleon,—all these reasons increased my aversion to Fouché. Still, I could not avoid exchanging a few ordinary words of politeness and thanks. He replied: 'You are one of those who cannot remain suspected long, when people recognise your high character as I have done.' I bowed, and was about to pass on, when he said with a peculiar inflexion of the voice:

'You have been travelling in Italy lately. What do you think of the rumours we hear?'

'Doubtless, what you yourself think. In leaving the Emperor so near to France, Europe took little account of Napoleon's audacity, or suspected the plots hatched by ambitious men, who would serve the Emperor and Louis XVIII at the same time.'

He turned on his heel, and the conversation ended.

Buonaparte had landed; the electric spark produced by the news spread through Paris. The people were gloomy and undecided; the army alone did not conceal its joy. At first, everyone asked: 'Is it true?' then 'What is to be done?'

The absolute security of the Court gave way to an indescribable panic. The King alone maintained his self-possession. I was at the salon of the Princess de la Trémoïlle when the Comte de Rougé brought the news. 'What a good thing!' 'To-morrow we shall hear that he is captured,' and other similar expressions. People were almost laughing about it, when I said: 'Gentlemen, this is a serious event. God grant it may not be a most terrible one!'

I saw M. de Vitrolles at the salon of Mme. de

Vaudémont. He was the only man capable of acting at this juncture.[1] He seized my hands, exclaiming: 'If they had only listened to you! Is it to be always the fate of us Royalists to see the Monarchy fall before our eyes? Our principles alone can save France, yet what blood will be shed by that fatal man who will be here to-morrow!'

I replied: 'Paris is cold; in a few hours we may expect a reaction from this fickle people. Napoleon abdicated at Fontainebleau, let us not allow him to pass the walls; the middle class are discontented; the students are on our side. Let the King and the Princes show themselves, and I will answer for it, they can still be saved. Who has not seen in this very Paris such sudden changes in the populace?'

'You will always be the man of action *par excellence*,' said Vitrolles smiling.

The formation of a Corps of Royalist Volunteers, under the command of the Duc de Berry, led many students to enlist. The conscription had weighed heavily upon the youth of France, and the return of the Empire meant to them a return to the hardest trials. The middle classes were opposed to Napoleon, not so much from devotion to the Bourbons, as from fear of losing the existing constitutional government.

Sufficient advantage was not taken of the support of the Liberal party hostile to the Emperor. M. Benjamin Constant, the Duc de Broglie, and even General Lafayette, assembled at the house of M. Lainé, President of the Chamber. M. Lainé demanded the calling together of the Chambers, the removal of the Abbé de Montesquiou, and M. Ferrand, from the Ministry, and a new list or peers drawn from the popular party.

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[1] By his advice the King had ordered the Duc d'Orléans to accompany the Comte d'Artois to Lyons. The conspiracy of Gen. Drouet d'Erlon and the brothers Lallemand was no secret. Its object was to overthrow the Bourbons, and, in default of Buonaparte; to place the Duc d' Orléans on the throne.

Concessions granted by a falling Ministry, have never been successful. They are looked upon with suspicion, and bear the mark of necessity, which gives them neither duration nor strength. The confusion in the acts and projects of the government only increased the stupefaction in Paris; but soon a strong reaction set in, which took its rise from below.

The Chamber began its deliberations on the 11th March . . . On the previous day, the Count d'Artois had returned, accompanied by Maréchal Macdonald. There was no longer any room for doubt; Buonaparte was advancing on Paris, not as a conspirator uncertain of success, but in triumph.

M. de Vitrolles informed Monsieur of my project, to entrust the task of fanning the newly enkindled enthusiasm, to two or three hundred students from the schools of Law and Medicine, who had met together in the Rue Saint-Jacques.

That very day, I had been asked to go amongst them by some devoted men, whose courage I had witnessed on many occasions, secondary agents, but important when it is a question of arousing the masses. I marched through Paris at their head, and saw the gloomy anxiety of the last few days give place to enthusiasm. Women of all ranks cheered us on the way.

We arrived at the courtyard of the Tuileries. Monsieur was informed, and came among us; with his usual graciousness, he encouraged the demonstration, and enquired the names of some of the leaders. This movement should have been extended until it had attained imposing proportions; the partisans of the Bourbons should have been encouraged, and proclamations scattered broadcast.

It was now the 18th. On the previous day, the King had gone to the Palais-Bourbon with the Princes. In noble language, he had aroused the patriotism of the Assembly as he swore to observe the Charter. 'I have no fear for myself,' he said, 'but I fear for France, exposed to the scourge of foreign war.' Then, he tactfully asked the two Chambers to give the necessary strength to authority.

The excitement was electric, and spread, not only through the Assembly, but through Paris. On every side was heard the cry, 'Long live the King.' But, in the midst of these acclamations, we felt that they were powerless to strike a decisive blow to save the situation.

The King's departure became more and more inevitable. Everybody spoke of it, except at the Court.

M. de Blacas had rejected every overture of the kind. The generals who had remained loyal, Maison, and the Duc de Raguse, made various suggestions : to surround the Tuileries and the Louvre with the most devoted of the National Guard and of the King's Household Troops, and to wait.

The only possible and efficacious course, in my opinion, was that suggested by M. de Vitrolles : that the King should go to La Rochelle, almost midway between the faithful departments of La Vendée and Brittany, with Bordeaux, where the Duc and Duchesse d' Angoulême then were, on the right, and Angers and Nantes on the left. In case of failure, the sea would give access to Spain and England. It was desirable, above all things, that the King should remain in France ; for to fly to a foreign land, on the morrow of the emigration, would be to repeat the very fault with which the friends of the Bourbons had been bitterly reproached. I was so firmly convinced that this was the only plan that could save the King, that I clung to it with the ardour of despair. To render it feasible, it was necessary to support all the movements in favour of our cause. Having learned that the National Guard at Versailles had declared for the King, I went thither with M. de Cubières, and some officers of the former Royal Household. Our object was twofold, to encourage the National Guard of Versailles, and to arouse the enthusiasm of that of Paris, as we passed through, on our way to Villejuif.[1] I sent word to M. de Vitrolles that I would await any orders that might be given me, should the King decide to go to Flanders, or to the west of France.

I had not long to wait. Scarcely had I called together a few influential persons of Versailles, and discussed with them the means of gaining over the populace, when, on the morning of the 20th, a vague rumour spread through the town. It became more definite as the day advanced, and at last, there was no possibility of doubt that the King had left the Tuileries the previous night. The uncertainty as to the direction he had taken increased my distress. Ought I to try to rejoin him at once? It would have been a relief to me in my state of agitation. My heart burned with indignation. . . . Public feeling was on our side, and yet there was no attempt to offer any kind of resistance! . . . I reflected during the night as I passed through the deserted streets of Versailles. The great King had been there. Had France died with him? . . . A government abdicating while it possessed serious means of defence! A country yielding to despotism, while free institutions, and the plenitude of political rights, ought to inspire her with great resolutions! . . . .

The thought that the cause to which I was devoted was, perhaps, lost forever, was to me a frightful nightmare. It was not until dawn that I sought a little rest, at the house of the friends of whom I have spoken.

I was awakened by a servant, bringing me a letter from my wife. It was a great joy to me to have news of her. I had told her I was going to Versailles, without telling her the reason.

There was no clue as to what action Buonaparte would take with regard to the friends of the Bourbons. His landing had been effected with all the timidity of an uncertain enterprise, but he might well have become intoxicated with success. Doubtless, his first measures would be severe. It is known, for instance, how angry he became when it was proposed to insert in the *Acte Additionnel* to the Constitution, the abolition of confiscation, a measure adopted by Louis XVIII.

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[1] Under the walls of Paris, where the Royal Volunteers, commanded by the Duc de Berry, were stationed.

I never thought of danger when duty required me to meet it; but I was anxious about Mme. Hyde de Neuville, not knowing where she was. I was much pleased to learn that she had followed the advice I had given her, in case the political situation should grow worse, and had gone to the Baroness de Condé and her sister the Marchioness de Larousière, at Chaillot.

Although reassured on this point, I was still perplexed as to my own course of action. I could no longer hope for instructions from M. de Vitrolles, or for any means of carrying out the project that had brought me to Versailles.

I resolved to follow the King, whether he had gone North or West; but before taking any steps, I wished to make sure that the Royal Volunteers, to which I belonged, had been disbanded. An Order, dated, the 16th March, and signed by the Duc de Feltre, enjoined upon me to take part in the organisation of the Royal Volunteers of the 1st Division, under the command of Lieutenant-General the Count de Viomesnil; these Volunteers should be at Beauvais. If this corps still existed, and had not been disbanded by Order of the King, it was my duty to rejoin it, and to make sure that all resistance was impossible.

I sent a letter to Mme. Hyde de Neuville, in veiled terms, begging her to go to England with our American friends, Mr and Mrs Sismond, who were leaving for London. I had little doubt that recent events would have hastened their departure, and in the uncertainty as to what might happen, it would be a great satisfaction to me to know that my wife was out of Paris.

I hired a gig to take me to Saint-Germain, and thence to Pontoise, whence I hoped easily to reach Beauvais.

My driver, a broad-shouldered fellow, was, nevertheless, far from being brave. The by-ways were thronged with fugitives, and the highways, with troops marching on Paris. As we passed through the villages, our humble vehicle was often obliged to make way for them ; sometimes the soldiers cried, '*Vive l'Empereur !*' but without enthusiasm. The inhabitants were silent, and showed only an anxious curiosity.

I alighted as we reached a village a few leagues from Pontoise. Some cuirassiers were coming out of a miserable inn, that had only a wisp of straw for a sign ; contrary to the direction taken by the other troops I had met, these turned their backs on the capital, and it occurred to me that I might be able to obtain news of Paris. I went up to a woman at the door of the inn, and made my enquiries. Until then, I had not noticed a man at the other end of the room, who hurriedly began to button up his overcoat. He was not quick enough, however, to prevent my seeing, under the coat, the uniform of a Royal Volunteer.

I did not hesitate for a moment. Throwing off my cloak, I displayed the cross of St Louis, which at that time was usually worn instead of the simple riband. I went up to him, and said : 'Circumstances are so grave, Sir, that you will pardon the liberty I am taking in asking where is the King. It is three days since I left Paris, and it is important, for other than personal reasons, that I should know what has taken place.'

He bowed with extreme courtesy, and did not ask me any questions, but answered mine at once :

'The King has left Paris, and is on his way to Lille with his Household Troops.'

'What has become of the Volunteers stationed at Beauvais ? Is all resistance abandoned ? Where are the Princes ?'

The stranger smiled bitterly, and answered : 'Nothing can be done for the moment. Heaven grant we may see better days !'

I stood aside to let the officer pass, thanking him for the information he had given me.

Night was falling, as I reached Pontoise. An immense crowd of fugitives, on foot and on horseback, filled the streets ; some sought a lodging, others a vehicle of any kind. A cattle-dealer offered me a seat in his çart, and I went on, and reached Beauvais at daybreak.

I learned, from some travellers, of Buonaparte's entrance into Paris ; the cheers given by the regiments awaiting him on the Place du Carrousel had been rather cold, very different from those that greeted him on the way from Fréjus. The Emperor noticed it, and his smiles were mingled with anxiety. It was added that a great number of troops were concentrating in the department of the Nord.

The country became more peaceful as I went further from Paris, and I noticed the progress in agriculture that had been made in these fertile provinces. The certainty of their being again devastated saddened me.

We reached Abbeville, and I learned with surprise that the Prince de Condé was still there. My resolution was soon taken ; I would discontinue my journey, and take my orders from the Prince.

I scarcely knew the Prince de Condé, but the kindness shown to me by the Duchesse de Bourbon,[1] in Spain, led me to hope that he would receive me as soon as he knew who I was ; and this, in fact, he did.

I learned from the Prince the details of the King's departure, on the evening of the 19th March. Louis had reached Abbeville the same day, and had stopped there, intending to wait for the detachments of volunteers that the Comte d'Artois and the Duc de Berry would bring, reinforced by the musketeers, life-guards, and grenadiers who were following the King. It is entirely a mistake to suppose that this journey resembled a flight. Along the route, as well as in the town,[2] which the King had

[1] The mother of the last Condé. [Tr.]

[2] Abbeville apparently. [Tr.]

left the day before I arrived, he was treated with respect, and his dignity rose to the height of his misfortunes. The general feeling was shown in tears ; it was believed that the Bourbons would return, and that they alone could restore peace and good government to the country.

Maréchal Macdonald, who preceded the Princes, persuaded the King to leave. The garrisons of Pas-de-Calais had revolted. If he retired to Lille, he would find the people, and the National Guard, ready to assist the troops brought by the Princes. Louis XVIII yielded reluctantly. His determination to remain on French soil could be read on his calm face. It seemed as if the heart of St Louis beat in this body, that had been reduced to inactivity by suffering rather than by age.

On leaving Abbeville, the King gave orders that the Princes should follow the road to Béthune.

I was obliged to give up all hope of rejoining them, and while placing myself under the orders of the Prince de Condé, I thought only of making my way to the department of the Nord.

The Prince having told me that he expected a courier towards mid-day, and that the news would decide his plans, I resolved to wait. I could not venture to question him as to his own projects, but, no doubt, he read my anxiety in my eyes. With patient self-possession, which showed no trace of the agitation that everyone was feeling, and I more than anyone, he told me, he had begged the King to allow him to await the issue of events at Abbeville, and to cover His Majesty's retreat. Nothing was known of the movements of the Princes, nor of the forces at their disposal. The military command of the Western provinces, entrusted to the Duc de Bourbon, offered resources, on account of the loyalty and devotion of the population. There had been rumours before leaving Paris, of loans and levies en masse in the country between Nantes and La Rochelle. MM. d'Andigné, de Suzannet, and de la Rochejacquelein were calling the people of La Vendée and Brittany to arms. From La Rochelle, it would be easy to join hands with Bordeaux, where the Duchesse d'Angoulême then was . . . thus, the entire coast would be secured to the King.

When the Prince went on to mention, that M. de Vitrolles had been sent by the King as his Envoy to Bordeaux, I understood the plan the Prince had in view, and ardently desired that he might carry it out. I longed to share the dangers of my friends.

The news that reached the Prince, on the evening of the 23rd, was disastrous on the whole, in spite of the reception accorded to the King.

It had been the intention of Louis XVIII not to leave France, but to shut himself up in some fortified place, to await the arrival of the Princes, and of reinforcements from Normandy and Brittany ; but symptoms of revolt appeared among the troops ; and on the advice of the Duc d'Orléans, Macdonald, and Marshal Mortier, it was decided that the King should go to Dunkerque by way of Belgium.

Almost at the same moment as this sad news reached the Prince, and decided him to rejoin the King without delay, we heard that the garrisons of Pas-de-Calais had risen, on hearing of Napoleon's entry into Paris, and thus cut off all communication with Lille.

Under these circumstances, the Prince advised me not to attempt to reach the King by the Belgian frontier ; either His Majesty would have gained Dunkerque, or he would have been obliged to remain in Belgium.

I was the more ready to accede to this suggestion, as I had a somewhat irregular passport, under the name of Bernier. I had taken the precaution to procure it before leaving America, owing to my ignorance of what was going on in Europe.

I thought I should have no difficulty in crossing from Calais to Dover, and that this would be the safest and shortest way to return to Belgium and rejoin the Royal family. The more I reflected on the situation in France, the more I felt convinced that the triumph of Buonaparte was only temporary.

My journey to England was uneventful. I had no doubt that my wife was in London, but the difficulty was to find her. I remembered that the friends who accompanied her had stayed at Richmond, so I went there, and was able, at last, to find Madame Hyde de Neuville, in perfect health.

CHAPTER III

ROYALISTS DURING THE HUNDRED DAYS

Interview with the Duc de La Châtre.—M. Hyde de Neuville goes to Ghent.—The King's Ministers.—M. de Blacas.—Marquis de La Maisonfort.—The Duc d'Orléans.—The Duchesse d'Angoulême in London. – Her visit to Ghent.—M. Hyde de Neuville goes again to Ghent.—M. Hyde de Neuville charged to go to England, and place himself under the orders of Madame.—He returns to London on the day of the Battle of Waterloo.—Receives orders from Madame to sail for Havre.—The King returns to France.

I HAD recently been in communication with the Duc de La Châtre, the French Ambassador in London, owing to my having been appointed Secretary to the Association of the Knights of St Louis[1] of which he was Vice-President. I, therefore, went to see him as soon as I arrived; after conferring with him, I wrote to the Comte d'Artois as follows:

'29*th March* 1815

'MONSEIGNEUR,

'In the present crisis, it behoves a brave and loyal Frenchman to give an account to his Princes of his least actions. I left France at the last extremity, I have arrived in England, and am all for God and the King; be so kind, Monseigneur, as to make use of me. . . . I only ask that I should not be forgotten as long as there are dangers to incur, and services to render. . . .'

After the first excitement, had succeeded a momentary calm. At the Congress of Vienna, M. de Talleyrand defended the Bourbon cause, with all the freedom, ability, skill, and even authority, with which he had formerly served the Empire.

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[1] For the care of the widows and orphans of the Knights who had fallen in the Army of the Princes.

He did not wait for orders from his government; prompt to unravel difficult situations, none knew so well as he, how to obtain acceptance for the instructions he had given to himself, and to impose them, at once, on the King whom he served, and on the Sovereigns to whom he was accredited.

What would be the decision of the Congress at Vienna in face of the landing of Napoleon? No one could tell in the early days of the adventure. The Powers reproached Alexander with his magnanimity, and all the Sovereigns regretted that the French army had not been disbanded, and blamed the nation for accepting so readily the consequences of a military skirmish. . . .

During these days of uncertainty, M. de Talleyrand rendered a great service to the Bourbons; he faced the storm of anger and hatred, and took upon himself the defence of what seemed a lost cause. He calmed the wrath of Alexander, and with that patriotism, which is the only excuse for his career and his apostasy, he sought, then as always, to hold the balance between France and England, in the interest, as he thought, of his country. This policy brought about the decision of the 13th March: Napoleon banned by Europe; the rights of the legitimate Sovereign recognised, and France invited to rally round him.

The decision, which Talleyrand obtained from the Congress, to retain the same Ministers who had been accredited to Louis XVIII, in 1814, had far-reaching results. . . .

I have anticipated events in speaking of the Resolution taken by the Sovereigns at Vienna. It was not yet known when I arrived in Ghent, on the 14th April. The King had just called into his Ministry,—together with M. de Jaucourt, the Duc de Feltre, and the Comte de Blacas,—M. de Chateaubriand, and the Comte de Lally-Tollendal. The Duc de Blacas, the devoted friend of

Louis XVIII, and faithful servant of that Bourbon family whom he was twice to follow into exile, had naturally become the most active agent of the King. It is well-known with what bitterness—wholly devoid of justice be it said—he was then, and has since been blamed for his ascendancy over the King. I was with M. de Blacas a great deal at this time, and saw nothing of the obstinacy, contempt for the opinions of others, and ignorance of the spirit of the new age, of which he has been accused. I will give a proof to the contrary.

On the eve of one of my journeys to England, for I crossed several times in the King's service, the Duke suggested that we should take a walk together. We went into the country, and I spoke of my last interview with the King. His Majesty had said to me laughingly: 'You are young; hope is something of a coquette, she smiles on men of your age, but is less kind to those of mine. I am afraid we are not advancing as quickly as you think.'

'Yes,' said M. de Blacas, 'the King is afraid that anarchy will cause great difficulties in Paris.'

'Before two months are over,' I replied, 'You will be in Paris with His Majesty.'

M. de Blacas stood still, and seemed to reflect; then he said: 'The King will be there, I hope; but as for me, No.'

The Duke knew his unpopularity, and would not let it injure the cause of the King; this self-renunciation sprang from a noble character. Whether his policy were always in harmony with the requirements of the age, is a question we need not discuss here. He may have been mistaken, but the resolution to retire before a future which promised him power and new honours, was a proof of unshaken loyalty.

The name of M. de Blacas brings before my mind the men who were most opposed to him in Ghent. Nearly all the King's advisers, MM. Guizot, Beugnot, the Abbé Louis, and Mounier, begged, in vain, that the favourite might be dismissed. Louis XVIII considered that the promises he had made should be enough, and that it would be an act of cowardice to abandon the friends who had shared his misfortunes. . . . He was, I repeat, immovable in his wish to preserve constitutional government to France. I was too anxious to secure for my country the blessings of a wise liberty, not to desire the triumph of this policy; and I remained true to my convictions, during these days of trial, when I was in daily contact with men whose position led them to take the opposite view.

My greatest friend at Ghent was the Marquis de Rivière, the most noble-hearted man I have ever known. . . . My friendship with the Marquis de La Maisonfort had its origin in circumstances quite unconnected with politics. His house in Berry was near La Charité, where I spent my early years, and my mother was very intimate with his family. The Marchioness de La Maisonfort, my lifelong friend, was one of the most intellectual women I have known; during my persecution under the Directory, she often gave me shelter at the Château de Beffes, where I passed for one of her relatives; hence, the name 'Uncle' given to me by her daughter, Sarah, who was afterwards married to M. Pron. The Marquis de La Maisonfort was rash and adventurous. He made himself necessary to all parties, negotiating with some, bewildering others by his versatility; he did not betray them, but by his power of adapting himself, was able to turn aside the difficulties he could not overcome. Later, on account of some family dispute that had nothing to do with politics, M. de La Maisonfort put forward the reckless and false assertion that I had advised the King to take Fouché as Minister.

As the position of the Bourbons with regard to Europe became more clearly defined, the Maréchal Duc de Raguse, the Duc de Bellune, and, one after another, the Prefects and Sub-prefects, grouped themselves around the King. The Ambassadors of Foreign Powers added strength to the party; the arrival of the Duke of Wellington created a sensation; he had several interviews with Louis XVIII, but the result did not transpire; it was known, however, that he regarded the restoration of the Bourbons as tending to maintain the balance of power in Europe.

When I left Abbeville, I had been entrusted by the Prince de Condé with a letter to the Duc d' Aumont, whom the King, on leaving Paris, had appointed Envoy Extraordinary to Great Britain. On my arrival in England, it had been my first care to present this letter, and to offer my services to the Duke, in case he had any important communication to make with Ghent. He charged me to convey to M. de Blacas, or any other of the King's Ministers, a confidential memorandum on the dispositions of the British government and people, with regard to the Bourbon family.

One subject had excited much comment in London, the arrival of the Duc d'Orléans, after he had left the King at Lille. His attitude was quite in accordance with what was due from the first Prince of the blood, but the mere fact of his withdrawal from the Court, and the grave rumours that were afloat, cast an unfavourable light upon his presence in London.

It was said that Fouché had had two interviews with the King and the Comte d'Artois, on the 20th March. The gravity of the situation, and the terror that prevailed, could alone justify such a step. The clever and supple mind of the Duc d'Otrante, his willingness to undertake and accept anything, regardless of dignity or honour, his disdain of men and things, had secured to him a certain influence with the Emperor of Russia and Prince Metternich. He was one of those men who serve a government, not so much in order to help it to maintain its position, as to render themselves necessary in the day of its fall. Having become a Minister of Napoleon, on the 21st March, he was aware, and indeed made no secret of it to his friends, that the Emperor's fall was inevitable; hence, his overtures to men of influence, and his imprudent criticism of a government of which he was an agent. Napoleon suspected, but durst not punish these intrigues; and events hurried on, leaving him no time to unmask the treason of Fouché. The mission of M. Fleury de Chaboulon to Baron de Werner leaves no doubt of the guilt of the Minister of Police. Whilst discussing with M. de Metternich the advantages and disadvantages of the accession of the Duc d'Orléans, Fouché allowed it to be thought, at Ghent, that the government of the Bourbons would be accepted by the nation, if a few concessions were made to repair the faults of 1814. This double game disquieted all minds; and many men who would otherwise have been devoted to the King, durst not take a decided course in face of such uncertainty. The friends of the Duc d'Orléans, at Richmond, did not conceal their hope of his being raised to the throne.

The Duc de La Châtre charged me to inform the Ministers of the King at Ghent of these vague rumours, and, at the same time, to obtain their sanction to a project, which, while quite feasible, required firmness and promptitude. This was to throw a body of Royalists into France in order to create a diversion, at the very moment when the Allies came into conflict with Buonaparte; to arm a body of Volunteers in England, formed of the remnant of the King's Army and of his Household Troops; to give the command to Macdonald, or some other General under the immediate orders of the Duchesse d' Angoulême, whose heroism at Bordeaux had won for her European renown; to extend a helping hand to Suzannet, Sapinaud and d' Autichamp. It was a bold stroke, but not impracticable.

I was in regular communication with the Duc d' Aumont through his aide-de-champ. On the 21st April, he announced the arrival of the Duchesse d' Angoulême in London, and her approval of our project; and on the

4th May, he added that we had the consent of the Duke of Wellington and the English Ministry.

My report on the two subjects to which I desired to draw the attention of the King's advisers, was received with unhoped-for favour ; but, with the impenetrable reserve which Louis XVIII always maintained towards those around him, and especially towards his brother, he never allowed anyone to guess what he thought of the withdrawal of the Duc d' Orléans from the Court, and the agitation in his favour ; hence, there was no reference to the question of the Duc d' Orléans in the approval conveyed to me, by M. de Blacas, from the King.

On the 9th May, I left for London, travelling by way or Ostend. I had been charged by Colonel de Brécy, Attaché to the Duc d' Orléans, to plead, while I was at Ghent, the cause of some Frenchmen in whom the Prince was interested. On my arrival, therefore, I gave Colonel de Brécy a letter to be communicated to the Duc d' Orléans, in which, after informing him of the execution of his orders, I said :

'I have given a great deal of reflection, Monseigneur, to the conversation you deigned to have with the Duc d' Aumont and myself. Allow me to revert to this conference, and to submit to Your Royal Highness a few ideas which will prove the sincerity of my intentions. You think it is no longer necessary, in Europe, to be of Royal descent, in order to be raised to the throne. I venture to suggest that, in France, the prestige of Royalty exists ; and will long continue to exist, in a nation that readily exalts the fidelity, elevation of character, and natural courage of the Bourbons ; but side by side with this veneration, the love of equality, the pride in raising to the throne a representative of the liberties won by the Revolution, may bring about complications, which your loyalty would reject, but which would lead to new troubles, if only to divisions among the Royalists.

'The evil thought of laying hands on a sacred principle, the greatest blessing of monarchy, *legiti-*

macy, would be the most formidable dissolvent of Royalty.'

I did not ask for a reply; and naturally did not receive one.[1]

[Madame Hyde de Neuville, in her diary, relates some interesting details of her residence in London at this time.]

'. . . After a rough voyage of fourteen days, Madame has safely arrived here, and her anxiety as to the fate of the Duc d' Angoulême is at rest. She has learned his heroic defence in the South, inch by inch, at Nîmes, Montpellier, the Pont-Saint-Esprit, his vain attempts to reach Lyons, and how he was obliged, at last, to embark at Cette for Cadiz . . . .

'I find the Marquis de La Maisonfort detained here by an illness from which he is scarcely recovered. The amusing turn of his mind reconciles us in some degree to our misfortunes and anxiety, and at times, makes us laugh, when we have rather cause to weep. Our fair neighbour of New York, Madame Moreau, helps me to tend the invalid, and enjoys his wit; her salon is much frequented by the French people who have gathered here, including the advisers of the Princess. I have made many acquaintances, who all speak in flattering terms of my husband. The sprightly goddess of the place[2] adds some praises of her own, dictated by her friendship for M. Hyde de Neuville.

'She urges me to pay my respects to Madame,—which I refused to do at Paris, from shyness. She assures me, the friends of the Duchesse d' Angoulême are surprised at my reserve . . . .

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[1] Many years later, and not long before the Revolution of 1830, the Duc d' Orléans, who, at that time, was glad to surround himself with the Royalist Deputies in Opposition, went up to a group, among whom was M. Hyde de Neuville. Grasping him warmly by the hand, he said: 'I find you just the same as when I knew you in London in 1815. I have not forgotten your letter, and the noble feelings which dictated it'

M. Hyde de Neuville was fond of recalling this incident, and used to add: 'Why did not acts correspond with words?'

[2] Madame Moreau. [Tr.]

'. . . I have been to the French Church. I saw Madame, as she was going in; with what sympathy every one looked at her! As she was leaving the Church, she stopped to say a few words to some persons who were presented to her. Great was my astonishment, when she said to me very kindly: "Your husband is detained in London on the King's service, but he will be here shortly." I bowed awkwardly, greatly agitated to think I was in the presence of the daughter of Louis XVI. Her manner of speaking is abrupt, but her glance tempers this roughness. M. Hyde de Neuville arrived in London yesterday, the 12th . . . I am afraid the important matters in which he is engaged will oblige us to remain apart, or else I must be with him in the black smoke of London, instead of remaining in the green fields of Richmond.'

[M. Hyde de Neuville writes:]

'I obtained an audience of Madame in order to deliver the letters that had been entrusted to me from Ghent. She talked to me for a long time, questioning me especially, with regard to the project of effecting a diversion in the Western provinces; she deigned to give her approval of the report I submitted to her on the subject.'

[On the 29th May, Madame Hyde de Neuville writes:]

'My husband was to have left yesterday for Ghent . . . by order of Madame, who seemed to wish that he should be at Ghent while she was there.'

[M. Hyde de Neuville resumes the narrative.]

The Duchesse d'Angoulême was well received by the Royalists at Ghent, and especially by the King. She was admired for the courage she had shown at Bordeaux; and for her calmness and sad dignity, which I had not noticed in London, where her interest in discussing the projects I brought before her, gave her that masculine vigour that led Napoleon to say: 'She is the only man in the family.'

While she was at Ghent, she lived apart from the agitation of Louis XVIII's little Court. The preparations for war wounded her French heart; the English and Foreign troops, who were continually passing, reminded her that they were about to measure their strength with the French.

Madame returned to London early in June, provided with the necessary powers to treat of the project to which I have referred, with the English government. This negotiation remained secret, even from the greater number of the Ministers at Ghent.

The following is the commission which I held under Madame:

'GHENT, 13*th June* 1815

'We hereby charge M. Hyde de Neuville, Knight of our Royal and Military Order of St Louis, to go to England, there to act in accordance with the orders which will be given to him by our well-beloved niece the Duchesse d'Angoulême, to whom we have entrusted extensive powers with regard to the interests of the Royalist army in the Western provinces of France. Hence, we authorise him to go to all the places where his presence may be necessary, according to the instructions he will receive.
LOUIS.'

Duty called me away from Ghent, and I blessed God for it; it grieved me to the heart to think that the fertile plains of Belgium were soon to be the scene of a bloody conflict, in which, not the honour of France,—thank God, Buonaparte could not represent that—but the glory of her arms, would be at stake; defeat or victory, I looked forward to either with equal dread; and I felt my hatred reawaken for the man who had brought about the catastrophe, upon which hung the fate of my country, or of my King.

I fled gladly, and reached London on the night of the 18th, a day forever, henceforth, of ill-omen, the day of the Battle of Waterloo! . . .

I had received full powers, the extent of which can only be judged by reading the text of my instructions.

'*Instructions*'

'GHENT, 13*th June* 1815

'As soon as M. Hyde de Neuville, the King's Commissioner, shall see the possibility of re-establishing the King's authority and causing it to be recognised in Paris, or of successfully opposing this authority to that of the usurper, he shall consult with the persons to be immediately named to him, and who, provided like him with powers to that effect, shall form at once an Extraordinary Commission, consisting of five, seven, or nine members, to carry on the government.

'Some of the said Members of the Commission shall be provisionally entrusted with the various Ministries.

'The Commission shall elect the President.

'It shall meet daily, at the Tuileries if practicable. It shall order the members, and principal agents, of the usurping government, to leave Paris, and to remain at a distance of not less than thirty leagues from it.

'It shall cause the arrest of all who shall contravene this Order, or shall attempt, by violence or otherwise, to oppose the re-establishment of the rightful authority.

'It shall announce, by Proclamation, that the King intends to put the Constitution again in force at the earliest possible moment.

'It shall cancel all appointments, made by Buonaparte, of officers to command the National Guard, and shall form out of this Guard a picked legion of volunteers, to be entrusted, provisionally, with the preservation of order in Paris.

'It shall cause the King's Proclamation, of the 6th March last, against Buonaparte and his adherents and accomplices, to be published in Paris, as well as the Declaration of the Congress of Vienna, of the 13th of the same month ; announcing, at the same time, that circumstances demand that the King, in his goodness, shall mitigate the effect of his former threats, but that the sword of justice, hanging over the heads of the rebels, will inevitably fall upon those who persist in revolt.

'It shall take the necessary measures to disband the existing army; and shall order all officers and soldiers who are still under the usurper's flag, to return to their homes, and there await the orders of the King. It shall, at the same time, enjoin upon them to have their return legally certified, under pain of forfeiting all claim to the benefits and protection of the government.

'The Extraordinary Commission shall, as soon as possible, place itself in communication with the King, who will cause further orders and instructions to be transmitted to it.

'LOUIS.

'BLACAS D'AULPS.'

My instructions had, at first, been accompanied by the names of the persons to form the Royal Commission, but it was observed, that this might cause difficulties; some might be absent; others might decline (fear so readily changes men's feelings); others again, might have gone over to Napoleon, for there were some whose loyalty was doubtful. It was decided, therefore, to honour me with the fullest confidence; the names were suppressed, or, at least, I was authorised to suppress them.

At this moment, the prevailing feeling at Ghent, as afterwards with the King's agents at Paris, was the desire to prevent, if not the invasion of France, at least, the occupation of Paris. From day to day, may we not say, from moment to moment, we expected to hear of the victory of the Allies. Under these circumstances, Frenchmen worthy of the name consoled themselves for being unable to shed their blood for their country, by seeking to spare her the shame of invasion.

The King wished to see me before I left, and said to me: 'Anything, rather than degrade my cause.'

He discussed with me, one by one, the eventualities that might arise; he mentioned certain names with characteristic reserve, and said: 'I need your entire devotion; I know I can count upon it. My dear Hyde, *macte animo*, I am always sure to find you again in dangerous missions. You have a warm heart, but, this time, you will have a cool head.'

I had but one thought, to respond to the King's confidence, and to reach London as soon as possible.

My first care was to inform Madame of my arrival, and to place myself under her orders. I found her more agitated than I should have thought possible from her usual self-possession. She had just learned the fate of our arms, and her French heart uttered the cry: 'May God forgive him who has brought about this disaster!'

Then, putting far from her every thought but that of her grave duties, she said: 'You are leaving, and I should like to go too, but my duty lies here, where the King has placed me to watch over his interests.' As she said this, she glanced quickly at the Duc de La Châtre, and the Vicomte de Montmorency who was in attendance, and then at me, with a restless desire to know if we approved; we all kept silent out of respect.

She continued: 'Sail for Havre, in order to act in concert with the Duc d'Aumont; hold yourself free to change your route, if necessary. In accordance with the news that you will receive on landing, you will go at once to Paris to consult with the persons whom the King has named to you.'

Then going up to a table, she wrote in a very firm hand, and without any hesitation.

'LONDON, *26th June* 1815

'In virtue of the powers entrusted to Us by Monseigneur the King, our Uncle, We order all His subjects to lend aid, assistance and co-operation to M. Hyde de Neuville, Knight of the Royal and Military

Order of St Louis, accepting loyally the orders he shall transmit to them, whether verbally or in writing, from His Majesty or from Ourselves.

'MARIE-THERESE.'[1]

Before speaking of the events in Paris, I must glance back at what took place at Ghent after I had left. The King, with a reluctance that does him honour, resolved to part with M. de Blacas. He took leave of him on the 19th, but they only finally separated during the journey back to France.

By the advice of Talleyrand and Guizot, the government was placed on a new basis. M. de Talleyrand demanded that the peerage be hereditary, that the age of the deputies be lowered, and that the Charter be rendered more liberal. The great question of the flag was not broached, still less, that of Fouché's entrance into the Ministry ; his name was not mentioned at this time.

The King's grief was extreme on learning that the Allies were marching towards France. It was represented to him, that the surest way to arrest the calamity was to hasten his own return. He, therefore, set out at once.

[1] This precious autograph remains in the family of M. Hyde de Neuville.

CHAPTER IV

RETURN OF LOUIS XVIII

M. Hyde de Neuville arrives in Paris.—Forms a Commission.—Marshal Macdonald is elected President.—M. de Vitrolles and Fouché.—M. de Vitrolle's interview with General Davoust.—M. Hyde de Neuville goes to see M. de Vitrolles.—Message from Marshal Macdonald.—M. Hyde de Neuville accompanies him to Gonesse.—Louis XVIII, at Arnouville, accepts the Ministry formed by Talleyrand.—Fouché, Minister of Police.—M. Hyde de Neuville sent to Paris to make arrangements for the King's Entry.—The Allies enter Paris first.—The King's Entry on the 8th July.—The Duchesse d'Angoulême.

My first care, on reaching Paris, was to find out whether the men whose names had been given to me, were willing to follow the King's instructions. I learned that, with one or two exceptions, they had all remained faithful to the Royal cause, and had not been carried away by the general excitement.

Maréchal Macdonald the Vicomte du Bouchage, the Baillé de Crussol, were among those upon whom most reliance could be placed. Maréchal Oudinot, Duc de Reggio, had not been named to me, but his conduct during the Hundred Days led me to believe that he would support us. I took it upon myself to suggest him, and the King deigned to thank me.

The name of M. de Vitrolles stood foremost, on account of the part he had taken at Bordeaux. For this, he had been imprisoned at Vincennes by order of Napoleon. On the 23rd June, Fouché, yielding to the entreaty of Madame de Vitrolles, had released him. Vitrolles felt it a duty to express his thanks, and during the interview, Fouché gave him to understand that he would be more useful to the Royal cause at Paris, than at Ghent.

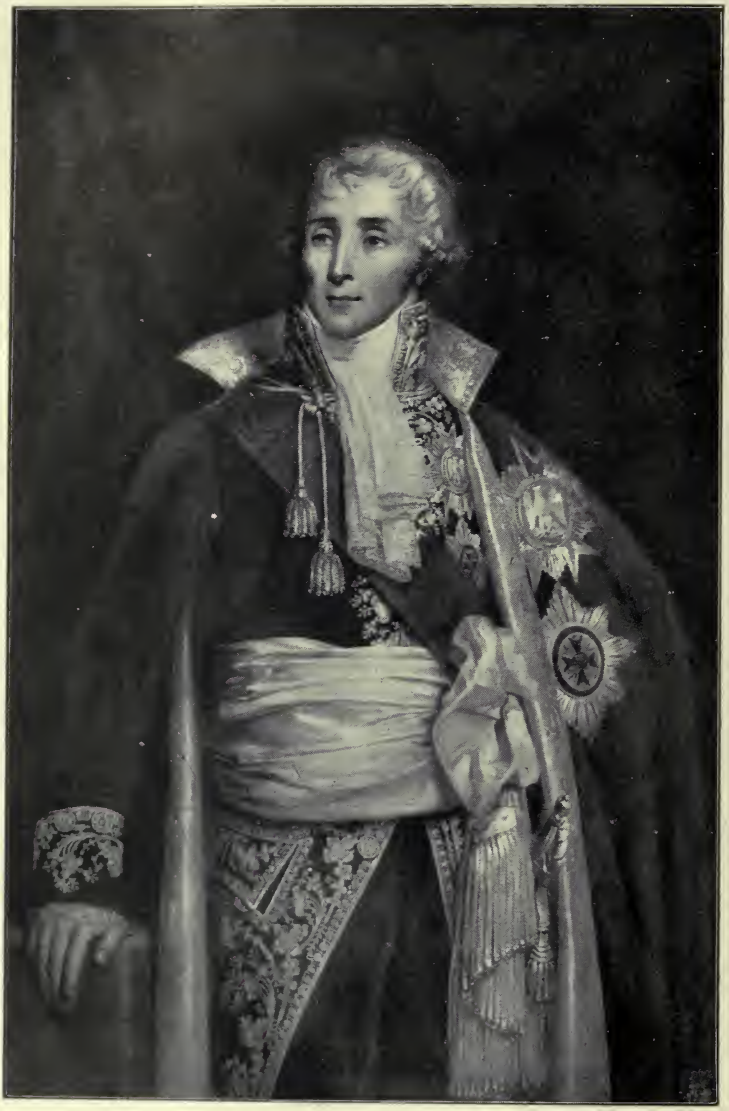
Before speaking of the manner in which M. de Vitrolles opened the negotiations, I ought to say that among the members of our Commission, who met at the house of the President, Maréchal Macdonald, there was but one desire, that of approaching in a conciliatory spirit the only power that, at this time, possessed a semblance of authority. . . . Our aim was to cause Louis XVIII to be proclaimed by the Senate and the Chamber. . . .

Fouché, who had been the first to learn the disaster of Waterloo, had sounded M. de Lafayette as to the means of arousing the Deputies to action ; but Lafayette was more occupied with the abdication to be demanded from Napoleon, than with the government to come after. In this, he followed the natural bent of his mind, more ready to overthrow authority than to found it. . . .

The Emperor reached Malmaison in a state of depression bordering on despair ; he read the same feeling on the faces of his adherents ; but prompt to brave ill-fortune in his greatest reverses, he spoke of serving his country at the very moment when he had ruined her. His brother Lucien, and even Carnot, accepted the idea of a Dictatorship that Napoleon wished to obtain from the Representatives of the people. Carnot's view does him honour, for it rested on the fear of seeing France surrendered to the foreigner.

The speech of M. de Lafayette had inclined the Chamber towards democracy, a sign that the dethronement, or abdication, of Napoleon, was not far off. The real difficulty did not lie in obtaining either, but in securing the recognition of the Royal authority.

Events followed one another with bewildering rapidity from the 22nd June, when the Abdication was obtained, to the 27th, when a great Council was held, consisting of the five members of the Executive Commission, the Ministers, and the Presidents of the two Chambers. The strangest rivalries, intrigues and



Braun, photo, Dornach.

FOUCHÉ, DUC D'OTRANTE.

By Claude-Marie Dubufe (Versailles).

negotiations were attempted without any possible solution. The one man who kept his head, and was able to unravel this tangled knot, was Fouché. It was no longer a question of a Regency and Napoleon II ; but to a Royalist like M. de Vitrolles, the possibility of the Duc d'Orléans being called to the throne was much more formidable, especially as the enemy was approaching Paris. M. Molé, through M. Pasquier, had offered his services in the Municipal Council to recall the Princes of the elder branch of the Bourbon family. M. de Vitrolles himself informed me of this step when I saw him after my arrival.

In the session to which I have just referred, Carnot, a member of the Executive Commission, accused Fouché of having secured the Presidency in order to negotiate with all parties, and to pave the way to an order of things of which M. de Vitrolles was the representative. Fouché did not deny these assertions. He replied sarcastically that M. de Vitrolles did not disguise the fact that he was a Royalist ; that if, in the interest of his cause, he had been to see Maréchal Davoust at his headquarters, he, Fouché, was in no way responsible for what had passed between them. As for himself, a member of the Government, he would be ready to answer the charge brought against him before the Chambers.

For the moment no one was strong enough to take the responsibility of vigorous action. The Prefect of Police, Réal, was ordered to arrest M. de Vitrolles, but without result.

The fact referred to by Carnot was correct. I received full details from Maréchal Oudinot, when I invited him to join our Commission. He said : 'Through the instigation of the Duc d'Otrante, matters are further advanced than you think. M. de Vitrolles has conferred with the leaders of the Army before Paris.'

I learned with surprise that, in the first instance, General de Tromelin had had an interview with General Grouchy, who had replied that Louis XVIII and the white flag were impossible, but that the Army would accept the Duc d'Orléans and the tricolour.

M. de Vitrolles would not allow himself to be beaten, and learning that he could place himself in communication with the Prince d'Eckmühl, he proposed to the Duc de Reggio (Maréchal Oudinot) that he should see him at once, in spite of the lateness of the hour; and this, accordingly, he did. M. de Vitrolles maintained with energy that the army and the generals could alone restore the legitimate authority, and that this was the only authority that could safeguard the interests of France, now that the defence of Paris had become impossible. Conditions were named, based on an unlimited amnesty. One question alone was not touched upon, that of the flag; it was too thorny, in presence of the vanquished soldiers, who still wore the tricolour.

M. de Vitrolles felt this, but he defended his proposition with such deep conviction that the solution became no longer doubtful; and the safety of the capital, until then uncertain, was assured.

Such was the situation when I arrived in Paris. It seemed to me so strained, and above all, the ground seemed so ill-chosen, that I felt it absolutely necessary to see M. de Vitrolles, and after some difficulty, I found him.

At his last conference with Davoust, at the headquarters of La Villette, the following incident took place. A deputation from the Senate and Chamber sent to congratulate the Army on the measures taken for the defence of Paris, arrived at the same time, and owing to the smallness of the Maréchal's quarters, M. de Vitrolles was unable to avoid being present at the interview. It was a difficult position, and became more so when Davoust proceeded to introduce M. de Vitrolles, who had come to negotiate with him on behalf of Louis XVIII. A thoughtless, not to say foolish action of this kind, is generally followed by another, even worse. The Maréchal added, that M. de Vitrolles had been sent by Fouché, the President of the Executive Commission. At the mention of this name, a violent outburst arose, in which the word 'traitor' was heard. Much disturbed by this inopportune disclosure which he had not expected, M. de Vitrolles faced the clamour against the Bourbons, and defended his cause courageously. The Maréchal did his utmost to restore order to the stormy and passionate debate. When M. de Vitrolles returned to Paris, he was obliged to remain in concealment to avoid the threatened arrest.

On my arrival in Paris, fearing to compromise the persons in high position with whom I was authorised to treat, I declined the proffered hospitality of my friends, and took up my abode with the faithful Caron. Hence, the childish assertion spread abroad by M. de Vitrolles after our interview, that I was disguised as a perfumer. I do not know that there is anything distinctive in a perfumer's dress, but the only precaution insisted upon by Caron—whose often-tried devotion was as great as ever—was that I should be accompanied by little Victoire, whose cleverness and ingenuity I knew so well, and who carried the papers that I wished to show to M. de Vitrolles, concealed under bottles of scent. After some parleying, and following a circuitous route—precautions that were child's play to a conspirator like me—I found M. de Vitrolles.

The explanation, which began in amicable terms, based on the loyalty which we each bore to the King, became heated when M. de Vitrolles explained the means he had adopted to serve him. The first mention of Fouché brought a frown to my brow, which M. de Vitrolles affected not to see; but when he gave an account of the conferences, which, acting on the advice of Fouché, he had held with the leaders of the Army, and the accidental meeting with the deputation sent by the Chambers, I could not help saying indignantly:

'You forget the offer that Maréchal Davoust made to you, if I am rightly informed, to give you an escort to take you to the King. You declined it, in order to report your mission to the Duc d'Otrante.'

'What is there surprising in that, seeing that the mission was from him?'

'I will never admit that our cause should be in such hands; and I think it is gravely compromised, not only by the fact itself, but because you do not know the conditions that may be imposed as the price of services rendered.'

'Well! What of that? Had not the King to make sacrifices at the first Restoration?'

'Painful sacrifices I admit, but less shameful. Besides, how do you know if they will stop at this single demand?'

'You mean the flag?' replied Vitrolles.

'Yes, the flag. No one has the right to open the question, except the King himself, in the presence of the nation . . . but to entrust Fouché with the negotiation of such questions; to make them the basis of arrangement with the generals who have abandoned our flag for the tricolour, and become the accomplices of Buonaparte; to discuss these conditions without the King being informed of the situation,—it is inadmissible!'

This outburst, in face of the pending negotiations, broke off our political relations, and they were never afterwards entirely renewed. Still, while blaming what had been done, my loyalty compelled me to admit that, at the present juncture, it was the part of a Royalist to prevent, at all hazards, the occupation of Paris by the foreigner. The Army of the Allies already occupied the surrounding heights. A prompt and courageous decision was called for; and I recognised in M. de Vitrolles, who had so skilfully carried through the negotiations in 1814, the talent and authority necessary for the task.

I told him so, as I held out my hand to him, and I added: 'Our difference of opinion is only on one point: that you ought to deal with a man whom you may look in the face, and a heart that is capable of appreciating your own.' These words softened, to some extent, the roughness of my manner of speaking to M. de Vitrolles.

It was no time for divisions. The overtures to the generals had already borne fruit; Davoust openly, Grouchy secretly, and without giving his reasons, had accepted the proposals brought forward. The Marshals Oudinot and Macdonald had been won over to the Royal cause, with, or without, the tricolour flag. . . .

There was no longer any question of a Provisional Government; the King was in France. Fouché had just declared to the Executive Commission, that it ought not to meet or deliberate any more, its authority being disputed on all sides, by the Army as well as by the leaders of the Allies.

On the day after my rather warm discussion with M. de Vitrolles, I received a message from Maréchal Macdonald, at whose house the members of our Commission used to meet, asking me to go there as soon as possible.

I was much surprised, on entering, to find myself face to face with M. de Vitrolles. He was pacing up and down the room with such persistency that I saw, at once, he was trying to avoid taking part in the approaching conversation. The Marshal said to me: 'The King will be at Senlis to-day; he is travelling slowly; it would be well if he came more quickly, and if certain questions were decided before he reached the gates of Paris; eventualities that may arise through indecision are never good, least of all, at a time like this. I am setting out to meet the King. Will you come with me?'

'Most willingly, Marshal, but before placing myself at your orders, it will be well to ask what is expected of me. Is it, in case the King should deign to consult me, to support the admission of the Duc d' Otrante into the future Ministry?' As I said this, I met the glance of the man who was pacing the room, who had stopped suddenly. I continued:

'I am so fully convinced that this step would be disastrous to the Monarchy, that I decline to have anything to do with it. I will be silent, if I am not consulted, but I shall speak, if my opinion is asked. I do not doubt the good intention of those who advise it; the fact that they are the friends of the Prince[1] is my guarantee for this, while it does not explain why they should allow their names to be associated with a regicide, and one who has just betrayed the last two governments that he served.'

M. de Vitrolles made no reply, and I concluded that the step was already decided upon, and probably there was no way of drawing back.

I have never been able to understand the madness that led so many Royalists, hitherto most opposed to the Revolutionaries, to support the strange claim of Fouché to be a member of the Council. He was undoubtedly forced upon the King by the Comte d'Artois and the Faubourg St Germain, while still under the influence of the events which three months before had raised up the fallen power of Napoleon. Fear, which sometimes will put an army to rout at the very moment of victory, seems to have taken hold of these people, ignorant of the working of the wheels of politics. They thought that Fouché alone could save them from a new attempt of the kind.

His course of action had been to flatter each in turn, and with Machiavellian subtility to circumvent a man whose wits were as keen as his own. In persuading M. de Vitrolles to remain at Paris instead of rejoining the King, he ensured the success of his plan.

The greater number of historians have unjustly included Talleyrand and Fouché under the same censure. While in some respects both were to be distrusted, Talleyrand does not deserve the opprobrium that has fallen upon Fouché. We have seen Talleyrand sustain the Bourbon cause at foreign Courts and at the Congress of Vienna. He even, in contrast to his well-known opinions, urged the King to re-enter France by a different route from the Allies, by the provinces that were devoted to him in the South or West. This advice showed a high regard for the dignity of Louis XVIII. . . .

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[1] The Comte d'Artois. [Tr.]

We set out for Gonesse,—the Marshal and I. Macdonald insisted that we should see Talleyrand before seeking an audience of the King ; I thought he had little idea of the opinions of the King's advisers, and how our overtures would be received. Is it not always the lot of Kings—even when in exile, and when their thrones are contested—only to hear the truth under the disguise in which it is presented by courtiers !

As a matter of fact, it was not Talleyrand, but Chateaubriand, that we met first, as is related in the *Mémoires d'outre tombe.*

Out of respect for the Marshal, I allowed him to explain the object of our journey. He averred, that matters had come to such a pass, that the King's Entry into Paris was absolutely bound up with the admission of Fouché into the Ministry. The Marshal himself, would have preferred a yet more radical change, the tricolour flag, and although he was, at heart, resolved not to insist upon this as a *sine quâ non*, he joined the two propositions together. Every one gathered around us ; confronted by the danger and humiliation of the situation, by the grave decisions to be taken, and the sacrifices to be made, every one was eager to know the circumstances that demanded them. Everyone was given over to more or less painful thoughts, and I am not sure that in many hearts personal interest did not prevail over that of the country. . . .

The Council met to consider the question, but arrived at no decision. The King remained calm and impenetrable. He distrusted the advice given to him, and desired no intermediary between the nation and himself. His part would then have been great and effective, for after the military reverses of France, the House of Bourbon alone had the authority to make its voice heard at home and abroad; but for this, was needed an agent other than Fouché, and advisers very different from the *camarilla* of the Comte d'Artois.

Unfortunately, Louis XVIII had not the firmness of his ancestor, Louis XIV. He had his majestic ideas, without that vigour, which good and evil fortune alike called forth in the great King. The dignity that never left Louis XVIII, whether in exile or upon the throne, was not based upon any deep conviction of the rights of kings. He no longer believed the throne inviolable. Had he not seen his brother perish upon the scaffold? Had not his own throne been shaken by the rash enterprise of the Hundred Days? Is it surprising that necessity should have become law to him, when his honour was protected by his brother, and the Duke of Wellington, who had supported him so constantly in his exile?

Nothing was done at Gonesse. It was on the following day, at Arnouville, that, after several conferences in the private rooms of the King and the Princes, the Ministry was formed. M. de Talleyrand was President and Minister of Foreign Affairs; Fouché continued Minister of Police; M. Pasquier was Keeper of the Seals; the Abbé Louis, Minister of Finance; Maréchal Gouvion St Cyr, Minister of War; Count Pozzo di Borgo, Minister of the Interior; M. de Jaucourt, Minister of Marine; and the Duc de Richelieu was suggested for the King's Household in place of M. de Blacas. Thus, two portfolios were left to Russia, while, owing to the influence of the Duke of Wellington, England became paramount in the Cabinet.

From this moment, the crowd of courtiers flowed in; crime, vice, and dissimulation followed in their train. Fouché appeared!

I turned away, and instinctively pressed to my heart the little white flag the King had just given me. The incident was as follows:

It was Sunday, and Louis XVIII was returning from Mass, when some good nuns presented him with a flag which they had embroidered with the arms of France. I was a little way off, having given place to the Maréchal Macdonald, with whom the King was speaking. Louis XVIII, still holding the little flag in his hand, saw me, and with his usual graciousness and kindness, he handed it to me, saying: 'You have defended it so well, it ought to belong to you.' There were many people around the King, and I had only time to kiss the hand that held it out to me.

The King afterwards sent for me, and ordered me to go to Paris, and arrange, in concert with Generals Dessoles and Maison, that His Majesty's Entry into the city should take place without the foreigners forming part of the procession.

Everything was arranged; but the State Entry was deferred, and the King was obliged to go to St Denis, because Fouché and his friends did not wish His Majesty's return to be the result of a national movement.

Louis XVIII seemed sad and preoccupied. An important question had arisen since the formation of the Ministry. Should the King's Entry take place before that of the Allies, which had been fixed for the 6th, or 7th July? The Royalists had but one opinion, that the King should enter before the streets were defiled by the footsteps of the victors of Waterloo; but others pretended to dread a Royalist reaction.

One fact spoke for itself. We were no longer in 1814, when the Bourbons brought peace and the deliverance of the nation by the nation. Now, the victors imposed their will upon the vanquished.

Before speaking of the King's Entry, I must revert to Fouché's attempt to induce him to accept the tricolour cockade. He found him inexorable. He was then at St Denis. The news of what had taken place at Arnouville had already spread to Paris, and white cockades, timidly displayed at Arnouville, were numerous on the hats of those who had newly arrived.

M. de Vitrolles, and even the Prince de Talleyrand, declared that the sacrifice asked for was too humiliating, and that what had been possible in 1814, was no longer so to-day.

The demands laid before the King had resolved themselves into two :—Fouché, and the tricolour. The King made no reply, not even to M. de Vitrolles, to whom he gave a cordial welcome. The silence was significant ; but it was known that Louis XVIII had murmured : 'Well then, Fouché, if they must have him,' and added : 'It is easier to get rid of a man than an emblem.' He forgot, what the future was to reveal, that a flag has great influence when left in the hands of the enemy.

Later, when M. Decazes was appointed Prefect of Police, I understood these words of Louis XVIII. He desired, by the appointment of M. Decazes, to avoid the necessity of holding any communication with Fouché, and, perhaps, designed Decazes as his successor. Neither the King, nor those around him, foresaw that the intelligent young man, to whom he entrusted these delicate functions, was to become a favourite ; Fouché alone took the alarm.

The King's Entry, on the 8th July, was preceded by an announcement inserted by M. de Vitrolles in the *Moniteur*.

'The Commission of Government has informed the King, through the President, that it has just dissolved.' The Commission protested, writing to Fouché that it had given him no power to act in its name. Signed Caulaincourt, Carnot, Quinette, Grenier. Fouché admitted the justice of the remonstrance, and disavowed the article, as being without foundation, and published without his authorisation. But the blow had been struck, and this was all that M. de Vitrolles wanted.

What a contrast was this Entry into Paris to the first ! I had not witnessed the wild enthusiasm of 1814, but I still felt its vibration when I landed in France.

This time, a secret grief weighed upon every heart

It was felt that the Peace that Louis XVIII brought to France could not efface the shame of her reverses.

Sad and dejected, with little confidence in the future, if we did not actually foresee new disasters, we surrounded our Princes in silence, taking no part in the acclamations of the crowd as the Sovereigns passed by.

The picture was sinister, for it had for background the hordes of foreigners, who bivouacked on our quays, and in our public squares.

[The Duchesse d'Angoulême had remained in the seclusion of the French Embassy in London, never going out, except to Church. Madame Hyde de Neuville writes :]

‘I sometimes meet Madame, but avoid approaching her, or looking at her, as she seems preoccupied. The other day, I met her, near the holy water stoup, at the entrance to the French Chapel. She enquired very kindly if I had received any news of my husband. I answered, that he had been so much absorbed by his duties in the King's service, that I had heard very little. A few days later, I received the following letter :

‘“*July* 17*th* 1815

‘“Her Royal Highness desires me, Madame, to give you news from France. I can allay your anxiety with regard to M. Hyde de Neuville better than anyone, for I have seen him quite recently ; among other occasions on Saturday, the 8th July. We were side by side part of the way in the Procession when the King entered Paris. M. Hyde de Neuville was very well, and has been extremely busy. His zeal multiplies his occupations, and probably they have left him little time to write.

‘“Next week, at the latest, I hope to be able to undertake any commissions you may have for him.

‘“Madame authorises me to say that she will receive you at the French Embassy, one day this week. cannot well fix the time more definitely.

‘“ . . . ‘“Le Vicomte de Montmorency

‘“Chevalier d'honneur de S. A. R. Madame.”

'When I had the honour of being received by Madame, I was deeply touched by her kindness, and by her offer to facilitate my return to France if any difficulties should arise. I replied, that I should precede her by a few days.'

[M. Hyde de Neuville continues.]

Madame Hyde de Neuville did, in fact, reach Paris on the 25th. On the 27th, the Duchesse d'Angoulême entered the city without any state, having declined the honours due to her. . . .

A new phase of my life was about to open. Henceforth, it was no longer among the perils of my early years that I was to defend the hereditary Monarchy.

CHAPTER V

LA CHAMBRE INTROUVABLE

ROYALIST CHAMBER OF 1815

M. Hyde de Neuville compassionates Napoleon.—Charles X and M. Besson.—Divisions in the Cabinet.—Elections.—Fall of the Talleyrand Ministry.—The Duc de Richelieu takes Office.—Madame de Montcalm.—Incident at a masked ball.—M. Lainé.—Debate on the Amnesty.—Trial of Ney.—Conclusion of the Debate on the Amnesty.

I COME to those acts of European diplomacy, that were to draw up Treaties on principles disastrous to my country, and finally to deal harshly with the man who for eighteen years had filled the world with his name.

As soon as I saw him in misfortune, an outlaw as I had been myself, I pitied him, and forgot the persecution I had undergone. I was sorry that Napoleon, when in Elba, had not abandoned his terrible design, and accepted the offer I had been enpowered to make to him of exile in America. On that virgin soil of liberty, the name of the great Conqueror would have commanded the respect of Europe; it would have been a background worthy of him, and the renunciation of his ambition would have been an heroic end. The purple rays of the setting sun are often more glorious than the light of his mid-career.

The name of Buonaparte recalls an incident during the Martignac Ministry, when I was Minister of Marine. I relate it, as it is to the honour of Charles X.

It was my duty to propose an important nomination of officers, and the last name on the list was that of M. Besson. Charles X was one whom it was easy to get round, for with his amiable disposition, he liked to oblige his friends. He struck out the last name, replacing it by that of an officer who had been recommended to him. 'Sire,' I said, 'M. Besson has more claim than the candidate Your Majesty has adopted.'

The King did not seem inclined to yield.

'What claim ?' he asked.

'There is one that I am sure will decide Your Majesty in his favour. He was at Rochefort when Napoleon arrived. On learning his desperate plight, M. Besson offered to board the English cruiser, and take Napoleon, in a fishing boat, to a vessel that would carry him to America.'

'Ah !' exclaimed the King, 'That was courage and devotion'; and taking up his pen, he signed the appointment of M. Besson.

. . . . . .

After the return of Louis XVIII, the difficulties were great. Abroad, the Emperor of Russia could not forgive the predominance accorded to England. At home, the Cabinet was divided : the two Ministers whose names had hitherto been fatally linked together, had neither the same talents, nor the same aims. The Duc de Richelieu refused the appointment to the King's Household. Pozzo di Borgo could not obtain from Alexander the necessary permission to enable him to take office ; he was by birth and parentage a Corsican, and thus attached to France, but he was recalled by the Emperor to Russia, and never saw France again till he returned as Russian Ambassador, after having been present at all the Conferences of the Holy Alliance.

Although the Duc d'Otrante had set himself the task of ruling over the King through dread of the Revolution, he had no sooner returned to power, than he began to gather his old friends around him. He felt that in order to maintain his position, he must reawaken hatred and dissension. But if men are wanting in morality, there is sometimes morality in events.

Everyone awaited the nomination of the Chamber, but no one expected that it would prove wholly Royalist.

It happens, sometimes, in national crises, that there is an awakening of the people that is more salutary than the most skilfully devised plans. An instinctive insight guides the masses, overthrows the obstacles raised by malice, and brings about the triumph of truth and justice. Such an event happened in 1815; the nomination of the Chamber saved the Monarchy.

This Chamber, which has been unjustly accused of violence, defended the Monarchy with a courage which will remain its glory, and that of such men as the Duc de Richelieu, de Serre, Chateaubriand, and I will add, Villèle, before he sacrificed the wide views of a statesman to theories elaborated in the secrecy of the Cabinet. I do not think I exaggerate when I say, that the greater number of the Royalist Deputies, when the Chamber met in 1815, had no other desire than to serve the King and uphold the Charter.

What we lacked, was a Ministry capable of repressing the ebullition of our feelings, and guiding our aspirations, which became passions, and led to the faults for which this Assembly still bears the responsibility.

Our misfortunes were due, in great measure, to the terrible reaction in the South; we were confounded with the wretches who sought to avenge the exactions, they, or their families, had suffered under the Empire. Their excesses were committed amid shouts of: 'Long live the King!' Less than this, was needed to draw down hatred upon all Royalists indiscriminately.

I was a candidate at Cosne and Nevers in the Nièvre, and at Sancerre and Bourges in the Cher. Defeated in the Cher, I was readily consoled by my election by a large majority for Nevers.

. . . What had been predicted happened. Scarcely had the Chamber been elected, when the Ministry fell.

M. Lainé, who was already designated as our President, went to M. Pasquier and to Marshal Gouvion-Saint-Cyr to obtain the immediate resignation of Fouché. The three together carried the ultimatum to the Prince de Talleyrand, who was neither surprised nor disconcerted. He did not like Fouché, but his too great readiness to make use of all means to attain his end, had led him to consent to take a place in the Cabinet with him.

Talleyrand hoped, indeed, that the expulsion of Fouché would not bring with it the fall of the Ministry. He did not foresee that Louis XVIII, with his clear intelligence, would seize the opportunity to get rid of the combination that had been forced upon him. He invoked the Constitutional principle that the Crown should be defended by the Ministers, and not the Ministers by the King.

Thus, Talleyrand was condemned to unexpected retirement.

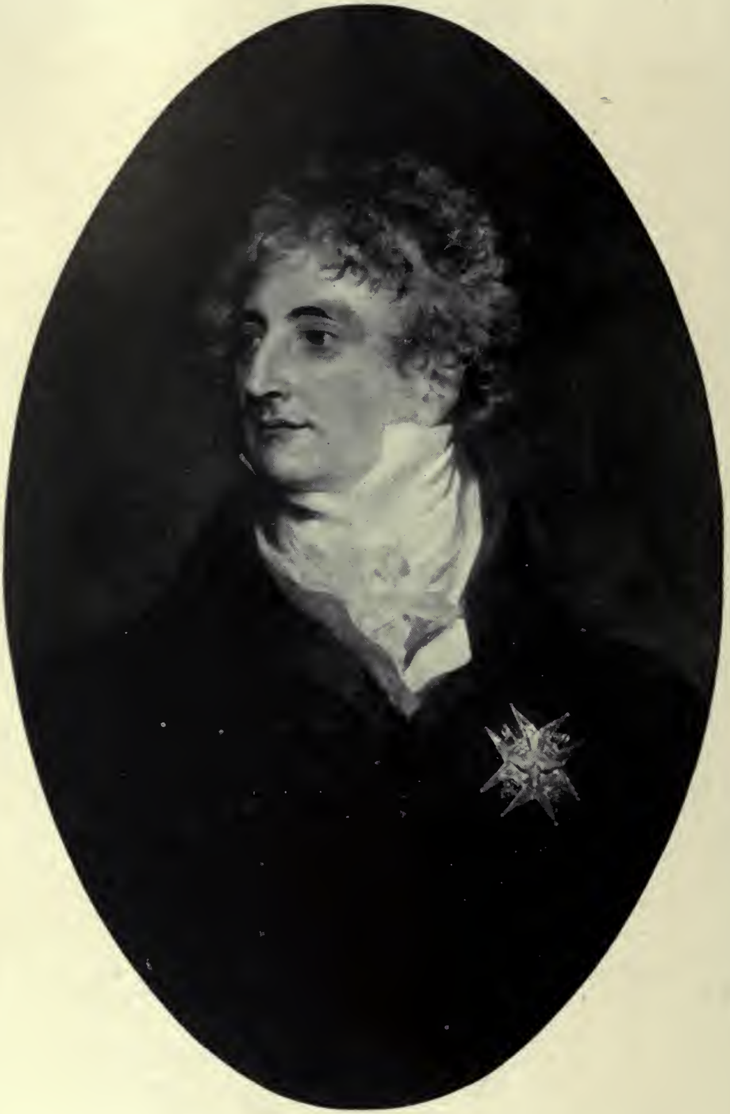
No doubt, the step was chiefly dictated by the personal feelings of Louis XVIII, his repugnance for the regicide; but he was also influenced by the secret desire to satisfy Russia, strongly averse to the English policy of the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

It was a relief to all the Royalists whose rank or duties called them to the Court, no longer to meet Fouché, the man stained with the blood of Louis XVI.

The King had avoided as far as possible any communication with him, while he granted more and more frequent audiences to the Prefect of Police, M. Decazes. Never did Louis XVIII address a word to Fouché in public, and the Duchesse d' Angoulême, in a manner that was remarked by her whole Court, was careful not to be in the same room with him. Needless to say, he was never received by her, even on the occasions when the Ministers, as a body, were presented to her.

The Duc de Richelieu succeeded Talleyrand as President of the Council, and Minister of Foreign Affairs.

His long residence in Russia during the emigration,



Braun, photo, Dornach.

DUC DE RICHELIEU.
By Sir Thomas Lawrence.

and his conduct, as attaché, in the service of Alexander, had established a friendship between them.

The Duc de Richlieu was, to my mind, the perfect model of a great nobleman of modern times. Imposing in appearance rather than tall, the carriage of his head, which he usually turned towards the shoulder, showed a profile of extreme purity of outline. His mind was open to all new interests.

Unweariedly, and without any personal motive of influence or ambition, he devoted himself to the King's service, and would have sacrificed everything to it, but his delicate sense of honour.

I was sincerely glad of his accession to power. I already knew his sister, the Marquise de Montcalm, having seen a great deal of her in England. She was a most attractive woman, graceful, a little sad in manner, but with an intellectual charm that was unrivalled when she shook off her natural languor, and joined in a discussion. She had the art, so highly cultivated at that time, of drawing out the conversational powers of those around her, and checking them when any difference of opinion might wound the feelings of someone who was present, or lead to a misunderstanding. During the whole of my political life, she was my true and most devoted friend.

Her name brings to my mind a somewhat frivolous adventure, which I will relate as it affords a picture of the customs of the times. I cannot exactly fix the date, but it must have been a little before the events just recorded.

It was the fashion in society to go to the fancy-dress ball at the Opera, which was extremely select.

At one of these fêtes, I met two ladies in domino, who puzzled me. Their conversation left no doubt as to their social standing, but one of them replied to my remarks so persistently to the exclusion of her companion, that I thought she wished to divert my attention from her. I quickly recognised the speaker as my wife's cousin, Mme. de Pastoret.

Turning to the unknown lady, I enquired what had brought her to the ball, since she seemed to take so little part in it.

'The same reason that brought yourself—to lose *mon calme*!'[1]

I had, in fact, accompanied Mme. de *Montcalm* and some of her friends to the fête, and we had become separated in the crowd. I burst out laughing, for I recognised my wife, who had come out of curiosity. My dear and saintly wife, who assuredly never went to the ball again, any more than did Mme. de Montcalm, whose delicate health kept her away from all amusements.

. . . . I often met M. Lainé at Mme. de Montcalm's. He was one of the most remarkable men of the day, uniting great intellectual power to the highest principles, while his eloquence carried his audience with him. More than once, he was mistaken in his judgment of men and events. He took the oath in 1830, and bitterly repented having done so. 'I ought to have followed your example,' he would say sorrowfully; and I answered, with perfect sincerity, that he had done his duty, as I had done mine, and that his regrets were an injustice to himself. M. Lainé would have died on the scaffold rather than have acted against his conscience.

. . . . When the Chamber met, M. Lainé was almost unanimously elected President; the Secretaries were: the Marquis de La Maisonfort, M. de Cardonnel, M. Tabarié and myself.

The reply to the Address was debated privately in Committee. One sentence only gave rise to serious discussion . . . it was passed in the following form: 'Your clemency has been unbounded; we do not ask you to retract it; but, in the name of the people, who are victims of overwhelming misfortunes, we ask that justice should have its course, where clemency has paused . . . .'

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[1] My calmness, or serenity. [Tr.]

It must be admitted that this language shows the intention of voting repressive laws firmly.

. . . . I now come to one of those events which have cast an ominous shadow upon the Restoration. I refer to the debate on the Amnesty.

Proud, independent, devoted to the Monarchy in spite of itself, if I may use the expression, these Royalists, men who had but just come from the provinces, sought to lead the Ministry. It was no longer, as in 1814, a case of groping their way among new institutions; they felt their strength as a party, and stood forth to give a programme, instead of receiving one.

Vainly did the Duc de Richelieu seek to free himself from them, to bring them back to moderation, and the true interests of the Monarchy; they had become the most intolerant of men; but, at the same time, they were emphatically honest. They sought to use the weapons that had been put into their hands; to strengthen the Royal authority by means of the machinery of modern liberties. If they brought a rare energy to the task, they often brought discredit upon it, by their inexperience, and, above all, by their passion,—by that spirit of revenge, which has blinded public opinion with regard to them, and brought under the same censure, men who, though setting out from their ranks, now desired only to check the movement and become peacemakers. I belonged to these last, and played my part in the Commission, appointed to consider the motion of M. de La Bourdonnaye: 'that the prosecution of those not included in the Amnesty, be left to the Chamber.'

It will be remembered that, by the Proclamation of Cambrai, Louis XVIII had promised an Amnesty from which were excluded certain persons, charged with offences committed during the Hundred Days. The list drawn up by Fouché contained one hundred and ten names,—an audacious defiance of public opinion on the part of the man who had committed the very crimes he sought to punish. After revision, the list was reduced to fifty-seven names, comprising two categories, the procedure with regard to them being regulated by the Royal Ordinance of the 24th July. At the same time, by an imprudence that cannot be too strongly condemned, the Government had left it to the Chamber to designate the categories . . . .

The passions of the hour clearly foretold the advantage that would be taken of the situation.

Impatient, like all assemblies when they are claiming their rights, and jealous of their prerogative; never doubting that the perils through which the Monarchy had just passed, might, at any moment, be renewed, the majority in the Chamber looked forward eagerly to exercising their right—not of judging the accused calmly, but of punishing them with all the severity of their rancour. Alas! why was not the inevitable result foreseen? Above all, when the odious proceedings of the Convention were present in the memory of everyone.

Far be it from me, to draw the shadow of a comparison between the upright loyal Chamber of 1815, to which I had the honour to belong, and that Assembly, stained with the blood of our most saintly King! What Frenchman would not, if it were possible, efface it forever from our annals! But I maintain, that Assemblies are not fitted to judge, with impartiality, the authors of crimes from which they themselves have suffered; and that, where great numbers meet together, even the most upright, the most moderate, and high-principled men, are liable to be carried away by the excitement of the moment. It seems as if an evil genius hovered over them, and whispered in their ears the hypocritical lie, that, when measures are taken in common, only a small degree of responsibility rests upon each member.

The Trial of Marshal Ney was delayed, as was supposed, by the government, and the Council of War declared itself incompetent.

It would be useless, and it would be painful to me, to give a detailed account of what took place in the Secret Committee, where M. de La Bourdonnaye fixed the penalties applicable to the two categories of which I have spoken. He did it with a courage and energy which left no doubt on my mind as to the feeling that animated him. If he were inexorable, it was from the conscientious conviction that lenity would be a crime. I have often voted with him; and if in 1815, and later, we differed in opinion,—owing in great measure to the diversity in our natural disposition,—we were each animated by love for our country, and loyalty to our Princes.

I did not feel the same animosity as my honourable colleague towards the culprits of 1815, and I was especially distressed that it should be supposed that this animosity was prompted by the King.

After the fatal execution of Marshal Ney, when, on the 8th Dec. the Duc de Richelieu brought in a measure of Amnesty, I was able to appeal to the more merciful views I had put forward in the Committees of the 13th and 16th November, without being accused of having been influenced by the reaction which this event had produced.

From a legal point of view, to every honourable man, Marshal Ney was guilty of treason and felony; but we may well ask, if those, who had so readily abandoned one who, again and again, had led them to victory, and loaded them with honours, were fit to be his judges; and if, granted that he were guilty, the Chamber of Peers ought not to have approachad the King, in a body, to beg his clemency. A word would have evoked it, and it was not spoken.

The last words of Marshal Ney stirred every fibre of my soul. 'I appeal,' he said, like Moreau, 'to Europe and to posterity.' The contrast was striking . . . but there are circumstances which escape the penetration of men, where only God can judge the human heart, for He alone can sound its depths.

I return to the questions brought forward on the 13th November.

. . . . The Duc de Richelieu called a Council, to which some Deputies were summoned, and I was among the number. This time, I separated myself from M. de Chateaubriand, who like M. de La Bourdonnaye, was too much inclined towards those harsh measures that were to react so terribly upon the King's government. In this Assembly, the Duc de Richelieu showed the utmost moderation and greatness of soul, but was unable to calm the prejudices and fears of some of the best of men. M. de Villèle, with that incisive logic which was the leading quality of his oratory, insisted that the cause of our recent misfortunes should be removed by the repression of the Buonapartists. M. de Corbière drew up the Report with less ardour than had been expected from him; he was influenced by his friend, M. de Villèle, but shaken by the attitude of the Prime Minister.

Never did more noble hearts take up the defence of their enemies. No sooner were they conquered, than they were looked upon as no longer guilty, or, at least, as calling down upon themselves pardon and forgetfulness. As the Duc de Richelieu so generously said, in claiming the Amnesty, 'it would be a treaty of internal peace, promulgated by the Sovereign.'

In mentioning M. de Serre, Royer Collard, and admiring the fine struggle of the Duc de Richelieu to win an act of clemency from the Chamber, I only render justice to those who expressed with such eloquence the generosity of their hearts; but I cannot altogether censure their opponents . . . I repeat, these fiery Royalists, and in particular my friend M. de Bouville, together with M. de La Bourdonnaye, alone laid the foundations of representative government.

The Ministry was not so much within its rights, and did not act as constitutionally as these men.

M. de La Bourdonnaye maintained : 'that the Royal will can only be legally expressed when the sanction of the two Chambers has given the character of law to the deliberations ; an admirable combination, which permits, and even orders, a respectful subject and loyal servant, when become a legislator, to oppose and reject the measures of the government ; to censure ministers ; in a word, to oppose the personal wishes of the monarch in order to maintain the imprescriptible rights of the throne . . . .' Such was the ultra-Royalist of 1815. Many Liberals of our own day hold the same views.

The motion for the perpetual banishment of the regicides, led to another incident. The Ministry had timidly referred to the King's wish that the Royal clemency should be allowed free course. The Marquis de Béthisy said : 'Let us have the courage to disobey the King ; inflexible honour demands it ; let us take up the rallying cry of the noble soldiers of the West : "*Vive le Roi quand même !*" '[1] His words were received with a storm of applause, and the resolution carried almost unanimously.[2] Although myself inclined towards pardon, I was deeply moved by these words, which formed a link between us as long as the Marquis de Béthisy lived.

The Duc de Richelieu long hesitated between the resignation of the Ministry and the adoption of the Amnesty Law, as the Chamber had passed it by acclamation, by three hundred and thirty-four votes against twenty-two ; the latter course was finally adopted, through fear of surrendering the power to the vengeance of the demagogues.

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[1] Long live the King, notwithstanding. [Tr.]

[2] Three members only opposed it, saying 'C'est par respect pour le Roi'—*Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, vol. iv. p. 64. [Tr.]

CHAPTER VI

MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY TO THE UNITED STATES

1816

A Deputation from the Chamber presents the Address to the King.—M. Hyde de Neuville is appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States.—Farewell Audience.—M. Hyde de Neuville asks that the title of Count be given to his brother, instead of to him.—Motto.—M. Decazes.—Mme. Hyde de Neuville presented at Court.

At the beginning of the session, I was congratulating myself on having taken my seat among the Deputies who were the most ardent defenders of the Monarchy.

I considered, that as a faithful subject of the King, and a representative of the department that had sent me to the Chamber, my time and strength, my whole existence in fact, ought to be devoted to their service; without taking any account of a paltry ambition, which never entered my mind, so great and glorious was the task before me.

Some of my friends, more solicitious for my future than I was myself, spoke to me of a diplomatic career. I rejected the suggestion, for the reasons I have just given, and also, because of the keen interest I took in these Parliamentary struggles; . . . I was passionately fond of them . . . .

Having refused a diplomatic post as long as it was a question of one in Europe, I must explain how I came to accept one in the United States. I felt a strong desire to see the country again where I had passed my years of exile, where I had left kind friends, and where many of my prejudices had been dispelled, giving place to a maturity of mind for which I thanked God. Adversity teaches great lessons; and is it not a pleasure to revisit the places where we have learned them?

I knew the King desired that the exile, who had been faithful to his cause, should become his Representative in the very land of his banishment.

I durst not tell my wife until the wish of Louis XVIII should have been distinctly expressed, for I feared to grieve her.

The point was decided on the 15th October,[1] when the King received a Deputation from the Chamber to present the Address. Some of the ultra-Royalists considered that the Address showed too great respect for constitutional principles and for the Charter; it was even thought that Louis XVIII would refer to this point in his reply.

Nothing of the kind happened. The King received the Address with a smile, and only became rather grave when he dwelt on the assertion that he would uphold the rights necessary to ensure the tranquillity of the country. It was on this occasion, that he gave to the Chamber of Deputies the name *Introuvable*,[2] that it has borne ever since.

The kind words that the King addressed to me,[3] put an end to my hesitation; they were followed by a formal offer of the post from the President of the Council.[1] I accepted it, after having received a distinct promise, that I should not be required to leave France before the end of the session. I was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States on the 24th January 1816, my fortieth birthday.

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[1] 1815.

[2] Not to be found again, unique [Tr.]. 'During this conversation, the King, speaking of the Chamber of Deputies said that such an Assembly appeared *introuvable*, and that it had pleased Providence to form it of elements adapted to cement the union between the monarchy and the country.' *La session de* 1815 *par M. de Cardonnel, Président de la Cour Royale de Toulouse, et député.*

[3] Louis XVIII spoke to several of the Deputies, and after the official part of the audience was over, M. Lainé told him that several Deputies who were ill had desired to be carried to the Chamber to sign the Address. The King replied: 'It is my wish that all my good Deputies should sign it. I command my Minister of the Interior to give it the widest publicity, not only in France, but in foreign countries.' Then, turning to M. Hyde de Neuville, one of the Secretaries of the Chamber, he said, with the kindness characteristic of the august Monarch: 'It will be known beyond the seas, for I shall soon have a faithful subject there, who has well deserved to represent France in the land of his exile.' *Ibid.*

In taking leave of the King, I asked him to allow the title of Count, which he graciously proposed to confer upon me, to be given, instead, to my brother, who had merited it by his loyal services and imprisonment. I had no children, and cared very little for a title. The King deigned to comply, but instead of one title, he proposed to give two. I begged His Majesty not to extend his favour to me. He laughed, and said: 'That is the first refusal of the kind that I have had. You will not have many imitators.'

I replied: 'Since Your Majesty is willing to honour me with your kindness, I will venture to ask for a motto to add to my coat of arms.' 'Yes,' he answered, and after a moment's reflection, he said 'Hartwell and Ghent,'[2] but quickly bethinking himself, he continued: 'No, your motto must be really French,' and he wrote: *Tout pour Dieu et le Roi lègitime*;[3] then he added: 'It is the story of your life.' I confess this motto is dearer to me than the titles, that afterwards came, unsought, undesired. The noblest title is one that reminds us of duty and honour.

I learned from the King himself that my mission would be one of exceptional importance . . . .

His Majesty was pleased, also, to question me concerning the government of the United States, of which I had made a special study for nine years, having known the early difficulties of the country, and watched her development.

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[1] The Duc de Richelieu.

[2] I had been appointed Knight of St Louis on the 1st Jan. 1814, at Hartwell, and a Knight of the Legion of Honour, at Ghent. Louis XVIII had not forgotten it.

[3] All for God and the Rightful King. [Tr]

I spoke of her admirable Constitution, drawn up with so much foresight, protecting all liberties, without violating any, and compared it with the Constitution of which the French Revolution had made trial. The contrast was so greatly in favour of the United States, that Louis XVIII was struck by it.

When I was shown into the King's Cabinet, M. Decazes was there; he withdrew into a corner of the room, holding in his hand a quantity of papers that had just received the Royal signature.

Several times, I waited respectfully for His Majesty to dismiss me; but instead of doing so, he called M. Decazes, and spoke to him of some of the ideas I had just put forward.

It was the first time I had met the Minister of Police, now become the favourite of Louis XVIII. I had noticed, that in the Chamber he rarely took part in the discussions, which naturally arose between the Ministers and the Deputies on the various Committees. Still less, did he take part in the public debates. I attributed this reserve to the tact of a confidential adviser, unwilling to compromise his Prince by too absolute a statement of his own views. He thus, established a secret supremacy, all the more formidable, because it was impossible to fasten upon it openly.

M. Decazes was not a man of superior mind, in the usual meaning of the word; still less, was he one of those flatterers who contrive to dominate a weak nature; but with the tact of an observant and amiable character, and the charm of clever conversation, always following the King's train of thought without trying to lead it, he had quite subjugated Louis XVIII; and all the while, seemed to be a pupil, skilfully reflecting his master's views. Habit had done the rest. It is easy to understand, how, in the midst of his daily increasing infirmities, a talker like Louis XVIII, who loved to be listened to, would be attracted by the young Minister of Police, who offered him the only diversion open to a crowned, and helpless old man.

The influence of M. Decazes was, in truth, the result of the antagonism of the extreme and blind coterie that surrounded the Count d'Artois; and that was destined, later on, to drag Charles X into one of those measures that cost a throne. Most of my friends belonged to the circle of the Count d' Artois, although I could not help seeing the disastrous tendency of their policy. In 1815, this coterie had raised a barrier between the two brothers. As happens in all courts, each had his partisans, jealous of one another, criticising one another. It was from these divisions, that the ascendancy of M. Decazes over Louis XVIII arose. At this time, it was exercised timidly, and its strength concealed.

With a moderation that I admired, the young Minister offered a few objections to my statements. He asked me what check there was upon the legislator in America, —an insidious question when it must be answered in the presence of a King.

I replied: 'The Americans do not delegate the sovereignty of the people, which is thus sheltered from party hatred and divisions; they only entrust their representatives with definite powers. The nation is always mistress of her sovereignty. The President is only her first public official. If he violate the Constitution, he is subject to the judicial authority, equally with the humblest citizen.'

'According to this,' the King observed significantly, 'the President has none of those compromising friends, such as there are in France, who, under pretence of strengthening his authority, pick holes in what his Ministers propose.'

I felt the rebuke, and bowed as I answered: 'Then Your Majesty does well to send one of them to a country where discipline is united to true liberty.'

The King extended his hand to me. He knew, as well as I did, that my appointment had been attributed to the desire to get rid of a friend whose frankness was sometimes troublesome.

I was leaving under the happiest conditions. My letters of credence reflected the confidence with which the Government honoured me. One thing only was painful to me,—the sacrifice required from my wife. Her happiness in being again in France, with the aunt who was like a mother to her, had been of short duration. I dared not speak to her of my decision, and she divined the dread with which I submitted it to her. She answered : 'If it is our duty, we cannot hesitate.'

I knew well that, to her retiring nature, the distinguished position, so contrary to her simple tastes, would be the greatest trial, though other women would have delighted in it.

[Among the obligations which society now imposed upon Mme. Hyde de Neuville, was that of being presented at Court, a favour at that time surrounded by all the rules of etiquette that had existed in the old days. She thus describes it :]

Our charming neighbour[1] had dispelled my dread of a grand presentation by taking me altogether under her protection. Moreover, the King's illness deprived it of half the ceremonial. It was only a question of seeing once more a Princess whom I deeply love and revere.

The day fixed was Monday, the 8th April [1816]. I was waiting for my beautiful escort, abandoning myself to the care of Chiquitta, who had become my tirewoman-in-chief.

We had just put the finishing touches to the great work, when my door, which I had ordered to be closed to everyone, so that I might not be interrupted, was forced by Madame C. . . and her daughter. M. Hyde de Neuville begged me to come and receive them as soon as possible. I enter with my train over my arm, feeling rather annoyed at this call, and giving strict orders, that I should be told as soon as the Maréchale came to fetch me. By their kind and affectionate greeting the two ladies soon restored me to good humour, and we were talking very quietly together, when I notice a smell of soot. Soon, we are alarmed by the roar of a chimney on fire ; one of us runs down into the courtyard, another shouts ; we ring, we call for help. In the midst of the tumult, the Maréchale arrives ; the porter refuses to allow her carriage to enter ; she grows impatient ; it is raining heavily. At last, the footman conducts me to the street as well as he can, across a wet courtyard, where my white satin shoes and my feathers suffer greatly.

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[1] The Maréchale Moreau, who had been her neighbour in New York. [Tr.]

Arrived at the carriage, I looked upon myself as safe from all the troubles of this disastrous evening ; but soon, my fair neighbour, examining my toilet, notices that they have forgotten to fasten the lappets—an indispensable part of every court-dress—to the white toque I was wearing. In the confusion of my calls and my fire, I had forgotten this important matter, and my dazed young housemaid had never thought of reminding me. What was to be done ? Rain was falling in torrents, and we were at the entrance to the Tuileries !

Madame Moreau, always fertile in expedients, suggests : 'We will go to the Duchesse de Duras' apartments, and she will lend us some.' At last, we enter the Tuileries, but the Duchess had already gone down to the great blue drawing-room. 'What you must do,' said the Maréchale, 'is always to turn your face towards everybody, and then no one will notice what is missing. Besides, the omission of lappets does not show so much with a toque.' She went on in front of me ; happily, we found the Duchesse de Reggio at the entrance to the drawing-room ; and there was I, in the midst of a hundred ladies, ranged in a line down the corridor, awaiting their turn to pass before Madame.

The Duke d'Angoulême, attended by M. de Damas, said a few words, in passing, to any lady that he knew, and as my two sponsors were among the number, he talked to them long enough for me to see him well, and to hear the pleasant things he said in praise of my husband ; then my turn came, M. de Damas having called my name.

At last, I pass before Madame, who is holding her Reception in a third drawing-room ; she graciously says she remembers our interviews in London, expresses her regret that my husband is leaving, and is full of kindness as ever. . . . The day after this presentation, the good Princess deigned to send me, by Countess d'Agoult, her First Maid of Honour, a diamond fleur-de-lys,[1] containing her hair. This precious gift will be for me a true relic ; there is no saint whom I more revere than the Princess who gave it to me.

[M. Hyde de Neuville writes :]

I set out accompanied by experienced men, many of whom were already acquainted with the posts they were about to hold. M. Pétry, Consul at New Orleans ; the Marquis de Fougères, Consul at Baltimore ; and the Attachés I had asked for, who were to begin a career which they have since followed with distinction.

Among them, I may mention M. de Bourqueney, who had been recommended to me by M. de Chateaubriand. He has since rendered important services as Ambassador at the first Courts of Europe. He was then a charming young fellow, full of wit and high spirits, as is natural at seventeen.

I took with me another youth, Buchet-Martigny, belonging to a family in Berry, that I have already mentioned in connection with the Insurrection of the Sancerrois. He was to learn diplomatic fencing with me. . . .

We left Paris on the 18th April, going first to the Nièvre, and reached Brest on the 1st May, where we were detained a fortnight by contrary winds. On the 16th May, we sailed on board the frigate *Eurydice*.

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[1] This jewel is still a venerated possession of the family of M. Hyde de Neuville.

[The following letter from Madame Hyde de Neuville describes their passage :]

'Though our passage was short, twenty-nine days, it was as stormy as if it had been winter. We passed two icebergs, one after another, which added reality to the illusion. One of them came within cannon range of us ; but our pilot skilfully avoided the terrible shock, which no vessel can withstand. We saw these floating mountains of ice in the distance, lit up with countless fires under the rays of the sun.

'After a final storm, as we were nearing the land, we entered New York harbour on the 15th June. The frigate had been signalled the evening before, and was almost immediately surrounded by little boats bringing our friends to greet us. . . . We should have liked to disembark at once, but it was due to the Representative of France to be received with greater ceremony.

'It was not until the following day, that we took our places in the sloop of the *Eurydice*, amid shouts of *Vive le Roi* from our sailors who manned the yards, shouts that were taken up by the people on shore. . . . When we landed, we found nearly every one we knew, and were moved to tears by such a welcome.

'All this excitement, after the fatigue of the voyage, made us long for our farm, and a week after our return, we were once more in the humble retreat where we had spent so many calm and happy days during our exile. We were delighted to see our old servants again ; also, our sheep, and even the Spanish dog, Volero, who rejoiced as much as any one at our return.

'All our neighbours came to welcome us at Neuvil-Farm as they call our Cottage ; but as nothing is lasting in this world, my husband is obliged to start on a long journey ; he goes, first to Washington, and then to see the President, Mr Madison, who is in the country a hundred leagues away; this is considered a very short distance in America. As for me, my happy home life will soon be over, for I must spend the winter in Washington, in great state.'

[M. Hyde de Neuville continues the narrative :]

On reaching Washington, I was surprised to find a town only half built, and of such vast extent, that in order to get from one part to another, you must pass through long spaces, which cannot be called streets, the houses are so few and far between.

From a little hill, which bears the imposing title of the 'Capitol,' there is an extensive view of the Potomac, a fine river which bounds Washington on the south. I had a great wish to see the Tiber, and was surprised when my companions, who had been to Washington before, frankly owned they had not noticed it. I have since learned, that the name is given to a muddy stream, which forms a marsh at the foot of the Capitol, and at present, only supplies the town with a quantity of frogs.

M. Roth, my First Secretary, who had been a year in America, knew most of the Ministers and Councillors of State. I was dispensed from seeing them for a time, as etiquette required that my first visit should be to the President. I was advised, however, to pay an informal call on Mr Monroe, the First Secretary of State, who was looked upon as the future President. I found him a very clever amiable man, speaking French remarkably well. He had spent several years in France as Minister of the United States,[1] and was so familiar with recent events, that in talking to him I imagined myself back in Paris. I was agreeably surprised when Mrs Monroe expressed her regret at leaving my country; evidently, she had brought away, not only the language, but the grace of manner, and even the habits, of the French. She must have been very beautiful, and was charming still. The friendship of Mr and Mrs Monroe, which was afterwards of great service to me, softened to some extent, the unfavourable impression that the sight of my future residence had made upon me.

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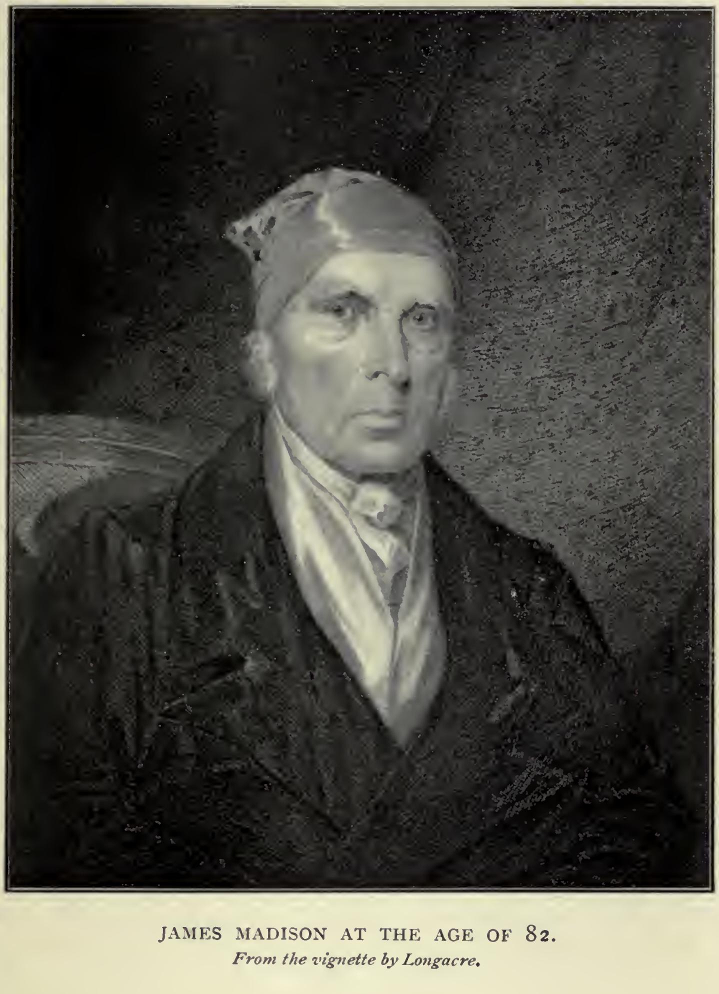
[1] He arrived in Paris just after the fall of Robespierre, was officially received in Aug. 1794, and was recalled in 1796. After Jefferson became President, Monroe was sent again to France and helped to bring about the Treaty of 1803, by which France ceded Louisiana to the United States. [Tr]

From Washington, I went to Virginia to pay a formal visit to the President, who welcomed me most courteously, but with the reserve that is natural to the head of a State in the presence of a Foreign Envoy. . . .

Like many distinguished Americans, Mr Madison had a dignified, almost Puritan, serenity, combined with the easy manners of a man of the world. . . . Elected President in 1809, and re-elected in 1813, he sustained the war with England with rare courage up to the Treaty of Paris in 1814; he was aware of the part I had taken at that time, in London, in defending the interests of the United States, and thanked me for it.



JAMES MADISON AT THE AGE OF 82.

From the vignette by Longacre.

CHAPTER VII

THE REFUGEES

Instructions to the Minister Plenipotentiary.—The United States and the Spanish Colonies.—M. Hyde de Neuville's Circular to the Consuls on the subject of Refugees.—Portrait of Napoleon sent to Joseph Buonaparte.—General de Grouchy.—General Clausel.—M. Hyde de Neuville seizes the occasion of the evacuation of France, to plead the cause of the Refugees.—General Lefebvre-Desnouettes.—Hersant.

As soon as I had carefully studied the relations between France and the United States, I submitted my observations to my Government. For a long time, these relations had not been regulated by any Treaty, that of 1799 having been only concluded for eight years. It is the custom in America, to have treaties lasting only a short time, as the chief object is to favour her commerce, which is so variable in its nature, and tends to become more so, with the continual growth of the States. Since the expiration of the Treaty, communications had been regulated only by international right. The two nations had continued to have commercial relations with one another; but in the position in which France then was, her flag was scarcely seen in European waters, which were covered with American ships; and all our intercourse with the United States was carried on by means of their own vessels.

During what was known as the Continental System, embargoes, sequestrations, and confiscations, had fallen heavily upon Americans, as they favoured the smuggling trade. Hence, complaints arose, which were long disregarded; then a system of reprisals, which brought about a desire to come to terms. It was decided, that from the 1st November 1810, the decrees of blockade should be revoked by France with regard to America; and that all the measures taken by the United States against France, should be annulled at the same time. America persisted, however, in claiming indemnity for her losses at sea, and refused to make any new Treaty until her heavy claims were granted. This, France refused to do, and hence, the failure of the negotiations in 1812.

If the decrees revoking the blockade had been faithfully carried out, the United States would have had less cause for complaint; but their vessels were still detained, and even destroyed, for contravening a system which was not really in force. Demands for indemnity followed, but again without result.

Nevertheless, the Americans, lured by the bait of commercial gain, continued to frequent the ports, and the scales still inclined in their favour; but meanwhile, they held their claims in reserve.

Such were the grievances of the United States before the return of Louis XVIII, in 1814.

According to my instructions, I was enjoined to preserve amicable relations with America, and to pave the way for the intervention of France,—as arbiter, or at least, as peacemaker,—in the differences that must inevitably arise between the United States and Spain, on the subject of Florida and the Spanish Colonies.

My opinion was soon formed, and I came to the conclusion, that while the position of the United States renders them somewhat indifferent to what is passing in Europe, events in the New World touch them closely.

From the first, they had favoured the independence of the Spanish Colonies. It opened new channels to their trade, which under the existing Colonial System, would otherwise have remained closed. It assured to the United States the political influence arising from seniority, and it enabled them to extend their territory. This last point was clearly seen in the case of Florida. The Americans only desired the freedom of Florida in order to attach her to the States of the Union; and thus extend their coast-line from the Atlantic to the western frontier of Louisiana. They could not do this, without incurring the displeasure of Spain, but that kingdom was too much occupied with her wars in Europe, to be able to protect her distant Colony. . . .

I had a delicate mission in the surveillance of the French refugees. The very fact that the Government, and the majority of the inhabitants, accorded unlimited freedom on their territory, exempted the refugees from police supervision. This rendered my position difficult; but as I never shirk a duty, I resolved to be firm, in checking every kind of plot against the Government that I had the honour to represent. I wished to be clear-sighted but just, and to employ severity with extreme reserve. Shall I confess it? I felt deep pity for these Frenchmen, exiled to this land as I had been. Were they not suffering for the crimes and errors caused by the ambition of one man; expiating, far from their families and country, faults, committed it may be, from blindness and fidelity?

I addressed the following circular to the consuls under my orders: 'As for the refugees, what ought to be your conduct with regard to them? You cannot in any way reassure them, but neither ought you to do, or say, anything to deprive them of hope. No one has a right to set bounds to the Royal clemency, and those who have recourse to it, should know that it is always accessible. You will avoid meeting refugees; but if, by chance, you come in contact with them, you will act with prudence and dignity. You will always bear in mind, that foreigners are in no way bound to share our opinions; in America, for instance, a refugee is often looked upon simply as one in misfortune. . . .'

The most distinguished of the refugees were Regnault, Quinet and Réal, who were living in New York; Generals de Grouchy, Clausel, and Garnier de Saintes, who were in Philadelphia, and Joseph Buonaparte, who passed the greater part of the year in the country, in New Jersey.

I must here mention an incident, that occurred at the time when I left my farm, to settle at Washington for the Opening of Congress. I found a fine portrait of Napoleon, by Gérard, hidden away in a corner, at the Legation. Its empty place in the large drawing-room, pointed to those reverses of fortune, that are often carried out in little things, in a way that is paltry and ridiculous. The painting was worthy of the name inscribed upon it, and it seemed to me a crime against art, to throw it into a garret. One of Napoleon's brothers was in America. It was not the portrait of the Emperor that I could offer to the King of Spain, but the portrait of a brother, to his proscribed and unhappy brother. I, at once, sent it to the Count de Survilliers. I did it on my own responsibility, but shortly afterwards, I informed the Minister of Foreign Affairs of what I had done, asking, at the same time, for a portrait of the King for the Legation. The Duc de Richelieu in no way disavowed my action, and when some persons censured me for it, in the presence of Louis XVIII, the King deigned to answer: 'It is noble, chivalrous, worthy of a Frenchman. . . .'

Circumstances having compelled me to be more severe, I sought an opportunity of showing my sympathy with my unhappy fellow-countrymen. Such an opportunity arose when I received a letter from the Marquise de Balleroy (the 'Joan of Arc of Normandy'). It will be remembered how Rose de Banville, as a girl, accompanied me with her father to Paris, in 1800, at the time when a price was set on my head, and my deliverers ran great danger by their devotion.

[M. Hyde de Neuville wrote the following letter to General de Grouchy:]

'NEW BRUNSWICK,'[1] 25*th August* 1817

'MONSIEUR LE GENERAL,

'I have received the letter from the Marquise de Balleroy, together with yours of the 11th.

'I should have been sorry for you to take the trouble to come to my country house merely to bring me the letter from Madame de Balleroy. But I shall be delighted to see you when you are in New York, and to assure you that I give no credence to certain reports that have reached the Government, by means of which it has been sought to cast grave suspicion upon you and your family. There are details into which a Minister cannot enter ; but what I have said, will show you that I shall always go with you as far as my duty will permit. You have appealed to me ; spoken frankly, most unreservedly, to me ; and I desire no other guarantee of your loyalty. If necessary, I would take your part *from conviction*, and I will render you every service in my power.

'I am writing to you, as to the friend of a lady whom I regard with esteem and affection, who helped to save my life, and to whom it is a pleasure to give a proof of my gratitude and lasting devotion.

'HYDE DE NEUVILLE.'

I must anticipate years and events, in order to complete the story of my relations with General de Grouchy. As I was about to return to France, I received from him these lines.

'22*nd August* 1819.

'I gladly avail myself of the permission you have given me, Monsieur l' Ambassadeur, to address a few lines to His Majesty through you, and I shall have much greater confidence in the effect they will produce, since they are to be delivered by you, with your own hands.

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[1] The name of M. Hyde de Neuville's farm. [Tr.]

'Whatever may be the success of your kind effort on my behalf, I shall always be grateful to you.

'DE GROUCHY.'

About the same time General Clausel proposed settling in Havannah, to devote himself to agriculture. He accompanied his request, by the following lines:

'The Ministers of France and Spain know perfectly well, that I have kept entirely aloof from all designs and expeditions to promote a rising of Spanish America against the Mother-country. So, they will readily understand that it will be no hardship to me to obey the laws. With regard to this, I am willing to make any promise the Government may require . . . I am filled with the deepest gratitude for the very kind steps taken by His Excellency, Baron Hyde de Neuville, the King's Minister, and I sincerely regret that I am unable to express my feelings to him in person.

'The unhappy position of the French officers, cast upon American soil by recent events in France, is worthy of engaging the King's attention; and the idea of assisting them in their distress, by affording them the means of supporting themselves by work, is generous, and worthy of a Frenchman.

'My opinion is, that many of these unfortunate men might be rescued from misery and despair, if they could be received at Havannah, or Porto Rico, and provided with land, agricultural implements, and food, for a year or two. It might be even good policy on the part of Spain, to establish these officers there, where they would be an advantage to the government in many ways, and would be placed far from the insurrections that are disturbing the Spanish possessions in the New World.

'CLAUSEL.'

These two generals returned to France; de Grouchy, on the 14th Jan. 1820, and Clausel about the same time.

The Count de Grouchy owed his return partly to my efforts, but chiefly, to the urgent request of the Duc d'Angoulême, whom he had pursued during the Hundred Days. At that time, Clausel had occupied Bordeaux in the name of Napoleon, having forced the Duchesse d'Angoulême to withdraw, after an heroic resistance.

The Duc d'Angoulême pardoned by preference those who had injured him personally. He said, one day, in the Council: 'In my family, when we have pardoned, we have forgotten.'

Before leaving the United States, I wished to settle two questions, that I had deferred, but never laid aside. I had waited for time, the great peacemaker, to put an end to prejudice and animosity, and looked forward to basing my petition in favour of the refugees, on the excellent conduct of the greater number of them while I was in the United States.

The Colonists of St Domingo had, also, constantly occupied my thoughts since my arrival. These unhappy victims of the French Revolution had settled in North America, and the greater number were destitute. . . . I asked the Government to send, from time to time, a store-ship to convey to their own country those who were unable to afford the passage home, but whose families were not wholly without means.

I seized the occasion of the announcement of the evacuation of France, to draw the attention of my Government to the refugees. No one can know, unless he has experienced it, what it is to live in a free country, and to feel the shame of your native land being trodden by the foreigner. I rejoiced greatly at this deliverance, and I understood the patriotism that led the Duc de Richelieu to hasten the event, and to carry through this difficult and honourable enterprise. His name is associated with it. His presence in the Ministry had no other aim; for this alone, he had endured the trials and injustice that belong to power when it is contested; and the personal affection of the Czar for the Duc de Richelieu, contributed to the success of the negotiations.

[M. Hyde de Neuville wrote to his Government as follows:]

'The extract from the *Moniteur* announcing the happy news of the evacuation, reached me on the 2nd Dec. 1818; I sent an official intimation of it to the Federal Government, and to all the Foreign Envoys. I received congratulations from the entire Diplomatic Corps, and from the most distinguished members of Congress . . . .

'I avail myself of this joyful and solemn occasion to commend to the King's clemency an unfortunate class, whose condition grows worse every day . . . I refer to from 150 to 200 poor young officers, who have been thoughtlessly drawn to the United States by the ambition, hatred, and intrigues of others. Several, have appealed to me to be allowed to return to France; a full pardon, which I should be free to grant only to those who were worthy of it, would have an excellent effect here; and I confess it would be a great happiness to me, to be able to save these young officers from their frightful state of destitution . . . .'

I had met General Lefebvre-Desnouettes on several occasions, and our feelings towards one another, at first cold, had become really sympathetic. He had been Commander of the *Chasseurs* of the Imperial Guard, and had rejoined Napoleon when he braved the dangers of the return from Elba.

The character of Lefebvre-Desnouettes was one that calls for admiration; gentleness combined with firmness, and a frank devotion to the Emperor whom he had served. I took great interest in him, for his conduct in the United States was irreproachable, and he was especially persecuted by those men who devote themselves to whatever government is in power.

Moreover, at a dinner given to a few refugees at Baltimore, some outrageous speeches had been made against the Bourbons; they were beginning to speak insultingly of Marie-Thérèse, when Lefebvre-Desnouettes rose, and said: 'Oh! As for the Duchesse d' Angoulême, I cannot allow anyone to speak against her in my presence; both as a Princess and as a woman, she is an example to her sex.'

These words were repeated to me, and from that moment, I made up my mind, in spite of M. Decazes, to come to the help of the man of whom he had written: 'He shall never return to France.'

In a private letter to the Minister, I said: 'The King may decline to pardon, but he cannot say: I shall not pardon.' It is the noblest attribute of Royalty.

The man who spoke these harsh words, who dared to say *never*, outraged the Royal power. To every outlaw I shall say: 'Hope,' and to the one who is repulsed, I shall say: 'Continue in your wise and dignified behaviour, and do more than hope.' I wrote a letter to the Duc de Richelieu on behalf of Lefebvre-Desnouettes which, however, remained fruitless.

One must have undergone long years of exile or imprisonment, to understand what it is to wait for the decision that is to set you at liberty. This torture was inflicted upon the exile for two years.

I had not forgotten him. Returning to France in 1820, I did all in my power to obtain his pardon. It was promised; but the formalities attached to the penalty of death by default, caused delay, and the Dauphin was obliged to intervene.

Charged with a new mission, I returned to the United States in 1821, and the deplorable position of Lefebvre-Desnouettes, led me to tell him, that at the risk of being disavowed, which I did not think was likely, I would be answerable for him.

The General replied, on the 1st February 1822:

'I have just received your letter, and I cannot tell you how greatly I am touched by it. Yes, you have sent me the promised consolation; . . . and no one can feel more than I do, the value of the generous perseverance with which you have sought to help me. I will do as you advise me; and within two months, at the latest, I shall be with you, and will be guided by your counsel.

'I renew my promise not to take part in any political affairs in France,—I only did so once, and then to my sorrow; my one desire is to live quietly among my family. I have not the least desire for honour or fortune; only in case of war, if I am required, I shall always be ready, as long as my strength permit.

'LEFEBVRE-DESNOUETTES.'

Alas! the poor general was hastening to destruction. On the 11th June 1822, I wrote to the Viscount de Montmorency, Minister of Foreign Affairs:

'On the 22nd of April last, the *Albion*, the regular packet-boat between New York and Liverpool, was wrecked off the coast of Ireland She had on board a crew of eighty-five men, and twenty-nine passengers. Only eight persons were saved, of whom two were passengers.

'The unfortunate General Lefebvre-Desnouettes was on board. I cannot express to Your Excellency how distressed I am at his loss. I saw him set out, animated by the best sentiments, and I must repeat that none of the refugees had won, in exile, more claim to the Royal favour.

'God has not permitted that he should see his country again. Let us hope, that he who so nobly made amends for his fault, and yet suffered so much, is now in the enjoyment of that felicity that no shipwreck can destroy.'

My friendship with General Lefebvre-Desnouettes under these sad circumstances, was continued with his wife and daughter.[1]

[2] Another incident may be added which shows M. Hyde de Neuville's respect for all opinions. A young Frenchman, of nineteen, wrote to him from New York on the 26th May 1818:

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[1] Madame Sancy de Parabère, who was attached to the Court of the Empress Eugénie had a great reverence for the memory of Baron Hyde de Neuville.

[2] This narrative is added by the nieces of M. Hyde de Neuville who edited the *Mémoires*. [Tr.]

'Deprived of friends, and in a foreign land, I appeal to your benevolence; be so kind as not to refuse me.'

M. Hyde de Neuville replied, with his own hand:

'You are young and in misfortune. These are true titles; but where do you come from? To whom do you belong? Why did you leave your father's roof?'

Hersant, for that was his name, replied:

'At the end of 1813, seeing France overwhelmed with enemies, I asked leave to join the army, in order not to be a burden to my parents, who live in Orleans. General Drouot, to whom I applied, represented to me that I was too young to bear the fatigues of war. He offered to take me as his secretary.

'In 1814, I was thrown out of my employment, General Drouot having been captured and imprisoned. Whilst I was with him, I had met General de Grouchy and General Lefebvre-Desnouettes, and I followed them to the United States, moved by the opinions I felt it my duty to avow.'

This straightforward narrative was well calculated to appeal to M. Hyde de Neuville, and he resolved to continue the good work begun by General Drouot.

Hersant was for many years his private secretary, and was remarkable for his honourable character and tried devotion. M. Hyde de Neuville continued, up to the time of his death, to extend his favour to the family of the young Buonapartist.

CHAPTER VIII

REFUGEE CONSPIRATORS

Plots for the Rescue of Napoleon.—Lakanal.—M. Hyde de Neuville remonstrates with the American Government.—Reply of Mr Adams.—MacGregor seizes the Isle of Amelia.—Arrival of the *Eurydice* and other French frigates.—Negotiations between Spain and the United States.—Treaty.—Ratification delayed.—M. Hyde de Neuville prepares to return home.—Letter from Mr Adams.—M. Hyde de Neuville postpones his journey.—General Vivès.—Return of M. and Mme. Hyde de Neuville to France.

[M. Hyde de Neuville's account of the secret proceedings of some of the French refugees, who aimed at the liberation of Napoleon, is contained in his despatches to the Duc de Richelieu.]

'10*th January* 1817

'With regard to South America, I still think there is only one man, Buonaparte, who could effect a great revolution there. It appears that Joseph sometimes dreams of being King of the Indies. The Spanish Minister has learned from Toledo, that this titular King had supplied some money, but the amount was not considerable and there is little danger. . . .'

'29*th March* 1817

. . . 'Unfortunately, the latest information proves to me more and more, that it is not the Americans, that Spain has most reason to dread for her Colonies. A vast plan seems to be unfolding; as yet, England only acts secretly, but there is no doubt that she does act, and that her agents have made overtures to some refugee Generals. The Spanish Minister is no less alarmed at the conduct of the Court of Portugal[1]; what has just happened in Brazil, could only have taken place under the influence and protection of England.'

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[1] Then in Brazil. The Royal family had sought refuge in Brazil at the time of the French invasion of Portugal, 1807. [Tr.]

'29*th April* 1817

'In my last despatch, I announced to Your Excellency the news of an insurrection in Brazil, in the province of Pernambuco: this is now confirmed.

'The revolutionary spirit is spreading more and more in South America. The Revolution of Pernambuco assumes a very threatening aspect for the Kingdom of Brazil. . . .'

'WASHINGTON, 21*st May* 1817.

'The rumours with regard to St Helena are renewed. Still, I am persuaded, that at present, at least, nothing will be done in the American ports with the object of rescuing the prisoner.

'None the less, my responsibility, and above all the interests of my country, require that I should again insist on the sending out of a few light vessels, commanded by tried officers. If these were placed at my disposal, nothing would be easier than to justify their presence on the coast, and in the ports, of America; it is well-known here that the Spanish Corsairs, comprising the most despicable men of all nations, will soon become as formidable as the pirates that harass the Archipelago.

'Two members of Buonaparte's suite have just arrived from St Helena, by way of England. It is said they have had conferences with Buonaparte's zealous partisans, whose hopes have since greatly risen.'

'17*th June* 1817

'The arrival of the emissaries from St Helena is certain. Since then, ridiculous reports continue to be circulated; it is even said that Buonaparte has escaped. It seems probable, that the two men were charged with a mission tending to that end, and had been sent to concert with Joseph and the leaders of the faction.

'MacGregor has just left Charlestown, with an imposing number of insurgents, bound for the Isle of Amelia, whose inhabitants are said to be inclined to surrender. If his enterprise should be successful, he intends to proceed to St Augustine with a considerable force. Many pirate vessels are to join him at the Isle of Amelia; a certain Col. Smith is second in command.

'The publicity given to this expedition, the expense incurred, the efforts of the leaders to represent that they are encouraged by the Federal Government, the origin of MacGregor, his secret interviews with the English agents, and confidential communications to men of his own party—all lead me to the conclusion that I have already sought to explain, that it is chiefly England that is agitating in the ports of the United States, and that MacGregor is one of her agents. . . .'

'*20th July* 1817

'I believe, Monsieur le Duc, the Government has all the means at its disposal to frustrate the projects of the conspirators; but being unable to do anything myself, I am, to say the least, extremely anxious.

'For some weeks past, the leaders have kept out of sight, but others, who by their boldness, and even talent, are probably more leaders than the first, keep coming and going between New York and Philadelphia, or Baltimore, recruiting, scattering money, and organising two secret expeditions, one of which already has munitions and twelve guns on board. Are they bound for the Spanish Colonies? God grant it.

'They are commanded by a naval officer, not long come from France; he is now with Joseph. Since his arrival, which followed that of General Jordan, Buonaparte's aide-de-camp, our enemies are confident of success. . . .'

The two matters which seemed most to claim the attention of France in her dealings with the United States were, first, the Spanish colonies—the Duc de Richelieu considered this question the most urgent;—secondly, the necessity of a Treaty of Commerce.

The non-recognition, as a rule, of the rights of France by the Federal Government; the lofty condescension affected at Washington with regard to the conflicts which arose daily; the dangerous state of the seas, infested by insurgent corsairs,—this was not a position that a country like France could accept.

The disputed authority of our Consuls constantly called forth remonstrances on my part, which ought to have beeen supported by the presence of light vessels to ensure respect for our flag.

No attention was paid to my request for these ships; and I came to the conclusion, that it was because England would have viewed with displeasure a little French squadron off the American coast. France was still under foreign occupation, hence the Government postponed the consideration of the subject.

The insurrectionary movement in the European Colonies in America became more pronounced, and more and more linked with projects for the rescue of Buonaparte.

'*4th August* 1817.

'MONSIEUR LE DUC,

'It is very difficult to find out the exact truth in a country, almost without police, without a strong government, and where the agents of Foreign Powers meet with obstacles at every step,—obstacles, for the most part, insurmountable. For instance, the *Morgiana* has just sailed. Everyone knows she had on board a crew of one hundred and eighty-five men, with munitions and arms; yet, she was searched in the roadstead, and nothing found; all the formalities were complied with. The notoriousness of the facts avails little; men with the best intentions, judges who honestly desire to repress this brigandage, know that boats were continually coming and going during the night, carrying out to sea, or to the coast, what was vainly searched for in the port; but nothing could be done against this shameless evasion of the law. Sad consequence of a government where public men are obliged to conciliate all the interests, passions, and even abuses, which flatter the multitude!

'Now, we must not close our eyes to the fact, that expeditions to South America are much to the taste of this enterprising and commercial people, who look, not so much at the liberty of the insurgent Colonies, as at the advantage to their own trade.

'Neither must we conceal from ourselves, that an expedition bound for St Helena, would find arms, money and intrepid auxiliaries,—everything in fact that the most devoted zeal could offer—in any port of the Union; and this, without it being in the power of the Government to offer any serious opposition. Living in the midst of a cloud that occasionally allows a few truths to appear, but more often only reveals gross lies, I am a prey to the gravest anxiety; . . . if the nature of the danger escapes me, everything points to the fact that there is danger . . . .

'To sum up, the disaffected in Louisiana and on the coasts of the Atlantic are more than ever occupied with Buonaparte and his son; but, Monsieur le Duc, the rock of St Helena may be only put forward as a blind, or at least, it may be but an imaginary aim; . . . the men who saved Lavalette from the Conciergerie know that where force fails, ingenuity and stratagem may succeed; and certainly, unless I am greatly mistaken, the emissaries from St Helena have not come to propose a direct attack.

'Now, could Buonaparte be rescued by a ruse? Here, Monsieur le Duc, I may be mistaken, but if I were a servant of Napoleon, I know very well how I should set about the task, and I should not think I had embarked on an impossible enterprise; I should foresee great difficulties no doubt; but every faction counts upon men who glory in overcoming them, and the followers of Buonaparte have never given us reason to doubt their courage.

'If, therefore, these expeditions, which are unquestionably being prepared, but for all that, may never sail, are bound for St Helena, I am convinced that it is, less with the object of effecting a rescue by force, than to create a diversion and thus facilitate an escape, which, under any circumstances, could only be carried out by a combination of arrangements put in action at a given time.'

'31*st August* 1817.

'On the 27th of this month, through an incident which seems almost miraculous . . . I obtained irrefutable proof,—such as would satisfy a Court of Law,—of a plot woven by some French refugees. The handwriting and signature are those of Lakanal, formerly a member of the Convention ; this man, who had been living for seven or eight months in the district where the rising was to take place, seems to be the agent of Joseph . . . The plan was to raise an insurrection in the West, with the secret aim of making Joseph King of Mexico.

'As the Minister of the King of France, I at once requested an audience, to inform the Federal Government that France watches over the interests of her friends, as well as over her own. I have every reason to believe that the President will take the necessary measures ; for if this insurrection should break out, and be successful, it would doubtless be followed by the secession of the Western States . . . .

'I am sending to New Orleans ; and the Spanish Minister, to whom I have given information of the plot, will do the same, in order that our secret warnings may be transmitted, without delay, to all the Spanish military outposts . . . .

'In conclusion, I would beg and entreat, Monsieur le Duc, that my last despatches be taken into consideration. I will try to frustrate all the Napoleonic leagues in the New World ; but the project relating to St Helena, and other possible plots, can only be combatted in Europe.

'Let the matter be carefully considered, the last news from St Helena is that Buonaparte is well, but refuses to see anyone. Is he contriving to escape without his absence being immediately discovered? If that be so, and a fishing boat were placed secretly at his disposal, and he had an officer who well understood navigation, there is nothing to prevent his being met in a given latitude, and almost on the day fixed, by fast sailing vessels from the ports of America. I am not a seaman, but I have consulted some able naval officers, and unless the surveillance of St Helena is, so to speak, unheard of in its strictness, there is everything to fear. Where should we be, if this marvellous man reached Mexico to find it already conquered? . . . .'

My energetic remonstrances, at last, moved this temporising Government[1] . . . The acts to which I had called attention were too flagrant to be tolerated. It was known that Bourqueney had left for France to supplement my despatches with fuller information. Not wishing to pledge myself further, until I knew the intentions of my Government, I sent one of my best Consuls, M. Delaforest of Philadelphia, to Washington, with a letter to Mr Adams, Secretary of State. I received the following evasive reply:

'Your Excellency will be aware that, according to the laws and institutions of this country, repressive measures cannot be applied by the Government to the liberty of individuals; they are limited to cases of flagrant delinquency, and do not extend to projects, the execution of which is not yet begun . . . .'

I replied as follows:

'It is not for me, Monsieur, to examine what, according to the institutions of this country, is the precise line between project and the commencement of execution. Only, it seems to me that nothing can better establish the fact of an actual transgression, and criminal conspiracy, than signed documents, which leave no doubt as to a settled plan, an organised propaganda, and moreover, an Executive Committee, acting, deliberating, appointing agents, and admitting to have received funds for the initial expenses of the Confederation from a pretended King of Spain and the Indies. I had thought that these grave circumstances, and many others connected with them, might be considered as a commencement of execution, and suffice, at least, to lead to an enquiry before the Courts of Law.

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[1] The Government of the United States. [Tr.]

'In this delicate position, I have done, what I shall always do in a similar case, I have appealed to the loyalty and friendship of the Federal Government. This step will always appear to me the safest. I await, with equal confidence and respect, the result of the measures which His Excellency the President shall have been pleased to take.'

About the same time, MacGregor, a Mexican insurgent, seized the Isle of Amelia. I wrote to my Government:

'. . . . If I mistake not, MacGregor has been acting directly for England, and indirectly for this Government. On the one hand, he has been commissioned to sow dissension and gravely compromise the Americans; on the other hand, the Government of the United States has been his dupe, the attack on the Isle of Amelia having been regarded at first, merely as a means of forcing Spain to cede Florida.' This MacGregor has deserted his followers, reduced apparently to a few men. The quiet arrival, unannounced, of some French frigates, including the *Eurydice*,[1] in the Gulf of Mexico, has given the alarm. The idea that the *Eurydice* had received orders to make for the threatened point has caused uneasiness, and aroused a certain amount of respect for the means of repression, still in the hand of France, if she chose to employ them. I even allowed the ultimate destination of the store-ship, *Caravane*, to remain uncertain; she was conveying the Bishop of New Orleans to Annapolis. It would be strange if this simple passive demonstration should have saved Florida, and put an end to the plot. . . . '

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[1] This was the name of the frigate that conveyed M. Hyde de Neuville to America. [Tr.]

From whatever reason, things became calmer; and I was glad to have been able to arrange the matter without engaging my Government in difficult negotiations, in view of the rivalry that was about to arise between Spain and the United States.

I left my farm at the beginning of December, later than I could have wished. I had been asked by the Duc de Richelieu to be present at the Conference about to take place between those two countries.

[The negotiations between Spain and the United States occupied the exclusive attention of M. Hyde de Neuville from the time they were opened, until the 22nd February 1819, when a Treaty was signed, by which Spain ceded Florida to the United States, and the western barrier between the two nations, and other disputed points, were settled. The President was authorised by Congress to occupy Florida, and establish a Provisional Government, pending the ratification of the Treaty at Madrid.

On the 17th March, M. Hyde de Neuville sent his last despatch to the Duc de Richelieu, not knowing that the Duke had already resigned the portfolio of Foreign Affairs.[1]

After private and friendly communications with the American Government, M. Hyde de Neuville decided to return home, without waiting for a warship, and to embark on board the *Stephanie*, a merchant vessel, sailing from New York to Havre.

Madame Hyde de Neuville was already on board, and her husband was preparing to embark, when he received a letter from Mr Adams, expressing, on behalf of the President and himself, an earnest desire that the French Minister should return to Washington, and remain there during the coming winter. It appeared, that Spain had decided to send a Plenipotentiary, to discuss certain points relating to the Treaty, and the Duc de Fernando had been unofficially nominated.

M. and Mme. Hyde de Neuville, at once, sent their luggage on shore, and resolved to return to Washington.

A long delay ensued,[2] owing to changes in the Cabinet at

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[1] On the 1st January.

[2] M. Hyde de Neuville employed the time in laying the foundations of a Treaty of Commerce between France and the United States. [Tr.]

Madrid, the Duc de Fernando having been appointed First Secretary of State. At last, on the 24th April 1820, Madame Hyde de Neuville wrote as follows :]

'The arrival of three corvets in the Chesapeake, the *Loire*, the *Seine* and the *Prudent* supplied the needs of the Legation. The Commander of the *Seine*, M. de Bougainville, is amiable and very gentlemanly in manner. M. Hyde de Neuville hopes to make use of his ship, which is entirely at his disposal, to return to France ; for our weighty business may soon be brought to an end. The Spanish Ambassador, General Vivès, so long expected, has been here a fortnight, and Congress is still sitting ; but thanks to Spanish dilatoriness, I greatly fear that nothing will be finished before next session, and thus, we may lose this good opportunity, and the most favourable weather for a calm passage.

'What a succession of unforeseen events ! The King of Spain obliged to recognise the Cortès, while in France, recent events give rise to serious reflections as to the necessity of restrictions on the liberty of the press, almost at the very time when this liberty is proclaimed in Spain ! . . . General Vivès, who has been treating in the name of the King, must now wait for some form of sanction from the Cortès. My husband, who had offered to help in the work of conciliation, is taking advantage of the delay to return to France, where he believes that, henceforth, negotiations with Spain will be more easily concluded.

'We set sail on the 30th May, and reached Lorient on the 1st July 1820, after a very pleasant and quick voyage of twenty-nine days.'

[This was the fourth time they had crossed the ocean. It was during these voyages, that M. Hyde de Neuville was brought into contact with many distinguished Naval Officers, and acquired that enthusiasm for their career, which he retained through life.]

CHAPTER IX

AMBASSADOR TO BRAZIL AND MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES

Second Ministry of the Duc de Richelieu.—Electoral Reform.—M. de Serre.—M. Hyde de Neuville has an interview with Madame de Montcalm.—The Duc de Richelieu.—M. de Villèle.—M. and Mme. de Chateaubriand.—M. Pasquier.—M. Hyde de Neuville, Minister to the United States and Ambassador to Brazil.—M. Laborie.—M. and Mme. Hyde de Neuville sail from Rochfort.—Accident to the Vessel.—Return to Brest.—They Re-embark the 14th December.—Negotiations for the Treaty of Commerce.—Arrival of Frigate to convey the Ambassador to Brazil.—News of the return of John VI to Portugal.—M. Hyde de Neuville remains at Washington.—Concludes Treaty.—News of the death of the Duc de Richelieu.—Return of M. Hyde de Neuville to France.

I HAD expected to find a keen struggle going on in France, but I was far from prepared for the extent to which all parties were carried by passion. In vain I sought to attribute it to the murder of the 13th February.[1] I felt that this crime had precipitated the crisis, but that the cause lay elsewhere. I found it, partly, in the suspicion and want of sincerity shown by the Left Centre towards the Right ever since 1815, and in their efforts to excite the populace; and partly, in the extreme provocation given by the Royalists, which had developed into an odious attack upon the Minister whom they hated. . . .

When M. Decazes realised that his policy had encouraged these tendencies, it was too late to save the situation; hence it was just, that he who had brought it about, should suffer the consequences. There was no longer any possible escape for the Prime Minister. . . .

It will be remembered how severe a struggle Louis

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[1] The assassination of the Duc de Berry. [Tr.]

XVIII was called upon to sustain, when his family demanded that M. Decazes should be dismissed. Up to that time, the King had been under the impression that he would be able to keep him, even after the pressing remonstrances of the Count d'Artois, at the instigation of M. de Vitrolles. Nothing had transpired with regard to this disagreement outside the Tuileries, but it was known that the Duchesse d'Angoulême had gone so far as to throw herself at the feet of Louis XVIII. The silence of the Duc d'Angoulême impressed the King. Hitherto, the Prince had tolerated Decazes, if he had not actually supported him; his cold but significant reserve led the King to take a bold resolution, and to hesitate no longer when the safety of his dynasty was in danger.

The noble character of Louis XVIII is clearly seen in the sacrifice he made in parting with the favourite. It is, perhaps, not sufficiently understood, that his intimacy with Decazes rested on similarity of tastes and opinions. The King was naturally of liberal views, and besides, he was following the tradition of the blood Royal, that younger sons should almost invariably hold these opinions in France. When M. Decazes was compelled to own that the attempt to govern by means of the Centres had failed, he lost completely—not the friendship, but the confidence of the Monarch.

One Ministry alone was possible at this juncture; M. Decazes recognised it as fully as his opponents. The Duc de Richelieu was unquestionably the man of the moment; but he held back, remembering that the party that now called for him, with the Count d'Artois at its head, was the very party, that not long before, had harassed his steps when he was in power. Fine promises were made; they do not count for much in a region where good faith has never taken root.

When I landed in France, the Ministry had been in power since February. . . .

As I have said, a change of Ministry was inevitable after the catastrophe of the 13th February, but to cast suspicion upon a whole party, that held the crime in as great abhorrence as did the Royalists, this was an exaggeration of lawful grief that was unjustifiable.

M. de Villèle had been offered a portfolio, but declined. He was convinced that he could serve the Royalist cause better outside the Ministry, by directing the wiser minds of the Right. He used his authority to persuade the majority of the Royalists, that having sent away Decazes, they were bound to support the succeeding government, without demur.

I arrived in the midst of the excitement caused by the law of Electoral Reform. This law, drawn up under the Decazes Ministry, was for that very reason, distrusted by the Royalists; so well did the Duc de Richelieu know this, that he modified it, greatly to the resentment of the Left.

It was a stormy debate; M. Pasquier, as Minister, sustained the first shock of the attack from the Right, single-handed. Under the wise guidance of M. de Villèle, the Right decided eventually to pass the measure for fear of retaining the former one. The real fight was resumed on the motion of M. Camille Jordan in favour of the *vote à l'arrondissement.* The struggle was taken up in the streets. On the 4th and 9th June, the violence almost amounted to a riot.

M. de Serre, whose portfolio had been held *in interim* since the state of his health had obliged him to go to Nice, returned to Paris, and put a little order into the debate. Raising his thoughts, he spoke with unrivalled talent, with the authority that springs from an upright nature, and the persuasive accents of one who has seen the shades of approaching death. . . .

In this memorable debate, Villèle showed himself a true statesman. His intelligence and self-possession were especially marked, when he presided over the Chamber, during the temporary absence of M. Ravez, through illness.

The event of the day was the departure of M. Decazes for London; he had an audience of the King. The result was awaited with great anxiety, especially by the Duc de Richelieu.

I may mention here the great change I noticed in the Duke when I saw him after my long absence. I had known him averse to remaining in power, dreading the opposition, exaggerating his responsibilities, having but one thought,—to free his country from the presence of the foreign army, and then to resign. He seemed another man on returning to power. To establish his supremacy and carry out his policy; to unite the Right and Right Centre against the Left; had become to him a task, which, by its very difficulty, aroused his enthusiasm.

This resolve had an irresistible influence upon his sister. There are moments, especially in the lives of women, when the most gentle and retiring natures become passionate, if their dearest affections are attacked, or if they discover designs contrary to what they deem truth and justice. Madame de Montcalm felt this two-fold ardour.

On my arrival in Paris, my first visit had been to her. . . . She was anxious to strengthen her brother's political position before the approaching elections, by the adhesion of M. de Villèle, and she spoke of the project with enthusiasm. Villèle was then in Paris, but was preparing to rejoin his family at Toulouse. I did not know him well enough to be able to foresee the result of such an overture, or to offer my services in the matter, so the position remained unchanged.

I then saw the Duc de Richelieu, who kindly expresed his regret, that my return had deprived him of my assistance in the United States, at a moment when a revolution in Spain appeared inevitable. We only touched incidentally upon the political situation in France.

Immediately after this interview, I received a note from Madame de Montcalm begging me to go and see her. I went with a secret dread, for I was not at all inclined to return to the United States, and I imagined that M. de Richelieu was about to ask me to do so. He did nothing of the kind. He said: 'Madame de Montcalm thinks, you could sound M. de Villèle about joining the Ministry better than anyone. Will you undertake it?'

'Most willingly,' I answered.

I went at once to M. de Villèle; but at my first words, he stopped me, saying:

'Do you come on behalf of the Duc de Richelieu?'

'No, but on behalf of a lady who is very dear to him.'

'Very well, tell her that I will not refuse my help, but the most pressing matter, just now, is to have favourable elections (the partial elections guarantee them to us); let us win them, and our help shall not be wanting to those in power.'

I went no further, as M. de Villèle had evidently made up his mind.

During the interview, I had suggested his being a Minister without portfolio, and I noticed that his face clouded. I readily understood that he would not be satisfied with it,—a very natural pride in a man of his standing. From the persistency, not to say obstinacy, with which he pursued his projects, it was easy to predict that he could one day reach the foremost rank in the Council.

A few months later, he accepted the position he had seemed to despise. This appointment was made at the same time as that of M. de Chateaubriand to the Embassy at Berlin.

It was after my return from America, that a real intimacy sprang up between M. de Chateaubriand and me. I was received by Mme. de Chateaubriand, whose originality and ingenious mind amused her husband, without winning his affection. I became the confidant of this noble woman in the boundless charities to which her life was devoted. The Hospice of Marie-Thérèse, behind the Luxembourg, was a Home for Aged and Infirm

Priests, and Mme. de Chateaubriand spared no cost in securing for them an existence worthy of their calling. . . . I was in requisition when any steps had to be taken, either with regard to the Ministry, or to persons devoted to good works. These countless tasks, which M. de Chateaubriand called 'our plots', all fell upon his secretary, Hyacinthe Pilorge and myself.

I never knew a more smiling face, or more wholehearted laughter than that of M. de Chateaubriand, when he broke through the gloomy silence he often affected in society, and gave himself up to a joyous sally.

Shortly before this time, he had been introduced to the salon of Mme. Récamier, which already included two celebrities of very different origin—Viscount Mathieu de Montmorency and M. Ballanche. Mathieu de Montmorency was for many years the truest and most devoted friend of Mme. Récamier—that woman who had the rare gift of incomparable beauty united to a disposition so attractive, that she attached to herself forever, those who were so happy as to be chosen by her. M. de Chateaubriand was the most brilliant star in this group.[1] . . .

As I have said, I dreaded the unspoken desire of the Duc de Richelieu that I should complete the double diplomatic mission with which I had been entrusted in America. It had been a source of keen regret to me that I had been unable to finish my task, but a greater interest retained me in France,—the elections . . . .

M. Pasquier, Minister of Foreign Affairs, united his efforts to those of the Duc de Richelieu to induce me to resume my diplomatic post, and brought forward reasons the strength of which I could not deny. 'If I were assured,' I replied, 'that the General Election, (which alone would give me the right to ask for the suffrages of my fellow-citizens) were postponed, and replaced by the elections of arrondissement of the fourth series, I would yield.'

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[1] Mme. Récamier knew how to calm the irascibility and wounded self-love of M. de Chateaubriand. She often called upon M. Hyde de Neuville to share with her this rôle of peacemaker, and to bring his illustrious friend back to the paths of justice. On this account, M. Hyde de Neuville was always sure of a kind welcome from Madame Récamier.

The day after this imprudent remark, M. de Rayneval came to me, and said that, for reasons which I should appreciate, the decision of the Ministry must remain secret, but that he was authorised by the Duke to confide it to me. 'The General Election will not take place, and I may hope,' added M. de Rayneval, 'to salute you with the double title of Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, in order to finish the Treaty, and Ambassador Extraordinary to Brazil.'

I was obliged to accept, but I begged for delay, which was granted . . . .

I was surprised to find my wife much more inclined to cross the Atlantic again than I was. Our long residence in Washington had brought her friendships that it was pleasant to renew; perhaps also, the calmness with which she received the news of my appointment, may have been partly due to a desire to see me removed from the exciting life I was leading at Paris, which had told upon my already shattered health . . . .

The letter from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, announcing my elevation to the post of Ambassador, is too honourable to me to be omitted.

'PARIS, 12*th October* 1820.

'MONSIEUR,

'I have the honour to inform you that, by a decision of the 11th of this month, His Majesty has nominated you His Ambassador to the Court of Brazil. You will judge, Monsieur, from this new evidence of the King's favour, how well pleased he is with the distinguished and honourable manner in which you have fulfilled your mission to the United States.

'That mission is not yet ended, and it is the intention of His Majesty that you should return first to Washington, where important matters still require your presence and attention.

'The Government vessel to convey you to Rio-Janeiro, will fetch you from Washington, when you are ready to proceed to your new destination.

'Receive, Monsieur, etc.

'PASQUIER.'

Notwithstanding the latitude allowed me in fixing the date of my departure, I felt that I ought not to remain longer in Paris. At the time of my arrival in France, a group of politicians were accustomed to meet every day at the house of one of their number. Chateaubriand, Villèle, Corbière, Castelbajac, Kergorlay, Fiévée, Roux and Laborie formed the circle of *eight*, as it was called.

I have not yet had occasion to mention Laborie, . . . but he belongs to a type too well known to be entirely passed over. Witty and obliging, sincerely religious, with no idea of order, wishing to intermeddle with everything, intriguing by instinct, his Royalism was unquestioned. He had no enemies, no one fled from him, but they kept out of his way. He buzzed around the Ministers and all men of note, laying siege to them, not so much on his own behalf, as on that of others. About this time, I had a letter from him which led me to anticipate important changes in the government. He wrote: 'They agree to two pure Royalists chosen from these three: Villèle, Corbière and Hyde. Think what Villèle would be for Finance, Fontanesa for Public Instruction, Hyde for Worship. Is there not something providential in your having been able to allay fears by your intercourse with the Duc de Richelieu? . . . .'

This mischief-making, for it would be giving it too great importance to call it intrigue, opened my eyes to the false position in which I might unwittingly be placed through my intimacy with the Duke and his sister . . . I was especially troubled by the thought that I might be suspected of allowing these rumours to float about through ambition. I quickly resolved to deprive myself, for a time, of the society of one whose friendship was a great pleasure to me. I wrote to Mme. de Montcalm :

'I shall not go to your house any more, at least for a time ; the privation will be so great as to convince you, without any explanation, that I am not taking this step without consideration. It springs from a motive of delicacy, that you will one day be able to appreciate . . . .'

. . . . . .

Mme. de Montcalm guessed the secret of my departure, and told me so. Yes, I was leaving because I saw, with consternation, that my friends repudiated the policy of the Duc de Richelieu. This policy had restored to France her integrity ; in my opinion it was the salvation of the Monarchy . . . .

We left Paris, on the 29th October, and after spending a few days with my wife's aunt at Sancerre, we went on to Rochefort, and embarked on the store-ship, the *Tarn*. A dead calm, for more than four days, during which time we slowly sailed along the coast, was followed by a violent wind rising to a tempest. I take the following notes from my wife's diary :

'. . . . It is thought we are off the coast of Brittany. The waves are so violent that a hapless sailor fell from the topmast into the sea, when it was impossible to think of saving him.

'A new misfortune, even more serious as it endangered the vessel and all on board, was the breaking of the tiller of the rudder ; they tried to use what is called the *fighting tiller*[1] but it proved so weak that it bent.

'Meanwhile, the rough weather continued, the sky was overcast, and we found ourselves, without tiller, at the mercy of the waves, and so near the coast as to be in danger from the rocks . . . Towards evening, we were told that a new tiller was ready ; they had succeeded in detaching the remnant of the old one, and in three hours at the latest, everything would be in good order. So we were reassured, hoping the danger was over . . . At ten o'clock, we went to bed, to try to recover from the fatigue of body and mind we had undergone during the last two days . . . Towards half-past twelve, however, the Captain and Lieutenant suddenly entered our cabin with very anxious faces. The Captain, who looked especially disturbed, informed us that, in placing the new tiller, it was found that the rudder was split, and threatened to go to pieces ; it would be necessary to return without delay to some port, in order to repair the damage, which placed us in great danger,—danger that would become more imminent if the rudder should fail altogether. He added, that it was only after mature deliberation with his whole staff, that he had come to lay the matter before *M. l' Ambassadeur*, and to ask his advice.

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[1] An extra tiller to replace one shot away in action, in this case damaged by the storm. [Tr.]

'My husband, whose presence of mind never fails him, replied that he bowed to reasons which seemed so peremptory, and that they must not lose heart, but take all possible precautions to reach the nearest port.

'Unhappily, we were already out of the Gulf[1] and a long way from Rochfort. We had to choose between Spain, Brest, or the coast of Ireland. We decided in favour of Brest, and they directed our course thither, sparing the split rudder as much as they could at the expense of the sails. This gave a terrible rolling to the vessel, but it was anxiety that troubled us most, and still troubles us. With every sudden movement of the ship, we tremble lest we should hear the cracking of this unfortunate rudder; it fills our whole thought. The gloomy weather to-day increases the difficulty of steering the ship ; even the chronometer is a little out of order ; in short, everything seems to add to our anxiety, which, however, is calmed by our trust in the providence of God, Who has so often drawn us out of dangers quite as great.

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[1] The Bay of Biscay. [Tr.]

'*Saturday Evening, 25th.* IN THE ROADSTEAD OF BREST

'God be thanked a thousand times: we are to port safe and sound; yesterday evening, after a very sad day, we sighted a fire, which we hoped might be the beacon of the Isle of Ushant, only four leagues from Brest. This morning, our hope was confirmed; the wind went down; the sea became calmer, and we entered what is called the Goulet[1] without mishap. Our coasting pilot led us through the numerous sand-banks without touching any of them; but as it was late, and the entrance to the inner roadstead is closed early, we shall not go into the town until to-morrow.

'HÔTEL DE PROVENCE, BREST, *1st December*

'We are still at Brest, where we landed about eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, our first care was to go to the Church to give thanks to God, Who has so safely guarded us from peril, and brought us to a port where we shall find help of every kind.

'We were pleased to meet Admiral de Gourdon at Brest; we had known him years ago at Cadiz. . . . We have travelled so much by sea that we know many naval officers; and one of them assured me, the other day, in perfect good faith, that I had seen much more effective service, during the last four years than he had.'

The news of our mischance reached Paris in a very exaggerated form. . . . We had met several British men-of-war, who had offered their services to Captain Franck. He had declined them, as he was about to enter Brest. Hence, the announcement, in the English papers, that the French Ambassador to Brazil had been lost at sea on his way to the United States. My friends and relations at Paris were greatly distressed when this news reached them.

The damage to the *Tarn* having been repaired, we re-embarked on the 14th December, but had not much

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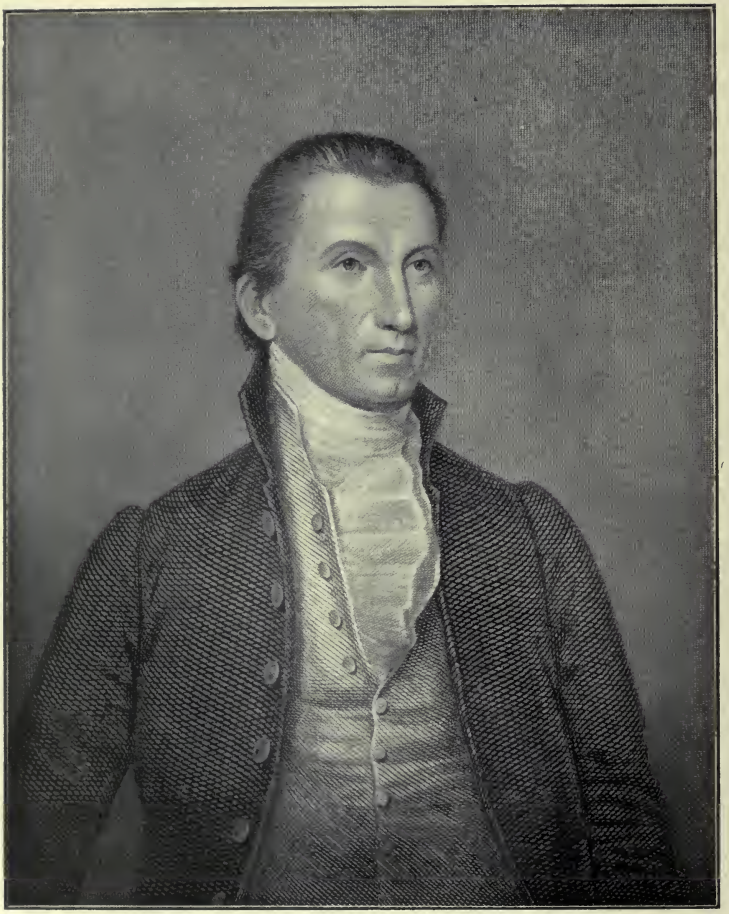
[1] Narrow entrance of a port or harbour.



JAMES MONROE.

By J. Vanderlyn (Portrait in the City Hall, New York).

better luck. After violent storms, we reached Hampton-Road (Norfolk) on the 9th February 1821.

I do not propose to dwell at length on my double mission in America. . . .

At a ball given on the 22nd February, the anniversary of the birth of Washington, a happy chance brought me the news of the ratification, by the King of Spain and the Cortès, of the Treaty for the cession of Florida. President Monroe, who came to tell me the good news, spoke very kindly. A month later, it was my turn to congratulate him on his re-election to the Presidency; only one vote was given against him, an event altogether exceptional in the annals of the Republic.

I pursued the negotiations for the Treaty of Commerce with the more zeal, as I had set my heart on bringing them to a conclusion before I left for Brazil. I should have succeeded, in spite of the delays of Mr Adams, and the secret hindrances on the part of England, jealous of the extension to France of advantages she had hitherto enjoyed alone; but the embargo on a French merchant vessel suddenly brought matters to a standstill. The refusal of the damages claimed, led to the case being carried to the Supreme Court; and we know how long lawsuits drag on in America.

In the midst of the wearisome negotiations, resulting from this affair, I learned that the frigate *Juno* had arrived in Hampton-Road, to convey me to Brazil. This event, although not unexpected, could not have happened more inopportunely. Nothing was settled, and difficulties, raised more or less intentionally, were constantly cropping up, to postpone a decision, and hinder my departure. On the other hand, Brazil, Mexico, and the greater part of the Spanish and Portuguese possessions, were either actually in revolt, or on the point of being so; thus, my Embassy to Brazil was called in question, the King of Portugal finding it necessary to return to Europe. There had been rumours to this effect for more than a month, and they were now confirmed. In consequence of a *pronunciamiento* at the instigation, of his son, Dom Pedro, John VI had consented to give a Constitution to Brazil, similar to the one drawn up by the Cortès of Portugal. Five days later, the King, accompanied by his family, his Ministers, and the Foreign Envoys, embarked for Portugal. Dom Pedro did not accompany him ; he remained, charged with a difficult Regency, which was to lead, later on, to a Declaration of an Independent Empire, thus severing Brazil from Portugal. A letter, I received at this time from the Count de Castelbajac, left me in no doubt as to the truth of the rumours current in Washington.[1]

My resolution was soon taken. I would await the orders of my Court, and hasten the conclusion of the Treaty with America. . . . Having obtained all the concessions I had asked for, the Treaty was signed on the 24th June 1822.

During the short time that I spent at New York before embarking for France, I received news of the death of the Duc de Richelieu. I at once went into mourning for the deeply beloved and revered leader of my early diplomatic career ; and the whole staff of the Legation followed my example.

. . . . . .

'Do right come what may,' has always been the rule of my conduct ! I hope the narrative of the last years of my political life will help me to show that I have not failed in my duty !

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[1] The Count de Castelbajac wrote : 'The news of the departure of the King of Portugal should have reached you and will change your plans. . . .'

CHAPTER X

DIPLOMAT OR DEPUTY?

M. Hyde de Neuville lands in France.—Last Audience of Louis XVIII. —M. Hyde de Neuville is offered a Mission to the King of Spain. —He declines it.—Sad incident connected with this refusal.—M. Hyde de Neuville seeks the help of Mme. Récamier in the rivalry between Chateaubriand and the Viscount de Montmorency.—She tells him Mathieu de Montmorency has already yielded.—Embassy to Constantinople offered to M. Hyde de Neuville.—Accepted, subject to conditions.—He is elected for Cosne.—Return of the Viscount Mathieu to France.—He resigns.—Chateaubriand becomes Minister of Foreign Affairs.—M. Hyde de Neuville indignant. —Refuses to go to Constantinople.—The Salons.—Mme. du Cayla.—Mme. de Montcalm.—M. Hyde de Neuville accepts the Embassy to Portugal.

[M. Hyde de Neuville reached Havre in August 1822.]

On the 21st August, the King granted me a private audience; he received me with his usual kindness. His face and attitude showed the sufferings which, with heroic courage, he strove to conceal. All the vitality, withdrawn from his paralysed limbs, seemed concentrated in his brain; a glance, clearer and more steadfast than I have seen in anyone else, gave a singular majesty to his presence.

He questioned me, with great interest, as to the government of the United States, and the future of their commerce.

I gave him a detailed account of the difficulties that had been raised with regard to the Treaty just signed.

I said: 'The Americans have not forgotten their debt of gratitude to France, and especially to King Louis XVI.' At the mention of his brother, a shadow passed over his brow. 'But,' I continued, 'a feeling of

Republican pride leads them to distrust any alliance with the nations of Europe whose form of government differs from their own.'

Louis XVIII shook his head : 'It is childish,' he replied, 'for history shows that Republics pass away as well as Kings.' He asked me how long I had been in exile before 1815, and said that a Mission nearer home would shortly be offered to me. After some flattering words which I shall never forget, for it was the last time I saw the King, I offered him my respectful homage, and withdrew, deeply moved. What consequences to the noble house of Bourbon might not result from the death of Louis XVIII !

On my arrival in France, I had been informed of the difficulties that had arisen with regard to the appointment of the Plenipotentiaries of the Congress, which was about to meet at Vienna.[1] Chateaubriand was the most eager competitor ; while he did not contest the right of M. de Montmorency, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, to the first rank, he would yield the second, to no one. . . . M. de Villèle, wearied with the importunity of his friends, and knowing my intimacy with Chateaubriand, begged me to urge him to greater moderation. The truth is, M. de Villèle, ever clear-sighted, was afraid that he might not meet with the docility he desired, as head of the government, in the conduct of the affairs of the Congress. I declined to intervene, telling M. de Villèle, I was convinced that Chateaubriand would be in a better position to represent France than anyone else, on account of the favour with which he was regarded by Alexander.

'The main point,' replied M. de Villèle, 'is skilfully to draw the attention of the Congress to Spain ; to show that it is for us, to repress the Revolution, and defend the throne of a Bourbon, and to leave France sole judge of the means to be employed.'

In my opinion, this conversation did not fully express the views of M. de Villèle, for without altogether admitting it, he dreaded the war, and was resolved only to declare it in the last resort. Suddenly, he asked me: 'Would you be inclined to accept a Mission to Spain? M. de Montmorency wished that it should be entrusted to you.'

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[1] The Congress assembled first at Vienna, and only went to Verona in October 1822.

'In what would it consist?' I replied.

'In bearing a message from the King, which should be at once a threat to the revolutionaries, in the event of their going too far, and an assurance to the King of Spain that France was ready to come to his aid.'

'Nothing could be more just and noble than such language,' I replied. 'It is so fully in accordance with my own feelings that I would gladly deliver the message in the name of France. But do you not think that it should be expressed in a more solemn manner, before all Europe, in the presence of the assembled Sovereigns? No doubt the future Congress will treat of the question. . . .'

The proposed Mission was evidently but a suggestion, thrown out by M. de Villèle in order to gratify the extreme Royalists. . . . A Mission would not pledge the Cabinet so deeply as a Resolution adopted at the Congress. . . . The project was abandoned. . . .

A painful recollection is attached to this refusal on my part to take the place of the Count de La Garde in Spain. I only refer to it because it serves to extenuate in some degree, an act for which the lady in question has been greatly blamed.

After my return from America, we were on very friendly terms with the family of a young Secretary of Legation, who afterwards accompanied me to Portugal.

His sister, Mlle. de —— was a very beautiful and cultivated woman. She had an exceptional talent for music, inherited partly from her German mother. . . . When seated at the piano, the young girl forgot the audience, her eyes shone, and her face framed with her fair hair, seemed like that of an angel.

On one occasion when my wife had asked her to play, the applause seemed endless as she rose from the piano. While trying to rejoin her mother, she found herself so much the centre of interest, that she paused for a moment, in a dimly lighted corner, to hide her emotion.

I had naturally given place to those who wished to congratulate her. At length, I went up to her, and as her glance met mine, I was surprised to see a look of distress come over her face, and tears fall from her eyes. Thinking she was tired, I gave her my arm, and we passed into a boudoir, near where we were standing.

As soon as we were alone, she burst into tears. 'Forgive me,' she said, 'but when I see you, I am reminded of the part you took in an event which will weigh me down as long as I live.'

'Great heavens!' I cried, 'what can I have done to lead to such a result?'

'Do you remember the day you refused to take the place of the Count de La Garde in Spain? If he had returned to France then, I felt sure his feelings for me and those I cherish for him, would have overcome the opposition of my family to our marriage.'

'But,' I replied, 'though not done then, cannot it be done now? I am certain M. de La Garde has not forgotten you; will you not allow me to undo the harm I have involuntarily caused. On what ground did your family object?'

'On account of the difference in our ages, which your friend, the Princess de la Tremoïlle made the most of, in order to introduce Count ——, whom I am to marry in six months.'

'Poor child!' I exclaimed, taking both her hands.

M. de La Garde, by his charming manners, his noble character, and fine intellect, was worthy of the love he had inspired. I thought this, as I saw the deep impression made upon Mlle. de——. What might not his influence have wrought upon this, young and highly strung nature, if he had taught her to accept the sorrows and avoid the dangers of life, and by the side of one she loved, to find that happiness in the fulfilment of duty, that leaves no room for the errors that shatter a woman's life !

She of whom I speak, was vanquished in the struggle, and her description of it, under the name of Daniel Stern, leads us to think that she was made for a better destiny.

. . . . . .

My conversation with M. de Villèle, the earnestness with which he besought me to use my influence with my friends to calm their pretentions, and their eager desire for places—a desire which seemed to me scarcely worthy of a triumphant party,—added to the possibility of discord between the Prime Minister and M. de Chateaubriand, rendered me seriously uneasy.

Above all, might not the difference between M. de Montmorency and M. de Chateaubriand lead, one day, to a rupture, that ought to be prevented, if possible ?

For the first time since the return of the Bourbons, France was again assuming the rank of which she had been deprived through her misfortunes and divisions. It was fitting, that at the Congress, the Representatives of France should be united in aim, and free from personal ambition.

What the intervention of a friend, or of a man living in the midst of these conflicts, could not do, might be asked from the devotion of a woman.

Mme. Récamier, the friend of Chateaubriand, and no less the friend of Mathieu de Montmorency, was alone capable of touching this situation, bristling with difficulties, with that delicate hand, which had, hitherto, succeeded in banishing all rivalry from among the men whom she honoured with her friendship. . . .

I was taking a step which called for great tact, and I concealed my object, hoping that Mme. Récamier would divine it before I mentioned it. I was not mistaken.

As soon as she saw me, she said very kindly : 'Sit down and let us talk.' Her frankness showed that she understood the bond or sympathy which united me to M. de Chateaubriand. She said: 'Your friend's cause is gained. He will go to Verona; and he owes this appointment, which he so much desired, not to M. de Villèle, but to the Viscount de Montmorency, who has generously put an end to my anxiety.' She enlarged with enthusiasm on the magnanimity of this true friend, who had conquered his personal repugnance in order to comply with her wish.

I can bear witness, that at this moment, when weighing the merits of the two great men, and setting the genius of the one against the virtue and self-sacrifice of the other, the scale turned in favour of M. de Montmorency in the heart of Mme. Récamier. It was not always thus; but it will be seen, how this incident led me afterwards to judge severely the entrance of M. de Chateaubriand into the Ministry as the successor of Mathieu de Montmorency. . . .

Shall I be a diplomat and merely a diplomat, or shall I again ask for the mandate which I formerly exercised, with aims more or less useful, but always according to my convictions? The problem thus stated; my natural inclination and the capabilities which I felt I possessed, led me to prefer the career of Deputy, in which so many men, were called upon like me, to defend our new institutions. It was necessary to unite the interests of the people with those of the Monarchy, an aim well calculated to allure me. . . .

The King had spoken of a diplomatic post; I waited until it should be offered to me, before laying down conditions, in accordance with the views I have just expressed. I felt confident, these conditions would be acceptable.

A letter from my friend, the Marquis de Rivière, and one which reached me, almost at the same time, from Vienna, left no doubt as to the part that Mathieu de Montmorency had taken in my appointment as Ambassador to Constantinople. . . .

The new post to which I was called in no way cooled the zeal of the electors in the Nièvre, who asked me to represent them. It was no longer a personal question, but one of grave import, that of obtaining a majority for the Ministry and policy of M. de Villele. . . . I laid the matter before him. It was to his interest to find a way out of the difficulty, and he suggested that I should make no change until after the election, in spite of the desire of M. de Maubourg to be recalled from Constantinople.

The partial elections in seventeen departments, including the Nièvre, took place on the 14th November. My friends and my opponents alike, threw themselves into the struggle with an ardour rare in those days. The succeeding elections had not then taught that bitter animosity, of which all parties have been more or less guilty since political life lost its dignity. We entered the lists courteously, and the opponents bowed to one another with a military salute, almost as if they were about to fight a duel, sword in hand. M. Boyne de Fage, the Opposition candidate, was an honourable man in every way. One wonders to have such men for opponents when there are so many points on which you agree, but it is the misfortune of politics to render you responsible for the passions and acts of your supporters. I was elected by a large majority in the arrondissement of Cosne.

Villèle saw with alarm his country rushing into a new war. It is strange that, as he was resolved only to have recourse to war at the last extremity, he should have entrusted the representation of France at the Congress, to two men whose views were so different from his own. Mathieu de Montmorency desired war, not in order to free his country from the Northern Powers, but to strike a vigorous blow at the Revolution. Chateaubriand dreamed of an independent France, and the white flag covered with glory . . . .

After the return of M. de Montormency, Chateaubriand became the sole representative of France. The flattering attention bestowed upon him by Alexander led him to depart from the reserve, which had been enjoined on him by his instructions. The intervention in Spain was decided upon, by a note signed, on the 19th, by the Plenipotentiaries of Russia, Prussia, Austria, and France, in spite of the opposition of England, and the hesitation of M. de Villèle.

On the 30th November, M. de Montmorency returned to Paris, hoping that the King would ratify his attitude and language at Verona. His policy was disavowed, on the morrow of the day when, having been created Duke, he seemed to have obtained the support of the Cabinet. He gave in his resignation, which was accepted.

At the very beginning of this difference, Chateaubriand, who had been informed of it by M. de Polignac, declared that far from desiring the Ministry of Foreign Affairs left vacant by the Duke, he would return to London, and resume his post of Ambassador. In speaking thus, I believe he was sincere, but his fickle nature was often guided by circumstances. He was about to set out for London, when M. de Villèle offered him the portfolio of Foreign Affairs.

Chateaubriand assured me, as he had assured de Polignac, that he was determined to refuse. 'I am sorry,' I replied, 'for your attitude at Verona represents the policy of our friends, and the true interests of our country, much better than that of M. de Montmorency, but I can understand that the delicate position in which you are placed with regard to him, prevents your accepting the office he has resigned.' Chateaubriand made a gesture of annoyance, and I saw that the obstacle was not so insurmountable as I had thought. . . .

M. de Montmorency behaved in a most dignified way, refusing to utter a word of blame against M. de Chateaubriand; for this I was grateful to him. It was painful to me to see Chateaubriand accepting the portfolio of the man he had supplanted at Verona . . . .

I have no mind to abandon the fallen. I regarded M. de Montmorency with affection and esteem. I blamed the conduct of some of my friends towards him. M. de Villèle and M. de Chateaubriand knew it. Chateaubriand did not venture to show his displeasure, but, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, he urged me to take up my new post.

I hesitated no longer. I would neither go to Constantinople, nor absent myself from the Chamber. The more I divined the intention of sending me away, the more resolutely I refused to go. I was prepared if necessary to sacrifice my whole future. I was aware that my frankness gave offence, but I was not a man who could be silenced by granting him a favour . . . .

[M. Hyde de Neuville dwells at some length on the events of the session of 1823, and then continues:]

I must not omit to speak of the salons, which at this time, filled so large a place in the life of every member of the Chamber of Peers or of Deputies.

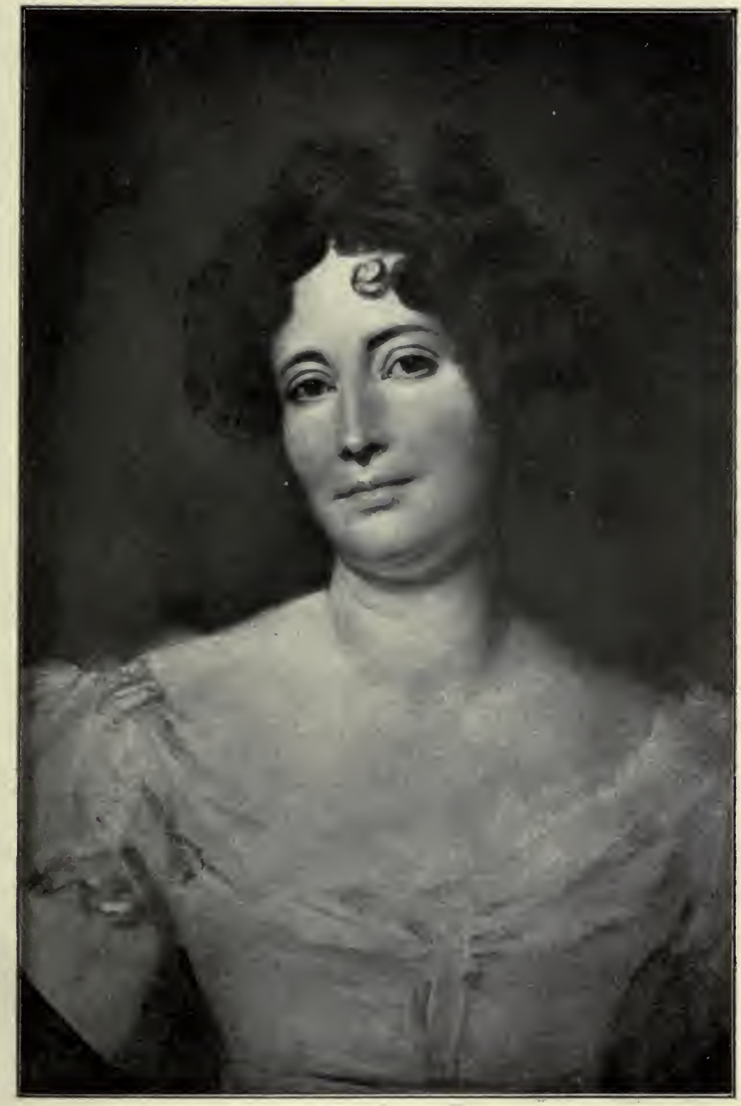
No sooner had one of us spoken a few words from the tribune, than he went quickly to the *Moniteur* to make sure of the report, giving a glance in passing at the short-hand writers of the other newspapers . . . then, putting on the black coat and stiff cravat of the period, he made his way to one of the salons to ascertain the effect he had produced. The judgment of some of these ladies was far more to be feared than the strife of the political arena, which in those days was not the scene of violent invective that it afterwards became.

From the salon of the Duchesse de Duras—somewhat deserted by the genius that had been its glory, now that he had carried the double aureole of his literary fame and his success at Verona to Madame Récamier—one passed on to the grave salon of the Duchesse de Narbonne, enlivened a little by the animation of the young Duchesse de Maillé.

The salon of the Çountess du Cayla had acquired an official character which she would fain efface from the mind of her guests; but it was well-known that any epigram, anecdote, or expression of opinion, whether on politics, poetry, or the theatre, might be carried next morning to the King, who awaited, in his easy chair, the arrival of the amiable woman, who knew how to divert his thoughts with the gossip of the Faubourg.

No one has ever accused Mme. du Cayla of taking advantage of her position to injure her enemies. I remember, on one occasion, she was unnoticed among a group of ladies, when M. de Chateaubriand made a cruel attack on some of her friends, who were also friends of the King. The orator glanced at her anxiously when he saw her. 'Do not be afraid,' she said, in her gentlest tone, 'my admiration prevents my remembering what I ought not to hear.' Her fidelity to her friends was proverbial. She was an intimate friend of Duc Mathieu de Montmorency, and of his son-in-law Count Sosthène de La Rochefoucauld, one of the strongest opponents of the Duc de Richelieu. Her admission to the Tuileries had been skilfully managed. An incident not generally known, marked the first audience granted to her by the King. The Countess was still young, and very shy, under the searching glance of Louis XVIII. She went towards the seat that had been indicated to her, without noticing a little table, covered with papers; she overturned it, and the papers were strewn over the floor. Overwhelmed with confusion, Mme. du Cayla, with many apologies, begins to gather them together; she tries to arrange them, reading a few sentences in a tearful voice; she realises her awkwardness, and —as often happens in such cases,—becomes more awkward still. The King smiles; she holds out the manuscript to him; he does not take it, but says: 'Go on, Madame, the pleasure of listening to your voice will enhance that of seeing you.' The poor woman is embarrassed, but recovering herself, reflects that the simplest course is to obey. She reads a report, scarcely understanding the words, or the drift.

At last, the King interrupts her, saying: 'Thank you, Madame, I should often like to have a reader as charming and intelligent as you; come and see me again.'



Braun, photo, Dornach.

ZOÉ, COMTESSE DU CAYLA.

By Gérard.

From this time, interviews between the King and Mme. du Cayla became more and more frequent, and lasted till the death of Louis XVIII.

I must not forget the salon of the daughter of Mme. de Staël, the Duchesse de Broglie; she was intellectually distinguished, very beautiful, but a zealous Protestant. Such men as Guizot, Barante, Royer-Collard, Camille-Jordan, and Villemain, gathered around her. They were feared by their opponents, who were unable to annihilate them by their sarcasms about *doctrinaires*. They were men of brilliant abilities, but intractable in their systematic opposition. One of the most moderate was certainly the host, the courteous Duc de Broglie. . . . I valued his opinion, and more than once came to an understanding with him, not as to the ideas themselves, but as to the manner of expressing them without bitterness.

Around the Princesse de la Trémoïlle were found a number of intimate friends whose vanity she would flatter, or whom she would chastise with a shaft—severe from the point of view of strict justice, but always showing elevation of thought. . . . I have reason to be proud of her goodwill towards me, for although my opinions were often very different from hers, I never surrendered my convictions.

Since the death of the Duc de Richelieu, the Marquise de Montcalm had gathered her brother's friends and admirers around her. She alone, had retained that ascendancy over me that was so helpful in my difficult position, when I was called upon to separate from friends with whom I had hitherto associated. She shared her brother's Liberal opinions, and opposed my views, which she called 'a Royalism that has not received the baptism of liberty.'

Madame du Cayla, whom I had sometimes met at the house of the Marquise de La Maisonfort, had been a friend of Madame de Montcalm, but a coolness had arisen between them, after the King removed his confidence from the Duc de Richelieu.

Madame de Montcalm said to me: 'You are one of those friends whom the Ministers would rather see at a distance than near at hand. Constantinople would not suit you. There, you have to smoke, and keep quiet, two things that you have never learned to do. Do not stay in Paris; here you are on the verge of rebellion against your friends in the Cabinet. What you want is an active Embassy. The Revolution that is taking place in Portugal would call forth your diplomatic talents.'

A month before, Chateaubriand, meeting me in the Chamber, had said: 'Mr Canning is dreading your being appointed Ambassador to Lisbon; I have told him that I shall appoint whom I think fit.' I replied: 'You are too good a friend to remove me from the Chamber where my duty keeps me.'

Towards the end of April, I spent a few days with my brother at Compiègne. On my return, I found a note from Mme. de Montcalm, to whom I had sent a birthday present:

'It is very kind of you to forget neither your old friendship nor my fête; your souvenir is most beautiful, and untouched by the sorrows of the age. Believe in my affectionate friendship. I claim to be created for eternity, for I cannot understand inconstancy. I hope to see you soon. I am sending you Mme du Cayla's invitation. Go to that fête, it is well for you to be seen there!'

The fête referred, to was given early in May, at Saint-Ouen, which the King had offered to Mme. du Cayla. No one was under any mistake with regard to the purely friendly feeling of the King towards this charming lady. As I have said, she knew the Duc de Doudeauville and his son, Count Sosthène de La Rochefoucauld very well; out of consideration for her, and in order not to embroil her with the faction of the Comte d'Artois, the King allowed it to be supposed that the suggestions, which she persuaded him to adopt, came from that source; but it was not so.

All who have known, or even seen, Louis XVIII, have recognised the passive firmness, if I may use the expression, that characterised his sarcastic nature, sceptical in its contempt for men. Everything that the King granted to the friends of the Comte d'Artois through the mediation of Mme. du Cayla, was the result of benevolent calculation.... Louis XVIII knew that his daily intercourse with her would make an unfavourable impression upon his brother's austere circle. Grateful for her friendship, the only solace to his hours of suffering, he wished to make the Countess, not only happy, but honoured. The gift of Saint-Ouen [1] and of the King's portrait was the occasion of festivities to which the most distinguished society in Paris were invited. Everyone was charmed with the simple and graceful manner in which Mme. du Cayla did the honours of the house.

I had learned, from Laborie and other friends, that Villèle had refused Chateaubriand's request that he would speak to the King on the subject of the Embassy to Portugal. My last speech [2] was an obstacle to the timid prudence of the Prime Minister, who feared to offend Mr Canning.

I was too anxious to preserve my independence to smooth these difficulties. I rather avoided M. de Villèle, than sought him, at Madame du Cayla's fête, but he came to me, and spoke in a friendly way, of the dissensions in the Ministry. He said:

'You, yourself, are one of the causes of this situation, and yet, it is by means of you that I hope to keep your friend within the bounds of moderation. What shall we gain by embroiling ourselves with the English? They appreciate the liberal policy of the Duc d'Angoulême.

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[1] A very beautiful house which the King had built at St Ouen on the site of the house where he alighted in 1814, and where he gave the Declaration of St Ouen. [Tr.]

[2] In which he replied to Brougham's attack in the House of Commons on the policy of France. After this speech M. Delalot said to M. Hyde de Neuville with a meaning smile: 'I am afraid you have killed the Embassy to Portugal that is being prepared for you.' Vol. III, p. 70. [Tr.]

A conciliatory hand is needed in Portugal. I should like it to be yours, if . . .'

'If you were more sure of my obedience,' I interposed.

In the course of the evening, Mme. du Cayla remarked in a kind tone, loud enough to be overheard: 'Are you not going to Portugal? I heard His Majesty say, he would like to place you there, where hereditary Monarchy is in need of support.'

The following two months were unsettled . . . the session had just closed . . . discord reigned in the Cabinet.

Thus, by turns, I was Ambassador at Constantinople, and Envoy to Portugal; at one time, there was even a question of London, as M. de Marcellus has pointed out:[1]

'Is it true that M. Hyde de Neuville is to be appointed Ambassador to London?' asked Mr Canning. 'We would rather have Count Just de Noailles, or the Duc de Laval. M. Delalot and M. de la Bourdonnaye have been mentioned, and even M. Decazes, who has some chance of coming back, and is still a favourite of Louis XVIII. We shall be consulted with regard to the choice, no doubt.'

'I believe nothing is decided,' said M. de Marcellus. To this Chateaubriand replied haughtily: 'What Mr Canning said to you is a fanfaronade; he will have whom I think good. There is not a word of truth as to Decazes.'

At last, on the 7th July, Chateaubriand wrote to M. de Marcellus:

'The Count de Palmella informs me that he is nominated Minister of Foreign Affairs in Lisbon. . . . In return I am announcing to him, that Baron Hyde de Neuville is appointed Ambassador to Portugal, and that he goes by land,[2] leaving on the 15th, and passing through

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[1] *Correspondance politique de la Restauration par M. de Marcellus*, p. 170.

[2] M. Hyde de Neuville went by sea. He left Paris on the 16th. [Tr.]

Madrid, in order to see the Duc d'Angoulême. The appointment of Hyde, so anti-English, will give new offence to Mr Canning. Do not seem to attach any importance to it.'

M. de Marcellus replied: 'Mr Canning questioned me, a few days ago about the appointment to Lisbon of M. Hyde de Neuville, who had been designated for Constantinople. I called to mind that he had long ago been Ambassador to Brazil: . . . no doubt he would have gone to Turkey, but as Portugal had been delivered from the revolutionary yoke before he left France, it was quite natural that he should resume his functions at Lisbon! . . . then I passed on to speak of something else.'

My instructions were to the effect, that the Mission entrusted to me in 1820, was to be carried out at Lisbon as it would have been at Rio-Janeiro, the return of the King to Portugal having made no change with regard to our Treaties with him.

CHAPTER XI

AMBASSADOR TO THE KING OF PORTUGAL

Position of Portugal in 1823.—Landing of the French Ambassador.—Private Audience of the King.—M. and Mme. Hyde de Neuville received by the Queen.—Interview with Dom Miguel and the Princesses.—Baron Gros sent to the Duc d'Angoulême.—M. Hyde de Neuville secures the co-operation of Portugal in Spain.—The Marquis de Campredon and the Count de Villaflor.—State Audience.—News of the capture of Cadiz.—Te Deum.—Honours conferred on M. Hyde de Neuville.—He declines the *Raw Fruits*. Ball given by the French Ambassador.

[The following is a brief outline of the position in Portugal, at the time when M. Hyde de Neuville was appointed Ambassador.

The Military Insurrection of 1820 had shaken off the yoke of Lord Beresford,[1] and the Junta decided that the Constitution of Cadiz should serve as a basis for one to be drawn up by the deputies to be elected to the Cortès.

John VI, as already related, left Brazil where he and his family had taken refuge at the time of the French invasion in 1807. Contrary to the advice of his Councillors, who wished to impose conditions on the Cortès before the King set foot in Portugal, he entered Lisbon, on the 3rd July 1821, and swore to respect the bases of the Constitution.

The Northern Powers, disapproving of this act, did their utmost to sow dissension. At the instigation of Dom Miguel, urged on by the Queen, the regiments in garrison revolted, and the Prince sought to rally the absolutists to his side.

In February 1823, Lord Beresford took up arms, in order, as he said, to restore the King to liberty; the movement failed, and Lord Beresford, with two thousand men, sought refuge in Spain, and offered his services to the Duc d'Angouleme, but they were declined.

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[1] In 1809, in concert with Sir Arthur Welleslsy, Lord Beresford, after having organised the Portuguese army, look the command, and carried on a brilliant campaign against Maréchal Massena. Lord Beresford remained in the service of Portugal, and took advantage of his position to oppress the country, and to favour England.

The Cortès foreseeing that this troop would become a rallying point for the King's followers, sent an army of observation to the frontier. The measure had a contrary effect; the army revolted, proclaimed the King absolute, and marched to Villafranca, where Dom Miguel put himself at its head.

John VI had sworn to observe the Constitution under the pressure of the Cortès, but his dignity as King required him to shelter his throne from new attacks, and to reduce his son to submission. He did not give the conspirators time to reconnoitre, but appeared in their midst, at the very moment when, realising their imprudence, they had summoned General Pampelona (Count de Subserra) to the aid of Dom Miguel.

When the Count de Subserra learned that the King had left Lisbon, he prevailed on the Prince to go to meet him, and the King appointed him Generalissimo of the Army.

The Count de Subserra was nominated Prime Minister, and held also the departments of War and Marine. The young Marquis de Palmella became Minister of Foreign Affairs. He was a man of great ability, and had studied the interests of his country, while representing her at London, Vienna, and Paris; he had made a special study of the Constitution granted by John VI to his subjects.

The Staff of the Embassy included M. Roth who had been First Secretary when M. Hyde de Neuville was Minister to the United States; the Viscount de Flavigny, the Count de Bourbel, Baron Gros, and M. Armand de Larue, nephew to M. Hyde de Neuville.]

Leaving Paris on the 16th July 1823, I arrived at Brest on the 20th. I was detained there by contrary winds, and it was only on the 31st, that I sailed in the frigate *La Cybèle*, followed by the store-ship *La Brétonne*, loaded with munitions of war for Cadiz. We reached the roadstead of Lisbon on the 10th August; and on the following day, the Royal galleys conveyed the Ambassador and his suite to the quay, where I was welcomed by the Count de Valdarès.

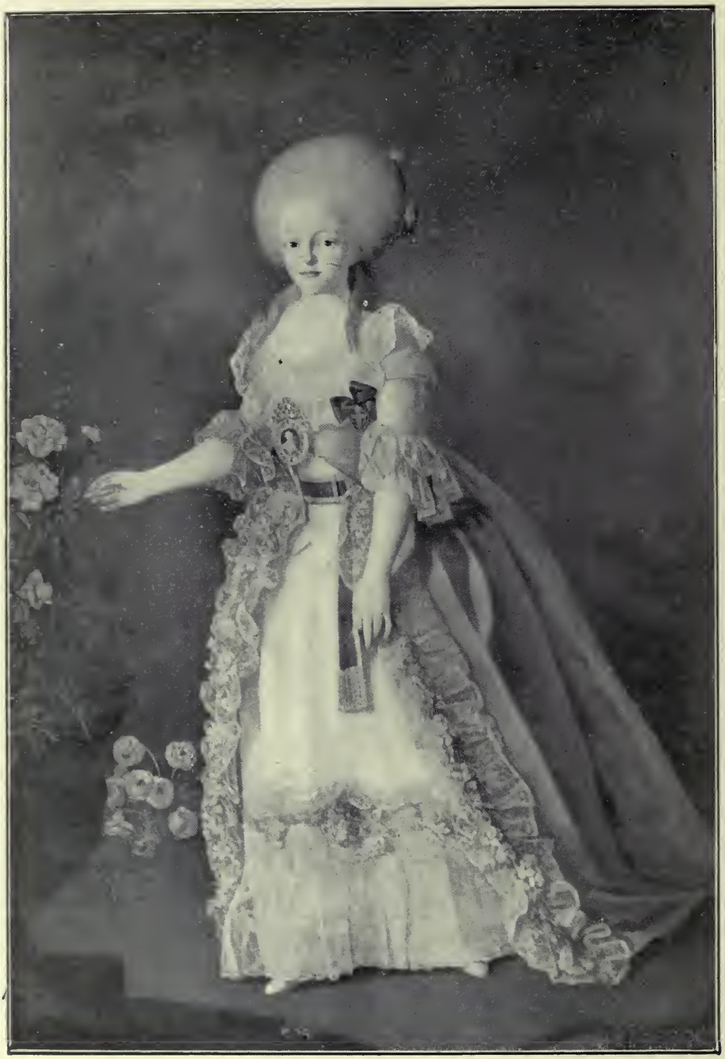
While the Embassy was being made ready, the

Consul-general, M. de Lesseps, offered me the use of his house at Belem. It was an old abbey; and at the time of the earthquake in 1765, the Royal family were at Vespers there, and so were saved when Lisbon was destroyed. The view is magnificent, only to be compared to that of Constantinople. On either side of the Tagus rise high hills; and the new and beautiful building of the Queen's Palace is seen in the distance.

As the King was not well, he received me in private audience, on the 15th, at Bemposta. John VI was not so deficient in intelligence as some historians would have us believe. His unprepossessing appearance, combined with a certain shyness, and hesitation in speech, did not take away from the kind expression of his face. The plaything of the various factions that had, in turn, compromised his character and dignity, he distrusted himself even more than others; but like all timid natures, he had a subtilty of observation, which he expressed in a happy form of words. I had evidence of this, later, when I became almost on intimate terms with him, and we often talked together.

At first, the King was visibly embarrassed, but he soon recovered his composure, and said in tones of much feeling: 'Your Monarch is very happy, surrounded as he is by the love of his people. The Duc d'Angoulême has shown himself a worthy adopted son.' The King sighed, and evidently his thoughts had passed to his own sons who, the one in Brazil and the other in Portugal, had so recently saddened his heart as a father and a king.

Mme. Hyde de Neuville and I had the honour of being presented to the Queen, and to the Princess Benedicta, the King's aunt, who was eighty years of age, and spoke French well. She was dressed in black, widows never laying aside their mourning in Portugal. Since 1788, she had been the widow of the Prince of Brazil, the elder brother of the reigning king. Her dress was as old fashioned as her person. Jet embroidery relieved with diamonds, reminded us of Velasquez'



Lacoste, photo.

DONA CARLOTTA JOACHINA DE BOURBON, WIFE OF JOHN VI. OF PORTUGAL.

By unknown painter, in Gall. del Prado, Madrid.

portraits; and her kind and gracious face might have come out of one of the old frames around us.

The Palace of Caylus,[1] where the two Princesses lived, is four leagues from Lisbon, and is rather fine, though badly arranged, and furnished in an old-fashioned style. The country around was arid, and we found hedges of aloes that reminded us of Spain.

We thought we should have lost ourselves in the labyrinth of galleries and ugly passages which we passed through in order to reach the apartments of the Princess Benedicta, and afterwards to call on the Countess de Lumiarès, the First Maid of Honour, who was confined to her room through illness, and to whom we had a letter of introduction. This venerable lady did not understand French, and but for the Countess of Ribeira, we should have been in a difficult position. The Countess led us to the Queen's apartments, through another maze of rooms, equally dark and deserted. Now and then, a door would open, and we had a glimpse of the head of some frightened Maid of Honour, or some lackey in the gold-laced livery of the Court.

At last, we reached the Queen. She was standing awaiting us in the middle of a drawing-room, and watched us approach with her keen and rather severe glance. As we drew near, her expression changed, and her animated and intellectual face called forth our curiosity and sympathy. She seemed to us to bear some likeness to the gentle Duchesse de Bourbon, and her features were of the type of the Spanish Bourbons. She knew very little French, and the Comtesse de Ribeira, who spoke the language well, acted as her interpreter. After the usual compliments, the conversation turned on the Duc d' Angoulême, and the events that were taking place in Spain. I noticed a smile of contempt, quickly suppressed, when we spoke of Ferdinand[2]. I will close this portrait, which I have drawn from old notes, by saying that the Queen was very short and her figure ungraceful, but she was not without dignity of bearing. The Marquis de Palmella was present at the audience; he told us that the Infante Dom Miguel and the Princesses would receive us at the Palace of Bemposta.

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[1] Queluz-Bellas, between Cintra and Lisbon. [Tr.]

[2] Her brother. [Tr.]

Dom Miguel's expressive face lacked that directness of look which betokens frankness; his tall slight figure had something cat-like in its movements.

The Infanta Isabella-Maria was very pretty; her face was at once intellectual and kind. After her father's death, she became Regent, and showed unusual talent and penetration, as well as a great love of her country; no one could have expected so much courage in a young princess, brought up in ignorance of the interests of Portugal. She desired to free herself from British influence and to carry out her father's intentions; but the English government, alarmed at her energy and patriotism, stirred up ill-feeling against her in the palace, and especially excited the resentment of her mother. The desire of amusement, very natural in one so young, and the need of advice and support, led her towards the close of her regency, to deviate from the line of conduct she had adopted; but it remains, nevertheless, an historical fact that she possessed all the qualities of a true and great ruler.

Dona Maria de l' Assomption had not the ability of Isabella-Maria, and ill-health kept her often away from the Court.

Anne de Jésus, afterwards the Marquise de Loulé, the youngest of the Infantas, became well known in Parisian society during her prolonged residence in France. Her features were not regular, but her beautiful eyes, her graceful figure, and the freshness of her mind, gave her an indescribable charm. I was honoured, together with all my family, by her constant and intimate friendship.

On the 17th, that is to say a week after my arrival, I sent M. Gros, the Secretary to the Embassy, on a special mission to the Duc d' Angoulême. The *Cybele*, which conveyed him, was accompanied by *La Bretonne*, loaded with munitions of war. It was feared that the blockade of Cadiz would last a long time, and it might be useful to the Prince to know what were the dispositions of the Portuguese government. I had an audience with the Marquis de Palmella on the previous day, and obtained the best assurances for him ; but he added, Portugal being very poor, especially in the matter of a navy, could not furnish all the assistance that M. de Bordesoulle had asked for in the name of the Duc d' Angoulême. This reservation seemed to me to be due, not so much to the poverty of Portugal, as to the presence of the English fleet and the influence of Lord Beresford. His influence, like every foreign yoke, was disastrous to Portugal ; still, it cannot be denied that Lord Beresford re-established discipline in the army, and that the Duc de Terceira and Saldanha were trained in his school.

I had reached Lisbon on the 10th August, and by the 31st, I had obtained all that I had been instructed to demand, even that which had been regarded as improbable. I had prevailed on the Portuguese government, not only to break through the neutrality that the Court of Lisbon had hitherto maintained during the Peninsular War, but to offer us ships, and even soldiers. The new Ministry understood, that in the present exhausted state of Portugal, it was necessary to lean on the European Power that, by the presence of her army, was able to exercise most influence upon the adjoining country. Portugal sent warships against Cadiz before the success of the French arms had compelled her to open her gates. This step, so contrary to the views of the English, indicated that the government was convinced that the surest way to free the Monarchy from the state of vassalage to England, into which it had fallen, was for the King to be, at last, master in his own dominions . . . and to establish friendly relations with the various European Courts.

France had desired the co-operation of Portugal at a time when it was hardly likely that it would be granted; now that the resolution was taken, she seemed to dread the consequences. It is true, the military success of the Duc d' Angoulême rendered this co-operation every day of less importance; still, I am convinced, that France ought to have taken the opportunity to detach Portugal openly from the policy of Great Britain.

However, if the resolution was evaded at Paris, I had, at all events, successfully carried out the orders of my Court; Mr Canning was greatly annoyed, but Louis XVIII deigned to express his satisfaction.

The Cabinet at Lisbon offered to take Badajos, and hand it over, at once, to the French; it also placed the entire navy at our disposal. Mr Canning, having by some means heard of this, bitterly reproached the Portuguese government, and did not fail to calumniate us and do us, an ill turn.

A happy chance had enabled me to intercept the correspondence between the rebels of Cadiz, and Ballasteros and the other leaders of the insurgent army; these documents were already in the hands of the Duc d' Angoulême, who thanked me in his letter of the 26th.

Cadiz still held out; but in the difficult circumstances that might arise, the geographical position of Portugal rendered it impossible for her to remain isolated, and to keep aloof from the events happening in Spain.

I had sent all the munitions that could be found at Lisbon, but oars were needed, and the naval officer sent to me by Rear-Admiral Hamelin, could only procure a small number in the port. After carefully investigating everything myself, it occurred to me to have the timber lying in the government dockyards, and those of other shipbuilders, sawn up. The Governor of the Arsenal at Lisbon approved of this simple measure, which had not been thought of before, and he seconded my efforts so warmly, that I was soon able to send the oars that had been asked for. The Portuguese government had not a single gun-boat to offer us; I caused a search to be made all along the banks of the Tagus, and secured the boats that might be of use to us. I was thus in a position to offer forty gun-boats to the squadron.

. . . . For some days past I had had with me an intelligent young staff-officer, sent to me by General de Bordesoulle, through whom I received all communications from the Duc d' Angoulême. The unexpected length of the siege of Cadiz had led the prince to ask the Portuguese government, not only for the munitions they could supply, but that they should send a Portuguese flotilla into the Bay of Cadiz. M. de Villèle sent me a copy of the letter he had received from the Duc d' Angoulême.

'ANDRUJAR, *9th August* 1823

'There was no further news of Cadiz on the evening of the 6th. According to my orders, Bordesoulle has sent an officer to Lisbon to ask for the assistance of the Portuguese fleet. I shall only be able to judge what is best to be done when I reach the spot.

'LOUIS-ANTOINE.'

It was the Marquis de Campredon, aide-de-camp to General de Bordesoulle, who arrived in Lisbon. His orders were strict; as soon as he had received the reply from the Portuguese government, he was to rejoin the French army with all speed.

His journey had been dangerous. The number of Spaniards who had sought refuge in Portugal, and carried on a guerilla warfare, and the neglect of the authorities to maintain the neutrality of this extreme point of Portugal, had placed difficulties in the way of an officer wearing the French uniform; it had required all his courage and intelligence to get through.

He brought us the news of the army which we had so long awaited with impatience,—an additional reason for giving him a warm welcome at the Embassy, to make him forget the fatigues and discomforts of the way. I at once informed M. de Palmella, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, of M. de Campredon's arrival, and sent him the despatches he had brought.

This event excited the utmost curiosity in Lisbon, and as imagination generally outruns reality, it was rumoured that Portugal was about to take part in the war, in concert with the French.

During this short visit, Count de Lebzeltern held a reception to which the entire Diplomatic Corps were invited. With my colleague's permission, I brought my young guest, who was received with an amount of enthusiasm that did honour to the uniform he wore, and was well calculated to turn the heads of some of the young people there, who only ceased dancing to wander on the terraces, and in the brilliantly illuminated gardens of the Embassy.

The marked attention paid by the young Frenchman to the Countess of Al. . . did not fail to arouse curiosity among those who were present, and soon, some rather heated expressions, with reference to a country-dance promised by the beautiful young lady, passed between M. de Campredon and the Count de Villaflor. Too well-bred to allow the quarrel to become known, the two gentlemen bowed and withdrew, as if satisfied with the explanation given.

It was late at night when we left, and no sooner were we in the carriage, than I informed my guest, that M. de Palmella would let me have the despatches for the Duc d'Angoulême the next morning, and would send, at the same time, passports, which I hoped would render his return to Spain easier, 'The more so,' I added, 'as the Count de Villaflor is charged by the King of Portugal with a letter to the Prince, and will accompany you.'

I noticed with some surprise, that the young Frenchman appeared agitated. I added : 'Although I shall be very sorry for you to leave Lisbon, kindly make your preparations as quickly as possible, the Count de Villaflor's carriage will follow your post-chaise.'

It was still very early in the morning when M. de Campredon sent to beg me to see him for a moment. He said : 'Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, I should be wanting in the gratitude I owe to your Excellency, if I did not tell you the strange position in which I find myself. At the ball last night, after some words on a subject to which I am not at liberty to refer, I had an explanation with the Count de Villaflor which should result in a duel. The Vicomte de Flavigny has kindly promised to act as my second, and as soon as it is daylight, he will arrange with the friend of the Count. It is decided, that when once we have passed the frontier, M. de Villaflor and I shall be at each other's disposal.'

Greatly troubled by these frank words, I offered to see the Count. 'By no means,' said the young man, smiling. . . .

Flavigny reassured me as to the trifling nature of the quarrel, and added that the most likely way for them to come to an understanding, was for them to share the same dangers while having the same end in view.

M. de Campredon took leave of me, and was to join the Count at the gate of the town.

Travelling was difficult in those days, even under ordinary circumstances. Bad roads, the irregular supply of post-horses, the delay caused by the escort provided for the travellers as they approached the frontier, the almost inevitable exchange of a few words as they drew near to the places rendered dangerous by the guerilla war ; this necessary intercourse was carried on with the utmost politeness on both sides, and the situation remained unchanged.

It had been arranged, that the Portuguese cavalry should accompany them as far as the little Spanish town where the French were in garrison.

In order to reach this outpost before nightfall, the carriages, with their escort, were going at a great pace up a steep hill. The spot was well suited to an ambuscade ; on either side were rocks, or tall pine trees, and the shades of evening were deepening. The post-chaise was in advance of the carriage, when a brisk fire opened on every side. The postillion, wounded in the arm, had stopped, when the carriage of the Count de Villaflor and his escort came up. A halt ensued, while the little troop formed around the carriages. Then followed some cross firing, which did not however reach the travellers. The French aide-de-camp could not go a step further; his horses having lost their postillion, reared at the sound of the guns. Count de Villaflor, who was very near M. de Campredon, called to him: 'Have you your dispatches. Come, let us set off.' There was nothing else to be done, the attack, far from diminishing, had become more lively, and the issue was doubtful: a few minutes might have rendered their flight very difficult.

They set off, but before they had time to realise what had happened, they heard the *Qui vive* of the sentry. It was the French outpost; and as M. de Campredon who was recognised by the commanding officer, was about to enter, he turned round, hat in hand and bowed to his companion. 'Count,' he said, 'this threshold places us in France; before you cross it, allow me to say that, in my country, we become comrades-at-arms when we have been under fire together. As I replace my sword in the scabbard, let me assure you on my oath that I will not unsheath it to fight you.'

'Nor I,' replied the Count de Villaflor.[1]

This little known incident was told me, by the Count de Villaflor himself on his return to Portugal. Thus my great anxiety was happily ended.

General de Bordesoulle informed me in the name of the Duc d'Angoulême, that I had facilitated the resumption of hostilities, the steps I had taken having preceded those taken by the government in France by thirteen days.

On the 3rd September, my public reception by the

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[1] The Count de Vallaflor became afterwards the renowned Duc de Terceira.

King took place with unusual state. It was the King's wish that the ancient ceremonial for the reception of an Ambassador should be followed on this occasion, no doubt to show His Majesty's appreciation of the honours I had been charged to announce to him. Together with my credentials, I delivered letters conferring the Order of the Holy Ghost upon the King, and upon his son Dom Miguel.

On the 7th, Baron Gros, attaché to the Embassy, brought us the happy news of the capture of Cadiz. M. Gros had seen the Royal family, and brought a letter from the Princess Maria-Francisca[1] to her august father. We left at once for Maffra, where we arrived at eleven o'clock the same evening. It would be difficult to describe the King's delight on receiving this precious letter, the first written; it was dated from Sainte-Marie. His Majesty was never wearied of asking us questions, and expressing his deep gratitude to the King of France, and the Prince Deliverer.

The next day, before the *Te Deum*, the King invested me with the Grand Cross of the Royal Order of the Tower and Sword; His Majesty deigned to give me his own riband, and a Cross taken from one of his coats. The good prince was kind enough to remind me of the services I had rendered to him in America, at the time of the revolt of Pernambuco. The King offered me the choice of the Order, but I declined to avail myself of this favour, and the Marquis de Palmella chose for me. On the same occasion, M. Gros received the Cross of the Conception.

In accordance with the ancient custom of the Court of Lisbon, the government sent me shortly after the presentation of the Orders of St Michael and the Holy Ghost, what is called in Portugal the *Raw Fruits*. It is a very pretty little box containing gold ingots, to the value of from twenty to twenty-five thousand francs for an Ambassador, or from ten to twelve thousand, for a Minister.

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[1] Don Carlos of Spain was married to a daughter of the King of Portugal. [Tr.]

. . . . In accordance with a principle which I have adopted never to accept any *substantial* favour except from my own government, and then only for good and loyal services; and not wishing ever to be the occasion of an abuse, I declined the customary present with all possible courtesy. Far from being hurt, the King said many kind things to me on this occasion, and a few days later, he sent me his portrait on a snuff-box set with diamonds.

As a rule, I think one ought to conform to the usage established in the Courts where one is the Representative of his Sovereign. Still, when these customs are contrary to a delicate sense of justice, I think one ought, with the greatest respect, to avoid accepting them, or even to decline.

The ingots are *gold* which is exchanged for the current coin, to receive *gold* from a foreign Prince when one is Ambassador, this may not be discordant elsewhere, but assuredly, such a custom is not French.

On Saturday, the 11th October, four days after we had received the happy news, I gave a grand ball to celebrate the deliverance of His Most Catholic Majesty[1] and his family. The Infante Dom Miguel was present, it was the first time an Infante had appeared at the house of an Ambassador, for in Portugal the Royal family never go out. The King told me, that besides regarding my fête as a real family gathering, he was delighted to have an opportunity of giving me a special mark of his esteem. The Court, the whole town, and the entire Diplomatic Corps came to the ball, with the exception of the English Minister.

The estimable Sir Edward Thornton rejoiced at heart, but worried as he was by Mr Canning, who had rashly expressed his sympathy with the insurgents at Cadiz, he durst not avail himself of my invitation.

The attention of all Europe had been directed towards the war in Spain. The capture of Cadiz had been the turning point, for everyone knew that, once Ferdinand was free, the Revolution was over.

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[1] Ferdinand VII, King of Spain. [Tr.]

CHAPTER XII

THE EVE OF THE REVOLUTION IN LISBON

Character of the Queen.—Of the King.—M. Hyde de Neuville asks for a promise of help to Portugal in case of emergency.—Not accorded.—Brazil.—Marriage suggested between Dom Miguel and a sister of the Duchesse de Berry.—The Portuguese.—Conspiracies.—Assassination of the Marquis de Loulé.—M. Hyde de Neuville's interview with M. de Palmella.—Interview with the King.—Ball at the British Embassy on the birthday of the King of England.—Plot to assassinate the Count de Subserra.

PORTUGAL felt the triumph of the French arms more than other countries, on account of her near neighbourhood to Spain. The similarity of manners and Constitutions throughout the Peninsular, gave an undeniably threatening character to the dissensions among the Royal family at Lisbon. The authority of John VI, already twice shaken, might be again called in question by one of those *pronunciamientos* which often, by a skilful blow, bring about a Revolution. Where then could he look for support? This question became every day of greater interest to victorious France beyond the Pyrenees. Would her protection extend to the banks of the Tagus? As Ambassador of France in Lisbon, I directed all my efforts towards this end.

I began by thoroughly investigating the position of the kingdom, and studying not only things, but people.

I knew the King had, at first, been rendered uneasy by what the Queen had said about me . . . From having been entirely on the side of the Cortès, she had become openly the head of the Ultra-Royalist party at Lisbon: she wished to reform and overthrow everything, and it was upon me that she chiefly founded her hopes. This

Princess seemed to forget, that we French Royalists, old servants of exiled Royalty, recognise no one, after God, but the King. She forgot too, that an Ambassador is not sent by his Court to inflame passions and second intrigues.

The confidences and alarming exaggerations of the Queen had made me very cautious. I saw her less frequently; but my conduct was so guarded that she continued to show me almost the same degree of friendliness up to the 30th April[1]; while the King, completely reassured, honoured me with unbounded trust. I often heard him say: 'You are a very honourable and faithful man; I rely upon you as upon one of my best friends!' He spoke of me with equal kindness in the presence of his friends and Ministers.

The following incident belongs to this period. At the close of the War in Spain, it had been intended to confer three Orders upon our Ministers in Paris; but the Duc de Bellune, having left the Government, in consequence of a difference with the Count de Guilleminot, it was proposed to send only two. I remonstrated, and my words came to the ears of the King. He smiled, and said: 'Quite right, the French Ambassador does not forget the fallen'; and the third Order was, at once, granted.

In expressing her desire to join the policy of the Alliance, and consequently to abandon that of England, Portugal had asked that the peace of her own States should be guaranteed; but, as I have said, her offers were not accepted at Paris. On the 10th November, I received the following despatch:

'If the war in Spain had been prolonged, we should doubtless have accepted the offers of Portugal, and pledged ourselves to the reciprocity of services which she asks: but the aspect of affairs is changed, and Portugal not being able to incur any risk through a co-operation which is no longer required, there is no occasion to avail ourselves of the friendly dispositions shewn by her.'

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[1] 1824.

I replied on the 18th of December :

'When I arrived in Lisbon on the 10th of August last, I thought of nothing, I was bound to think of nothing, but Spain and Cadiz : and it was only by striking quickly and strongly, that I obtained, or rather wrested, from the Government, a resolution which the system of neutrality, hitherto observed by Portugal, had rendered very improbable. . . . This essential part of my instructions has, therefore, been fully carried out . . . .

'I have asked that troops should be stationed on the frontiers of Portugal : and that really effective support should be distinctly promised, in case of urgency, and only of urgency, when His Most Faithful Majesty should find himself obliged to call upon his friends for prompt assistance. It is not, therefore, a question of occupying the kingdom, but of helping under extraordinary circumstances,—of running to the scene of the fire to put out the conflagration. What would England say ? . . . She has plenty of vessels in the Tagus which, we are told, are only there to intimidate the disaffected.

'Your Excellency seems to think that Portugal incurs no risk now : I wish it were so, but the country is in a wretched state, badly governed : and the army is ill-paid, too numerous, and almost without discipline ; may it not attempt another rising ?'—The 30th of April was to prove if I were mistaken.

I was instructed to keep the Portuguese Government in friendly relations with Brazil. I complied, although I saw no great advantage in being zealous for the cause of Dom Pedro.

I wrote to the Minister :

'Whenever the subject of the Infante Dom Pedro is mooted, I speak very guardedly, although, at heart, I cannot help feeling indignant at the course he has dared to take, in order to wrest a crown from his father. From this father—such a worthy man, and so good to his children,—I have learned (at least in part) details, which prove that the aim of Dom Pedro was, not to save

Brazil, but to drive his father away, and reign there himself.'

Among the many communications that I had with the Minister on the subject of Brazil, were those relating to the question of a marriage between Dom Miguel, and the Princess Christine, sister to the Duchesse de Berry; a marriage which had been almost arranged before I left for the United States and Brazil, the Duchesse de Berry having spoken to me about it at my farewell audience. I had often discussed it with the Marquis de Palmella, who always seemed favourable to it: but he told me that the King had been troubled, and even hurt, because the Court of Naples, contrary to its custom, had not sent out a Minister to him when he was in Brazil, or even after his return to Portugal. I wrote: 'This is how matters stand. M. de Palmella does not object. The Count de Subserra warmly desires the marriage and tries to bring it about. At the request of the King, he spoke to the Prince on the subject, and Dom Miguel replied, that he had no objection to marry, and would do whatever his father wished. The good King regards the marriage as suitable, especially as it has the approval of the King of France, but a secret anxiety troubles him . . . The Queen ardently desires the union, and he has long had the idea that it is she, who is urging it on. Now Kings, like other men, have their weaknesses, their prejudices, and sometimes too, their domestic worries. The King and Queen do not get on well together; I only refer to this, because I am obliged to do so, for it is the sole obstacle to the marriage. We shall get over it, I think,—the Count de Subserra and I. . . .

I have not yet touched upon the important question arising from the success of our arms in Spain—what system of government should be adopted after the liberation of Ferdinand.

To propose the Cortès with some liberal modifications would not have met the views of the Northern Powers. It was, in the opinion of M. de Chateaubriand, what ought to be done: but as he said at the Congress of Verona: ‘The Castillian peasant has never known the feudal yoke: he regards himself as the equal of the great, and acknowledges no superior but the King. Moreover, this King, shut up in Madrid, is like the Sultan at Constantinople—his laws are not obeyed thirty leagues away from the capital. The genius and habits of the Iberians are less opposed to Royal despotism, than to the arbitrary legal rule of a Representative Assembly, in which Castillian pride disdains to take part, while it holds the members in contempt.’

What was true of Spain was still more true of Portugal, where the people had access to the King, and looked upon him as the father of the nation. In my opinion, the best way to found a Constitutional government, would have been for the King to grant liberal institutions.

The following remarks are a summary of my ideas on the question.

The loyal and devoted nobles love their King, and are kind to the people, and full of goodwill towards the middle class. The nobles endure privations from day to day, although ever ready to go to fêtes and amusements: they object to changes in their institutions, because, as they say: ‘If there is good to be done, the King will do it,’ and also because the words, Cortès and Constitution, fill them with dread. The word Constitutional excites alarm throughout the Peninsular, the Radicals by their excesses having rendered it synonymous with Jacobin and Revolutionary. . . .

The Portugese are a simple people, without energy or industry: one would almost think they delight in their inactivity: certainly, they trouble very little about it, and only really live under the fetters of habit and prejudice.

According to modern ideas, they are altogether a backward people, but they respect the institutions of their country: can all European nations say as much? But it would be useless, I think, to attempt a hasty reform in Portugal, such as Russia or France would draw up.

Time alone can be, and ought to be, the legislator; what is most needed is that the laws should be well administered. How much there is to do, and how much might be done, if Portugal would shake off her inertia!

I am not so insane as to think that it is necessary, or even possible, to subject all nations to the same kind of rule, the same laws. The more I study mankind, the more convinced I am, that the best government is that which suits their manners, customs, and prejudices: and that a universal code is only for morbid imaginations. . .

. . . Unfortunately the Court at Lisbon was divided, and Lord Beresford fanned the discord. A rising took place in the little town of Vinhaïs; sinister rumours were afloat in Lisbon and in the provinces; now, it was the Queen who was to put herself at the head of a faction and raise the Tras-os-Montès: now, it was the Infante who aspired to govern by means of the army, and to dictate laws to his father: it was even reported, that the Prince had tried secretly to make away with the Count de Subserra. . . .

I indignantly denied all these reports, and sought to reassure the King, who lived in constant fear of the Queen. Although I could not promise as much as I had hoped to be able to do, I took care to bring to the King's notice the Convention signed between France and Spain, and the following despatch from my government, which His Majesty read with great satisfaction: 'The places which will be garrisoned have been decided by the Convention: Badajos is one: and this position on the frontier of Portugal seems to me to meet the views of the Court of Lisbon.'

Alarming news continued to be spread, and an insurrection, promptly suppressed, broke out near the frontier of Galicia. We were rejoicing over this little success, when suddenly the atrocious deed that foreshadowed the 30th April, excited general consternation. The Marquis de Loulé, Grand Equerry to the King, was assassinated in the Palace of Salvaterra itself, during the night preceding Sunday the 29th February. His body was found, on the Sunday morning, amid the ruins of the Old Palace. As his clothing was not wet, although it had rained heavily up to three o'clock, it was evident that the body had been removed to this place between four and five o'clock; the assassins must, therefore, have passed the night in the Palace, and been well acquainted with all the means of egress. . . . Unfortunately, there was soon but one opinion as to the crime. It has since been proved, that the unhappy Marquis de Loulé had been struck down as he entered the Throne Room, and his body had remained all night under the table near the dais. I wrote to my Court:

'LISBON, 13*th March* 1824.

'All information with regard to the dreadful event which absorbs everyone's attention, is kept a profound secret. I am the only one of the Foreign Ambassadors who knows anything about the enquiry. It is important that nothing should be known, even at Paris. The mystery with which it is surrounded, and the silence that I maintain, and ought to maintain, with regard to the confidential communications made to me, may lead to reflections which should be stifled if possible. It is a very serious matter. Two men at the Court are strongly suspected. In short, the further we go, the greater is our astonishment and anxiety. The King spoke freely,—I might almost say, confidentially,—to me. I had a long conversation with M. de Palmella, and urged him to unite more closely with the Count de Subserra, in order to arrange with him all measures that may become urgent, as well as those called for by the truly deplorable state of affairs. M. de Palmella does not conceal from himself that there is great discontent. I saw he was grateful to me for my frankness, and felt the need of concerted action with the Count de Subserra, who seeks only the interest of the King and the country, and who has more influence over the vacillating mind of the King than M. de Palmella. . . . '

On the 17th March, M. de Palmella came to see me, and we talked for a long time, especially of the dreadful event that has given rise to so much comment. As in duty bound, I rejected the monstrous idea that seems to occur to many minds with incredible facility. I agreed with M. de Palmella, that the crime was not so obscure as people would have us believe, and that it was urgent to take precautions. On leaving me, he went to the Count de Subserra, invited him to dinner, and seemed more than ever disposed to make common cause with him.

Since the assassination of the Marquis de Loulé, Lord Beresford agitates, in every sense of the word, to be again placed at the head of the Army, which is said to be ready to revolt. The unhappy Monarch is terrorised; he believes he is surrounded by assassins and conspirators: some correspondence that has just been seized has added to his fears. He looks upon the Count de Subserra as his best friend, but they give him to understand that this friend too, may fall under the dagger: in short, that there is no resource but in Lord Beresford: that his firm hand can alone control the army. If I mistake not, M. de Palmella is disturbed . . . on account of the pledge he has seemed to give to support Lord Beresford. Although a man of great ability, the Marquis de Palmella is of a gentle and changeable character. He is worried beforehand by the coming struggle, and has not foreseen all the consequences: let the King say ever so little, and the Count de Subserra show himself firm in the Council, it is more than probable that M. de Palmella will be held in check.

I went to the Palace yesterday, the King, having deigned to say he would receive me in the evening, with the Captain of the vessel I was to present to him. I was introduced into His Majesty's presence first, alone . . . I found the good Monarch extremely depressed. I had wished to appear to know nothing of what had happened: but when I enquired after his health, he replied: 'You know, M. l' Ambassadeur, why it is impossible for me to be well . . . I need say no more . . . you understand . . . I know how much you are attached to me.' Then, he spoke of the Marquis de Loulé, and of the Count de Subserra: 'Kings may not have devoted subjects near them. Poor Loulé was my best friend . . . they have killed him . . . and in my own Palace. They have designs on Subserra too, because he has served in France: but has not your King found devoted servants among Buonaparte's Generals?' 'Yes, Sire, but those Generals are not to France what the Count de Subserra is to Portugal. Your Majesty will support his Minister, and order will be restored.'

When the King added some words showing me his grief and agitation, I felt it my duty—in order to avoid entering upon a subject too delicate to discuss—almost to interrupt him, saying in tones of genuine emotion: 'I know there are things that must deeply grieve Your Majesty: but I venture to assure you there is nothing that need really alarm you.'

[A letter from Madame Hyde de Neuville gives a touching narrative of the evening of the 29th April, which preceded the Revolution].

On the 29th April, Sir Edward Thornton gave a grand dinner and ball to celebrate the birthday of his Sovereign.[1]

All the Foreign Ambassadors, together with Lord Beresford, and other distinguished Englishmen, were there.

The dinner lasted a long time, but the guests were preoccupied. A mistake in assigning their places according to their diplomatic rank, had caused a certain amount of reserve, which I tried to break through by talking pleasantly to the amiable Baron de Binder, the Austrian Minister. After drinking the health of His Brittanic Majesty and the other Sovereigns, we went down to the rooms on the ground floor, which were beautifully decorated for the ball: we watched the preparations for the illuminations, and grouped ourselves together, taking advantage of the momentary freedom from etiquette.

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[1] George IV. [Tr.]

Dancing began, and soon the heat became so great, that I took the arm of Count de Lebzeltern, and went down into the garden. It was a glorious night, such a night as there is in Venice when not a breath of air disturbs the clear evening sky. As we passed through the shrubberies we were struck by the stillness that prevailed, only broken by the distant strains of the orchestra. Who would have thought that conspirators and assassins lay in ambush quite near us?

On returning to the house, I noticed that the Countess de Subserra looked much disturbed. 'I was looking for you,' she said, 'where is the Baron? Come with me, come, I must speak to you both.' Then she told us, that there was a plot to assassinate her husband that very night. He had been warned; and had just gone to the King to beg him to take the severe measures that he had vainly pressed for, ever since the death of the Marquis de Loulé. What a terrible secret! And to hear it in a ball-room, where we were constantly interrupted by trifling remarks, to which it is so difficult to reply when absorbed by such distressing news! It was necessary to take some step. M. Hyde de Neuville, very anxious on account of the danger the Count de Subserra would incur on leaving the Palace of Bemposta, suggested to Mme. de Subserra that, as soon as we could leave the ball without exciting remark, we should ask for both our carriages at once. The Countess and her daughter should get into their own carriage in order not to attract attention, but after going a short distance, they should change into ours, which would be close behind.

The plan was decided upon, but we had to wait for the time to carry it out, and meanwhile, to conceal our agitation. The Countess de Subserra was one of those fine characters that rise to meet danger. She kept her anxiety to herself, and would not warn her daughter (who was dancing) of the danger to her father and husband, for M. Lopès de Souza, son-in-law to the Count, had accompanied him to the Palace.

After two long hours, of which we counted every moment, the rooms began to empty, and we were able to take leave of our host.

Mme. de Subserra explained the situation to her daughter in a few words, and the plan we had agreed upon was carried out. A little way from the English Embassy, the ladies left their carriage to take their seats in ours. There was something mournful and terrifying about this exchange, which took place in the dark, for with a view to greater safety, the lights had been put out. The ball-dresses were in strong contrast to the feelings of those who wore them. Not a word was spoken as Mme. de Subserra and her daughter took their seats beside me, and a pressure of the hand alone expressed our feelings.

Our carriage set off, and the coachman had orders to drive slowly, in order that it might be easy to recognise the livery of the French Ambassador. This precaution was necessary, for there was reason to fear that the carriage of the Countess which preceded ours, might be fired upon from a height overlooking the narrow street.

We saw nothing beyond a few shadows gliding along the walls. The faithful Bouquet, our outrider, had drawn his sword, ready to defend us, if necessary. He noticed some men armed with *escopettes*[1] behind the hedges of aloes that bordered the gardens ; but after we had passed this dangerous place, we were able to reach the house of the Countess de Subserra, by taking a circuitous route. Her husband returned a few hours later, having misled the conspirators by going a long way round.

Distances are enormous in Portugal, and it was after three o'clock in the morning that we reached home, trembling at the position of those we had just left.

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[1] 'A sort of petronel or carabine used of old,' see *Dictionnaire Royal*, 1768. [Tr.]

CHAPTER XIII

'ALL EUROPE' ON THE WAY TO BEMPOSTA

Two versions of the Plot.—The 30th April.—M. Hyde de Neuville gives shelter to Mme. de Palmella and the Count de Subserra.—The Diplomatic Corps assembles at the house of the Nuncio.—On the way to the Palace.—General Dearborn, American Minister.—The English Ambassador.—The Diplomatic Corps are refused access to the King.—M. Hyde de Neuville insists.—They are allowed to pass.

THE prestige which then attached to France, led me to take steps to secure respect for her flag in my person, and at the same time to succour the Monarch, who was exposed to the gravest danger. I charged M. Gros, the Secretary to the Embassy, to inform M. de Chateaubriand[1] of what had taken place in Lisbon, and to take measures to assure the safety of the Embassy. This done, my one thought was to reach the King, and not to leave him until his authority should be recognised, and all danger removed . . . .

Two versions of the plot were current; one, that an attempt on the life of the King had been frustrated by the Prince; the other, which was more widely circulated, that Dom Miguel wished to depose his father, in order to be crowned himself; the return of the Queen to Lisbon gave credence to this report.

The King, who was generally clear-sighted when not influenced by others, had recognised the aim of the assassins of the Marquis de Loulé. 'My friend,' he said to one of his servants at Salvaterra, 'You saw the beginning of the 30th April. The first blow was struck at Salvaterra.' The aim was to terrify the King, by assassinating those whom he justly regarded as his best friends, and to bring about his abdication, either with his consent, or by force. He was to be imprisoned in Maffra. The abdication was to be in favour of the lawful heir, Dom Pedro ; and the Infante, or rather the Queen, was to govern Portugal, now become a Colony of Brazil. A considerable army would be needed in order to repress the national spirit, ready to oppose a state of things so humiliating to Portugal.

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[1] Then Minister of Foreign Affairs at Paris. [Tr.]

In this badly devised conspiracy, where there were so many conflicting interests, the Queen never laid aside her fixed plan. Wishing to attain her aim by intrigue, but having no hope of carrying Dom Miguel with her, solely from the love of power,—still less of inducing him to become the instrument of a base and cowardly plot, from which, she must have known, he would recoil with horror, as soon as he saw it in its naked reality,—the clever Princess must have felt that other motives, than those which suffice for common minds, were needed to arouse this fiery and impetuous spirit, hitherto submissive to duty and to his father's will.

She sought, therefore, to excite his imagination, to surround him—young and inexperienced as he was—with spectres, to deceive him, delude him, render him a Zeid.[1]

Those who, from other political views, had connived at, or even seconded, the action of the Queen, in order the more quickly to transform the Mother-Country into a Colony, must have been alarmed at the direction given to the plot ; and this explains their timid hesitancy, and their unskilful steps on the day of action.

The rising would not have taken place,—or at least more time would have been allowed to ripen the conspiracy, and draw the threads together,—if the assassins of the Marquis de Loulé had not learned that they were, at last, to be arrested by order of the King.

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[1] A fanatical assassin ; from the name of one of Mahomet's freedmen. [Tr.].

They had taken upon themselves the full responsibility of the atrocious crime at Salvaterra, but were careful not to admit it before the Prince ; they were constantly telling him, that the consequences of this event, which was probably the result of private revenge, would not only fall upon them, but that suspicion would be cast upon the Infante and the Queen, who would be imprisoned in their turn. What more was needed to turn the head of the unfortunate Dom Miguel, who, while he had within him the making of a superior man, had been thrown by his utter want of education, into the ranks of those blind and passionate beings, who care for nothing but danger, know nothing but their sword, and are equally fitted to save a State or to lose it ! . . . .

The conspirators had probably found the only means of inducing the Infante to consent to his father's abdication. They said, the King was surrounded by traitors . . . the Queen's life was threatened, the whole House of Braganza, and the Portuguese Monarchy, were in danger ; moreover, that John VI was too weak to save the State ; it was, therefore, to his own interest that he should abdicate, and place the power in stronger hands.

The assassination of the Marquis de Loulé was to have been followed by that of the Prime Minister, and probably, also by that of the Marquis de Palmella ; but the crime at Salvaterra had aroused so much horror that the conspirators were affrighted, and suspended their blows. The King, overwhelmed with grief, had ordered his Ministers to make diligent search for the authors, abettors, and accomplices, of the crime ; at first, there was a great show of activity, but soon the enquiry languished ; and the more public opinion persisted in pointing out the culprits, the less did the government seem disposed to arrest them. The Count de Subserra and the Commissioner of Police, Baron de Bendutta, succeeded, however, in prevailing upon the King to put an end to the scandal . . . .

The conspirators resolved, therefore, to throw off all restraint, and the 29th April was fixed for the assassination of the Count de Subserra. Probably this day was chosen because the Court would then be assembled at the British Embassy. At a certain hour of the night, all the carriages would be driving in the opposite direction to the Palace of Bemposta, thus leaving the field clear for the men in ambush awaiting the Prime Minister. It was his duty to go to the Palace every evening, and often he did not leave until two or three o'clock in the morning. At eight o'clock, the Count de Subserra was warned of his danger ; without saying a word to anyone, he took the necessary measures, and then went to the King at the usual hour.

His wife was put on her guard, and concerted with me as to her return from the ball . . . If report be true, we were in the midst of an ambuscade, but it was not the French Ambassador for whom they lay in wait.

It has been pretended, that their aim was, not to assassinate the Count de Subserra, but to take him prisoner . . . Everything leads me to believe that they intended to make away with him. He was the man whom the conspirators most dreaded, and whose death could not fail to strike terror into the Monarch. Nay more, I believe, if the crime had been perpetrated, the revolt of the 30th April would have ended as the conspirators desired ; the King, overwhelmed with grief, would probably have anticipated their wish.

On the 30th April, at four o'clock in the morning, the Prince—the blind instrument of eight or ten wretches—might be seen passing through the streets, and from barrack to barrack, raising the cry : *Death to the Traitors !* inciting, not only the soldiers, but the people and even the mob, to revolt, representing that the House of Braganza, and the Monarchy, were in danger.

The regiments at once proceeded to the Place du Roscio, as ordered, but the people remained calm, and scarcely responded to the shouts of the soldiers.

In less than two hours, however, more than three hundred persons were dragged away to prison. The King himself was a captive in his Palace, and the Place du Roscio, the headquarters of the Prince, had become more and more filled with bayonets.

The first movement having had no apparent effect upon the people, the conspirators invented an atrocious fable, which, considering the affection of the people for their King, might well have brought about a massacre of the prisoners.

In his Proclamation, the Prince had merely referred to a faction threatening the throne, which must be stifled and crushed. Suddenly, a rumour began to circulate that an attempt had been made to stab the King that very night . . . Details were given; the number of conspirators: they had come masked: they had made their way to the King's bedroom, and John VI had escaped almost by miracle.

The news of the attempted assassination was spread all over the town: it was asserted that the Infante had saved his father and his country. The dreaded cry, *Death to the Freemasons*! rose with that fury which in popular crises is but too often the precursor of vengeance and crime.

The Infante had sent, at daybreak, the first regiment of cavalry to the Queen, and she arrived in Lisbon, amid shouts of 'Long live the Queen!' 'Long live the Infante!' In order to sound the people, the report was bruited about that the Queen would be proclaimed by the Army at noon, and would, immediately afterwards, receive the homage of good Portuguese at the Palace of Ajuda.

A Ministry had just been nominated at the Roscio: . . . the audacity of the conspirators had reached its climax, when the Diplomatic Corps came upon the scene. No one had thought of them; their appearance, as will be seen, was like a thunderbolt . . . .

. . . . . .

I had been early informed of the rising, by a Frenchman, who had himself just received the intelligence from a friend, who was Captain in the 18th Regiment, a brave and loyal soldier, who was arrested, a few hours later, by order of the Infante. This Frenchman, M. Lefèvre, wrote: 'If the movement should assume a threatening aspect towards the Embassy, I shall hasten with all my fellow-countrymen to the defence of your Excellency.'

My first thought was to go to the King. One of my colleagues who lived near me, gave me some rather bad reasons to turn me from my resolution. . . . I should compromise my diplomatic position, perhaps be insulted, which would then become a grave matter . . . in short, it would be better to wait for some notification from the Portuguese Government.

I was not deterred by considerations of this kind, and I may add that every one at the Embassy was eager to accompany me to the post of honour. In order to reconcile duty and etiquette, I sent M. Gros to all the Diplomatic Corps asking them to meet me, within half an hour, at the residence of the Nuncio. Thus, I should go to the King, and at the same time, act in concert with my colleagues. Besides, I was convinced that several of the Ambassadors were as unwilling as I was, to question whether we should go to the Palace. I only say *several*, for I had reason to fear that some of them, whether from political motives, hesitation, or weakness, would desire that another course should be adopted.

Whilst M. Gros was hastening through the town, I received a letter from the Russian Chargé d'Affaires, urging me to call together all the Foreign Envoys at my house. He told me, the Spanish Ambassador, and the Danish Chargé d'Affaires were with him, awaiting my reply.

I was on the point of entering my carriage to go to the Nuncio, when the charming Marquise de Palmella came to us all in tears. She told us, her husband had just been carried off to the Tower, and the only message he had been able to send her, was to go at once to the

French Ambassador and the British Minister. The Marquis had been captured by a trick. An officer had come with a message, that the Infante was going to Belem, and wished to speak to him. M. de Palmella at once rose, and went with the officer: after they had gone a little way, he was informed that he was a prisoner, and that he was being taken to the Tower of Belem.

Madame Hyde de Neuville and I did all we could to reassure Madame de Palmella: and I persuaded her not to go to the English Minister, who lived quite in the town, but to await my return at the Embassy, and I promised to send Sir Edward Thornton to her as soon as possible.

As I was going down-stairs, I met M. Setaro, a most estimable man. He made a sign that he wished to speak to me. We stepped aside, and he said in a low tone: 'The Count de Subserra is saved, he is at my house and earnestly begs you to go and see him.' I took off my uniform, and went out through the garden to M. Setaro's house.

The Count said to me: 'I was going to you, but on the way, it occurred to me that some prudence might be necessary on account of the Embassy; as for you, I know very well nothing will stop you when it is a question of courage.'

My only answer was: 'Get into your carriage, and I will go before you to open my garden gate, for you ought to be at my house. You may be sure you will be safe there, and in any event, will be well defended.'

I left the Count de Subserra with Madame de Palmella and my wife, and after giving the necessary orders, I proceeded to the residence of the Nuncio, accompanied by MM. Gros and de Bellune. My nephew[1] remained to look after affairs at the Embassy and to answer all enquiries during my absence.

The Nuncio, an excellent man, extremely gentle in manner, and of exemplary piety, but of a retiring disposition, behaved admirably on this occasion. I told him, I proposed going at once to His Majesty. 'I will accompany you everywhere, M. l'Ambassadeur,' he replied.

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[1] Armand de Larue. [Tr]

I had hardly entered the Nunciature, when the Spanish Ambassador, and the Russian and Danish Chargés d'Affaires were announced: they unhesitatingly agreed with us as to the course which duty required.

'Let us go, let us go!' they all cried.

Still, we awaited the other Envoys for about half-an-hour; but as every moment's delay could only add to the King's danger, we decided to set out, taking care to leave word to the absentees that we were going to the Palace. Our carriages advanced in the usual order, that of the Nuncio preceding mine, and that of the Spanish Ambassador following.

As we were leaving the Nunciature, the American Minister arrived, and to spare the old man the trouble of alighting, I went up to his carriage, and explained in a few words what had happened, and where we were going.

General Dearborn answered: 'No one knows better than you, M. l' Ambassadeur, that we Republicans take little part in all your changes of government in Europe; and that, as a matter of fact, we are sent to any man, or body of men, who rightly, or wrongly, happens to be in authority.'

'Yes, General, but in the present crisis, it is not merely a question of rescuing a King, but a father and a most worthy man.'

'Oh! as to that, it is quite true,' said Washington's old comrade. Not being able to prolong the discussion, I said: 'Do whatever you think right, General Dearborn, but we are going'.

The General was one of those Republicans who are called in the United States 'of the old rock,' an honourable man in every way. All political considerations vanished before the moral aspect of the question, and he no longer hesitated to follow us.

A little further on, we met the English Minister. He was not in uniform, and was merely on his way to consult us as to our course of action.

I said : 'We are going to the King.'

'It is the best thing to do,' he replied, 'and I will go with you.' As he was only in a cab, I begged him to get into my carriage. He consented, and this accidental circumstance added to the moral force of the Diplomatic body ; for the insurgents saw, at once, that France and England would act together to save the rightful Sovereign. I cannot speak too highly of Sir Edward Thornton. There was nothing of the diplomatist in this first step ; the perfectly honourable man stood revealed. As we shall see later, he maintained this character throughout the crisis.

We passed through the Place du Roscio in order that the rebels might see the Ambassadors. Some persons—who could have believed it ?—were foolish enough to think at first, that we were going to the camp of the insurgents. The rumour reached the rebels, but they were soon undeceived : and the sight of all Europe filing past in front of the bayonets, on the way to the captive King, fell like a thunderbolt upon the leaders. It is well-known in Lisbon, that some of the conspirators looked at one another and turned pale ; from that moment, they felt that they were lost, as they have since avowed. It seems, they had not taken into account the Representatives of the Powers.

The Diplomatic body, reinforced on the way by the Austrian Minister and the Chargé d' Affaires of the Netherlands, arrived in its full strength at the gates of the Palace of Bemposta. We were refused admission, on the ground that carriages were not allowed to pass. We alighted—the British Minister and I,—the others did the same, no one wishing to raise a question of etiquette, or rather of propriety, at such a moment.

We advanced on foot through the soldiery. A sentinel had the effrontery to seize the British Minister by the collar; he was not in uniform, and was told he could not pass. We dragged him away from the enfuriated man, and he took his place between the Nuncio and me. Thus, we arrived together at the foot of the grand staircase of the Palace, which was crowded with soldiers.

A man, with an Arab type of countenance and a dark moustache turned up at the ends, came forward, and told us, somewhat unceremoniously, that no one could pass without an order from the Infante. He even had the effrontery to show us a card which had been supplied to the conspirators the night before, and asked us if we had a similar one.

I answered in loud and distinct tones, that Europe whom we represented, recognised no one but the King; that the Infante, who was only a subject, had no power to give orders in his father's Palace; that we would only enter, or withdraw, by order of the King; and finally, that we should hold him personally responsible for any delay that he might cause in ascertaining the orders of His Majesty, the King alone having the right to command.

I repeated in bad Portuguese what I had just said in French, and concluded with these words: 'If an erring son is pardoned, his accomplices are hanged.' Several members of the Diplomatic body signified their approval. We were told that a messenger would be despatched at once for orders from the Infante. We replied, that we should only enter on receiving an order from the King.

Then I noticed some courtiers in a corner of the hall; they were pale and silent, and far from willing to take part in a struggle of which it was difficult to forsee the end. I went up to them, and addressing the Vicomte de Villa-Nova de Rainha, I said: 'It is you, Viscount, who usually introduce us into the King's presence; go before, and conduct us to your august Master; if the rebels dare to oppose us, you can, at least, reiterate to them in their own language, that they will answer with their heads for this outrage to the whole of Europe.'

The Viscount stammered a few words; he had no authority: no one might pass without an order from the Infante.

I insist more strongly, he yields, and we go on. At this moment D. Thomas de Mascarenhas, an aide-de-camp to the Infante, raises his voice, and says: 'No, the King is not a prisoner, and the Ambassadors should be allowed to approach him.'

We went on; gradually the ranks opened, and threading our way, as it were, through the midst of the soldiers, we reached the top of the staircase at last; then, after passing through three deserted reception rooms, we came to the Throne-room, where we found the unhappy Monarch, overwhelmed with grief.

No one was with him except the Marquis de Torrès-Novas, Master of the Palace, who never left the King, and Marshal Beresford, who had come to Bemposta. But how had he succeeded in approaching the King when the Chief Officers of the Crown were kept away by the guard? This I have never yet been able to learn. Had he received permission from the Prince to visit the Royal Captive? If so, what motive had influenced the Infante? And if permission had not been given, how came it that the troops, who closed their ranks against the Ambassadors, opened them readily to admit a foreigner, who was no favourite with the Army, and whom the conspirators had reason to fear, unless the Infante could rely upon him?

CHAPTER XIV

THE AMBASSADOR OF THE MOST CHRISTIAN KING

The Ambassadors reach the King.—Lord Beresford.—The King sends for his Son.—Lord Beresford prevails on the King to retire to his private apartments.—The Spanish Ambassador.—Private interview between the King, accompanied by Lord Beresford, and the Infante.—They return to the Throne Room.—M. Hyde de Neuville, Ambassador of the Most Christian King, speaks on behalf of the Diplomatic Corps.—The Infante goes away to give orders for the withdrawal of the troops.—The King, the Princess Isabella, and Lord Beresford appear on the Balcony.—The Ambassadors are invited to remain and dine at the Palace.—The King takes leave of them, inviting them to return the next day.—Arrests continued.—The Count de Subserra on board the *Lively*.

It would be difficult to picture the deplorable state in which we found the King; his whole being seemed prostrate. The sight of us appeared to revive him; up to that time he had only received timid or treacherous counsel, and his mind was filled with every conceivable fear, or rather terror. He believed that all his Ministers were arrested; and in spite of his personal anxiety, he continually grieved over 'poor Pamplona,' as he called the Count de Subserra. 'Alas!' he said: 'It is he that is in the greatest danger.' The good King seemed so troubled by this idea, that I could no longer resist the pleasure of setting his mind at rest. 'Sire,' I answered, 'that faithful servant is in safety.' 'Alas! No, M. l'Ambassadeur, he is in prison.' 'No, Sire,' I replied earnestly, 'I can assure Your Majesty, the Count de Subserra is out of the power of the rebels.'

It would be difficult to describe the effect of my words on this stricken soul. It was a touching gleam of joy, followed by a ray of hope.

My eyes were rivetted upon the King; his profound grief absorbed my thoughts and filled me with indignation. Seeing him so unhappy, so grateful and so kind, I felt I could have given my life for him.

At this moment, he seemed to come out of his stupor. He thanked the Ambassadors with his usual affability, asked our advice, and told us—but in a low voice—that he was a prisoner in his Palace and did not know what were his son's designs.

Then followed a conversation in the presence of His Majesty; each Envoy brought forward his own idea, and the voices became confused together; the King listened in silence; if he attempted to take part in the conversation, Lord Beresford hastened to speak for him.

I asked Lord Beresford if I had the honour of speaking to a member of the Cabinet; he was somewhat disconcerted, and said he was not a Minister, but that the King deigned to give him his confidence. I then said, that there could be no intermediary between the King and the Ambassadors except the Minister of Foreign Affairs; that on any other occasion, I should be delighted to converse with him, but that, under existing circumstances, the words of His Majesty alone could, and should, make known his will and desires to us.

The King then repeated that everything had been done contrary to his orders; that his most faithful servants had been arrested, and that, assuredly, no one had attempted to assassinate him during the night, as had been reported. His Majesty added, that he was a prisoner in his Palace, and needed the counsel and support of the Ambassadors.

Then, he showed us a letter he had received from his son. The Russian Chargé d' Affaires began to read it; at this moment the King said to me in a low tone: 'The Queen is here, she arrived at the Palace an hour after the revolt of the troops; it is she who is urging on my son.' Then His Majesty deigned to ask me what he ought to do. He went a few steps back, and signed to me to approach, repeating that he was more than ever in need of my advice.

I answered: 'If Your Majesty will, you can recover your authority in less than two hours. The army and the people are deceived; they think there has been a plot to assassinate you, and most of them have only taken up arms from love of Your Majesty's person. The course taken by the Ambassadors has disconcerted their projects. Send, at once, an order to your son to come to you; if he refuse, we will all go to the Roscio with Your Majesty, and a word from the King will bring the army back to its duty.

'If the Infante come, and I am almost certain that he will come, receive him in the presence of the Foreign Ambassadors.'

My words had the strength that springs from conviction. 'Yes,' replied the King, 'I will speak to my son, as you advise, in the presence of the Diplomatic body'; and he repeated the order, already given to three of his officers, to bring the Prince.

I awaited his arrival with great anxiety. Lord Beresford had approached the King and I feared lest he might learn the advice I had offered, and still more, lest he should prevail upon His Majesty to adopt a different course of action.

Lord Beresford invited the King to return to his private apartments, in order that the Ambassadors might be seated. The good Monarch made no reply, but, turning round, he lifted with his own hand the curtain of the door beside the throne, and disappeared. Lord Beresford followed; my first impulse was to do the same, but wishing to observe certain formalities for the sake of the Diplomatic body, I said to the Spanish Ambassador; 'The King is being taken away from us, Duke; we must persuade him to return; otherwise all is lost, for he will never dare to speak firmly to his son unless he is supported by our presence. You are *Ambassadeur de famille*, go up, and bring His Majesty back to us.'

The Duc de Villa Hermosa, whose noble character was displayed all through this crisis, hastened to follow my advice. He went, at once, to the King, and strongly urged him to receive his son only in the presence of the Diplomatic Corps.

It is announced that the Prince is approaching: the Spanish Ambassador invites the King to descend to the Throne room; His Majesty takes a few steps forward; at a sign from Lord Beresford and a word or two from Leite, the Minister of the Interior whose years are the only excuse for his weakness, the King stops. He hesitates, looks at the Ambassador, then at Lord Beresford, who advances as if to take him away. The King steps back. The Duc de Villa Hermosa raises his voice, and says: 'Sire, do me the favour to come down!' At this moment, Dom Miguel appears. The King goes quickly back into his private room; his son and Lord Beresford follow, and remain alone with him. Our whole plan had failed. However, the King and the Infante enter the Throne-room, followed by Lord Beresford.

His Majesty announces that his son has just promised entire submission to his authority. The tone and words of the King show that he is neither convinced nor reassured. He makes several signs, and going up to the Nuncio and me, he says in a very low voice: 'Be so kind as to speak to my son.' The Nuncio says a few words to the Prince; I suggest, in an undertone, that he should address himself only to the King, which he at once proceeds to do.

The Nuncio does not speak Portuguese, and has a difficulty in expressing himself in French. After two or three phrases, in which he assured the King in general terms of our devotion, he begs me to be the interpreter of the feelings of the Diplomatic body. The sight of the Prince, so young and yet the cause of such disorder, of the venerable King, the unhappy Father, all concurred to arouse in me the keenest emotion and the deepest indignation. While observing the usual formalities, I felt myself in the fullest sense, the Ambassador of the Most Christian King, and my words carried conviction. His Majesty took courage, the Infante hung his head ; the Ambassadors, and others who were present, could not conceal their emotion, and my colleagues declared I had worthily interpreted their feelings.

The Prince listened to me with marked attention ; the King, by his looks, never ceased to express his gratitude ; from time to time, he turned tenderly towards his son, more than once I was interrupted by the sobs of His Majesty, or by the words : *That is true*, spoken with deep feeling.

The Infante answered me well, but somewhat timidly. He spoke of a conspiracy ; of papers that he had just placed in his father's hands ; he said, he was ready to submit to any punishment His Majesty might consider it his duty to inflict, if after examination, he could find his conduct worthy of censure. He apologised to the Ambassadors, assuring them that it was not by his orders that they had met with difficulties at the Palace gates. He reminded us of the death of the Duc de Berry, and gave us to understand, that his position was almost as critical as that of this Prince before the fatal event of the 13th February. My manner and silence showed the Infante that he might have omitted this comparison, and he must easily have seen that none of us believed in the danger.

I strongly urged the disbandment of the army. The Infante declared that if his father gave the order he would, at once, send the soldiers back to their quarters.

I then said that since the King was free, the Marquis de Palmella, who had been arrested without His Majesty's order, should be released.

The Prince made no reply ; he bent his knee, kissed his father's hand, and was off, like lightning, to give the order for the withdrawal of the troops.

I insisted, and in this I was supported by the entire Diplomatic Corps, that M. de Palmella should be set at liberty. I confess, my words were chiefly addressed indirectly to Lord Beresford, as he had taken upon himself to interpret and defend the conduct of the Prince. . . . I was curious to see, how he would reconcile the pretended liberty of the King and submission of the Prince, with the continued imprisonment of the Minister of Foreign Affairs; for I knew very well that the King could do nothing in the matter, and that, beyond a few trifling words, we had no guarantee that order would be restored.

However, we were impatiently awaiting the disbandment of the troops. Those around Bemposta remained stationary and shouts of 'Long live the Marquis de Chaves!' were raised several times rather ostentatiously. This General had just inspected the 11th Batallion of *Chasseurs* that guarded the Palace. It must not be thought, however, that the Marquis was one of the conspirators; he had taken the side of the Infante without any clear idea of what he was doing, or what were the aims of the party.

At last, we learn that the troops on the Roscio had been withdrawn, but had received orders not to leave their quarters, and to be ready to march at the first signal. It was added, and unfortunately with truth, that the Infante had expressly enjoined on the officers to obey no orders but his own. Thus, we see already, the young Prince's idea of submission to the King's authority. I am inclined to believe, however, that when he left us he really intended to obey, and return to duty, but at the Roscio he had just met again the Marquis d'Abrantès and his other advisers, who easily turned him from his resolution.

Soon we heard a great noise. The Infante arrived at a gallop with a numerous escort. He drew up in he middle of the Palace Court; all the officers gathered around him; several went up to him, and he seemed to be giving orders. . . .

It was not clear what he was going to do. . . . Some said, he was about to throw off the mask, and to cause himself to be proclaimed Regent ; others, that he intended to take advantage of the presence of the Ambassadors and many faithful subjects at Bemposta to secure the person of the King, together with his chief defenders. . . . . Faces clouded over . . . there was a rush to the windows . . . we were all silent, listening. The troops begin to move, and we see, at last, that they are filing out and withdrawing.

At this moment the King and the Princess Isabella-Maria appear on the balcony ; on all sides, shouts of 'Long live the King' break forth ; the officers are silent ; a few cries of 'Long live the Infante' arise, but they are drowned by the loyal cheers.

The people and the army unite to show how much John VI is beloved ; at this moment, it is evident that he might order the arrest of the conspiritors, or even of the Prince.

If I had been at the King's side, I should have counselled him to send for the Prince, divest him of the command, and order the immediate arrest of the Officers and the Staff of the Infante.

Order was restored, but the Ambassadors remained at the windows of the Throne Room, and the King on the State Balcony, accompanied only by the Princess Isabella-Maria and Lord Beresford. As soon as the troops had filed out, His Majesty returned to his private apartments.

We decided not to leave him until he should let us know that he was really free. Just then, we received a message from the King, inviting us to remain near him, and to dine at the Palace.

Presently, the King re-entered the Throne-room. His sadness was evident. However, we congratulated him on the withdrawal of the troops, assured him that his orders would henceforth be obeyed, and that his son would give entire submission to his authority ; in a word, we sought to lead him to declare himself, or believe himself, free. I felt, at once, how disastrous this ambiguous situation might prove to the King, and how ignominious to the Diplomatic Corps.

Dinner followed, presided over by the Grand Equerry. The Ambassadors took their seats, together with General Leïte, and General Povoa Francisco de Paula, both favourites of the Infante, and several high officers of the Crown.

There was little conversation, we merely talked to those sitting next to us; it was evident that every one was on his guard, and to say the truth, all the guests did not inspire equal confidence. Etiquette prevailed over urgency; and we lost precious time in complying with the usages of the Court, as if dining were the most important business at the Palace.

We drank to the health of the King, and I added: 'and to forgetfulness, if it be possible, of the terrible 30th April.'

A written protest, which was suggested, did not seem to me of any advantage; our presence at the Palace was, in my opinion, the strongest protest the Ambassadors could make in the face of Europe. Seeing, however, that Sir Edward Thornton was in favour of the protest, and not wishing to cause division among the Diplomatic Corps, I withdrew my opposition; but it was agreed that each Ambassador should be free to make, individually, whatever protest, or reservation, should seem good to him.

We were about to withdraw, when one of the Envoys asked the Count de Povoa, to whom we should address communications during the imprisonment of the Marquis de Palmella. This enquiry seemed to me so unwise, that I said to the Count de Povoa, who was going to the King for orders: 'I beg you, Count, not to ask anything of the kind for me. As long as the King, your august Master is a prisoner, as he practically is, I will have no communication with any Minister that he may be prevailed upon to appoint, either for a time, or permanently. I acknowledge only the Marquis de Palmella, and whether he be free or prisoner, I shall correspond with him, as long as his successor can be nominated only at the point of the bayonet.'

I took care to raise my voice, in order to be distinctly heard by the two hundred or more soldiers who crowded the adjoining room. I felt sure that my words would soon be translated, and become widely known.

I was aware that his Majesty was being pressed to appoint a Ministry, and one chosen from names given by the Infante. The King, with his instinctive clear-sightedness, opposed it strongly; he said to his advisers, 'This nomination that you propose, will lead to nothing, for the principal Ambassadors, knowing that I am not free, will refuse to hold any communication with the new Ministry.' The Count de Povoa returned, therefore, with the message that the King had weighed my observations and would not appoint a Minister, and that we could write as before, except that we should send our letters through the Count de Povoa . . . .

His Majesty then wished to take leave of the Ambassadors. He came, a few moments later, spoke kindly to us all, and invited us to return on the following day.

When everyone had left, I went back into the Throne-room, to tell the King that the Count de Subserra was at my house. 'Ah! watch over him carefully,' replied His Majesty.

[The diary of Mme. Hyde Neuville gives some interesting details of these troubled days.]

The Count de Subserra, whom we had concealed at the Embassy since Friday the 30th, fearing lest a search should be made in spite of international right; and desiring, at least, to spare us, and his family, anxiety, decided to avail himself of the offer of the British Minister, that he should go on board the frigate the *Lively*.

M. Hyde de Neuville, not willing to entrust to anyone so precious a life, took him in his own carriage, in broad daylight, to the landing stage, where M. Gros had arranged to meet him to protect their embarkation if necessary ; but everything took place without the least resistance ; and my husband, knowing that boldness always succeeds, drew back the curtain of his carriage as he passed the guard in order that he might be recognised, for he was in uniform and accompanied by his *chasseur*. The soldiers, in fact, presented arms, without taking any notice of his companion. When, looking down from the balcony of our belvedere, where we were watching, we at last, saw the boat sail down the Tagus, and were able, through the telescope, to distinguish the Count between his two aides-de-camp, we felt relieved from a great anxiety, and the anguish of the Countess and her daughter was at an end.

CHAPTER XV

THE KING OF PORTUGAL ON BOARD THE 'WINDSOR CASTLE'

Arrests continued.--Terror on the 5th May.—The Foreign Envoys urge the King to embark on the *Windsor Castle*.—Delays.—The King embarks on the 9th.—M. and Mme. Hyde de Neuville join His Majesty.—M. Gros escorts the Countess de Subserra to the *Windsor Castle*.—M. de Palmella and the Count de Subserra are also on board.—Dom Miguel deprived of his Military Command.—The King's Proclamation.—Arrival of the *Santi Petri* from Cadiz.—M. Hyde de Neuville invites His Majesty to a Fête on board.

THE Ambassadors withdrew about nine o'clock in the evening. At one o'clock on the following afternoon, they met again at the Palace . . . His Majesty was calmer; he spoke of several measures to be taken, and announced the release of M. de Palmella.

Arrests continued to be made; from nobles, the insurgents had passed to judges and citizens; no class seemed exempt. Fear, or revenge, alone dictated these orders, and—what was an unheard of thing—in the same family some members were arrested, while others were left, not merely at liberty, but in possession of the offices they had held before the 30th April. Thus, for instance, in the family of the Marquis de Loulé, whose assassination had been the signal for so many evils, we saw his daughter follow her husband to prison, while his son continued to hold the office of Grand Equerry.

Anxiety prevailed everywhere; no vessel could leave the Tagus; the troops were confined to their quarters; and two places had been assigned, to which they were to hasten armed, when the tocsin sounded.

On the 2nd May, I sent M. de Bellune, one of my secretaries, to hasten the arrival of the vessel *Santi Petri* from Cadiz. The King lamented its non-appearance, and

I longed for him to embark on board a French ship. On the 3rd, there was the same stupor in the town, the same inaction on the part of the King's Ministers. The Infante continued to fill the prisons. The chaplain of St Louis[1], who was also chaplain to the Embassy, having been imprisoned, I caused his arrest to be officially certified, and placed seals upon the Church of St Louis, sending the keys to the Minister of Foreign Affairs with a protest, and reserving to myself the right of demanding redress as soon as circumstances should permit.

Every day, the position of the King became more alarming, and in spite of my keen regret at the absence of a vessel bearing our flag, I pressed his Majesty to embark, adding that, on this occasion his safety ought to be my first consideration, and that Ambassador of France though I was, I should not hesitate to follow him on board an English vessel. In circumstances of such gravity, all rivalry between nations should disappear.

This thought seemed to render the King more calm, and he eagerly welcomed the suggestion.

On the morning of the 5th, the terror was at its height; the whole town might have seen forty-seven carriages, with an escort of cavalry, conveying prisoners to Peniche, by order of the Prince. There was a rumour of transportation to the coast of Africa. The same day, the Diplomatic Corps assembled at my house, and it was decided that each Envoy should suggest to His Majesty that he should go on board a vessel, as the only means of restoring order, and recovering his authority. On this occasion, the English Minister separated from Lord Beresford, whom he accused of bringing about the fall of the King by his tepidity, and above all, by opposing a measure which alone could put an end to anarchy.

The King, rejoicing to find unanimity among the Ambassadors, resolved to embark the following evening, in spite of the opposition of his Council and of Lord Beresford.

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[1] The French Church in Lisbon.

The next day, the English packet-boat set sail. The Infante, having learned that the Count de Subserra was no longer at the Embassy, and supposing that he was on board the packet, gave orders at the Tower, that the boat should be stopped, but the order arrived too late, the vessel being already out of range. The Prince, thereupon, mounted his horse and within twenty-five minutes was at the fort of St Julian ; he ordered sixteen cannon shots to be fired at the boat, but she continued her course, and was soon out of range. Whether the object of the Prince was merely to arrest the Count de Subserra, or whether he wished to destroy the correspondence which would carry the news to all the Courts of Europe, is not known.

M. de Palmella was obliged to conceal himself by day, the Infante having ordered his re-arrest ; he succeeded in taking refuge at the British Embassy, and afterwards, went on board an English vessel anchored in the Tagus.

The arrests continued. The Prince presided over them, himself interrogating the prisoners, who numbered more than three hundred ; nearly every day, he went to Caylus, where it was supposed he received instructions from the Queen.

In the evening, everything was in readiness. The English sloops were at their posts, and Sir Edward Thornton awaited the King on the Place du Paco do Baixo ; but His Majesty, who had arrived at the time agreed upon, saw the Queen walking in the gardens of this Palace, and had not the courage to embark. Thus, the preparations were useless for that day.

Some imprudent steps led to a fear that our project might be discovered ; the Dutch Chargé d' Affaires had passed the night on board the English frigate ; the Envoys of Russia and Denmark had embarked on a Danish vessel ; moreover, if the spies who were watching the French Embassy had done their duty well, they could have informed the Prince, that we had been on board a French merchant vessel, had taken her boat and been conveyed close to the English station, and had only returned to land very late.

It became urgent that the King should come to a decision, and I spoke to him to that effect the same evening. We feared, every moment, that the Infante would seize all the approaches to the river.

The 8th was another day lost. I represented to the King so strongly that time pressed, and the tactless action of the English might lead to the discovery of our project, that he determined to embark the next morning . . . 'Set your mind at rest, M. l' Ambassadeur,' he said, 'by eleven o'clock all will be done. I will say nothing about it to any one but you and Sir Edward Thornton. But I do not wish for any more of his sloops. I shall tell my intimate friends that I have given up the idea of leaving Lisbon. I shall say the same to the other Ambassadors. There will be no one working at the arsenal to-morrow, Sunday, so I will go there with my daughters, and then take a boat to the other side of the Tagus, and you may be sure, M. l' Ambassadeur, no one will venture to dispute my orders.'

The next day, the 9th, I ascertained that no steps had been taken at the arsenal at eleven o'clock; the King's boats were not even on the river; at noon everything was perfectly still, but, at last, towards one o'clock the King embarked with the Princesses, whom he had not told of his purpose, fearing to alarm them. He had heard Mass with them at Belem, he then went some distance through the town under pretext of dining at a pleasure-house where his dinner had been ordered the day before; and afterwards, took his seat in the Royal boat, and proceeded to the *Windsor Castle*, the approach to the vessel being lined with marines protecting his arrival.

[The diary of Mme. Hyde de Neuville completes the narrative.]

One of our servants, who had been stationed since daybreak on our belvedere, with orders to observe every thing, came to inform M. Hyde de Neuville as soon as he saw the Royal flag, which is always unfurled on the squadron when His Most Faithful Majesty is on board.

M. Hyde de Neuville, at once, gave the order to leave with all his suite; a sloop awaited them on the river-side, and by dint of hard rowing, they were the first to arrive.

The Duc de Villa Hermosa, who had heard Mass with us, and had shared the breakfast we had hardly touched, so greatly were we pre-occupied with the important event, made a sign to me to leave the room, where M. de Lemos[1] and his wife remained, greatly astonished at our sudden disappearance.

To hasten down the steps leading to the river, throw ourselves into the first boat we found, and row to the *Windsor Castle* was but the work of ten minutes.

The Minister and the Chargé d' Affaires of Austria, and that of Denmark joined us on the way. We arrived in time to see His Majesty and the Infantas land in safety, and together with their faithful servants, who had joined them, or followed them closely, and the rest of the Diplomatic Corps, we offered our sincere congratulations.

The Infantas were much concerned about two of their ladies, who knowing nothing of the project, had remained at Bemposta. The Princess Isabella-Maria was especially anxious about one of them, who had brought her up, and to whom she was much attached. The indefatigable M. Gros offered to be their cavalier. He left at once, and soon brought, not only these two ladies, but the Countess de Subserra and her daughter and son-in-law; they had the happiness of meeting the Count, who had quickly left the frigate, laid aside his assumed name of Theodore Martin, and come to do homage to his King.

His Majesty signed an order for the release of the prisoners at Péniche and the Fort, and the pleasant task fell to the Marquis de Loulé of delivering his sister and her husband.

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[1] Fradique Lopès de Souza Alvim e Lemos married his cousin Maria Mancia, adopted daughter of the Count de Subserra—After the death of M. Lopès de Souza, this lady married Saint Léger de Larue.

I received from the King, and his charming daughters, a touching mark of gratitude for what they called my 'courage' in going out to them; the Princess Isabella-Maria took off her bracelet and clasped it round my wrist. M. de Palmella sought refuge on the *Windsor Castle*, and Lord Beresford, and several persons of the Court, arrived about the same time.

[M. Hyde de Neuville resumes the narrative.]

Two orders were given by the King: the first, dated from Bemposta, deprived the Prince of the command of the army; the second, required him to join the King at once. It is only fair to say, that the Infante had already set out to go to his father when the first order reached him.

Arrived on board, he threw himself at his feet, exclaiming: 'Ah! My Father! I would have hastened to you, if I had been at the other end of the world.'

The King withdrew, without making any reply; the Princesses did the same, and the young Prince remained, bathed in tears, closely guarded.

It was not until an hour later, that the King consented to see him. The Infante acknowledged his guilt, and blamed his councillors for having dragged him into the abyss. When the King told him that the purpose of the conspirators had been to dethrone, and perhaps kill him, the young Prince exclaimed with deep feeling: 'My Father, if that misfortune had happened, I would have plunged a knife into my heart.'

His Majesty, at once, sent an order to the officers no longer to obey the Infante under pain of being regarded as rebels. A Proclamation to the Portuguese nation was drawn up, to be promulgated on the following day; and I succeeded in obtaining an Order for the immediate release of the prisoners; it had been proposed to defer the issue of the Order for a few days.

The Commissioner of Police, appointed by the King, was retained, and he was directed to take immediate steps for the arrest of the Marquis d' Abrantès, and other of the Prince's advisers.

M. de Palmella objected to the return of M. de Subserra to the Ministry, and almost to his presence near the King. An animated scene took place before His Majesty, but I intervened, and everything was restored to the position which had subsisted before the 30th April. The peace of Lisbon had never been for a moment disturbed.[1]

The King showed his gratitude by asking me to remain with him and by conferring on me the title of Count of Bemposta, the name of the Royal residence to which the Ambassadors had come on the 30th April to stem the torrent of the Revolution.

His Majesty expressed his great regret that the *Santi Petri* had not arrived, the Prince having declared his willingness to go to France on board a French vessel, but absolutely refusing to embark on one belonging to England. The Portuguese frigate, *The Pearl*, received orders to convey the Infante to Brest,[2] and Baron Gros had the honour of attending him.

. . . .

At last, on the 16th May the long looked for *Santi Petri* entered the roadstead, Rear-Admiral Baron des Rotours being in command. The conduct of M. des Rotours before Cadiz is deserving of all praise. Deprived of the necessaries for a long siege, and harassed by the complaints of the army on land at his delay, it is impossible to speak too highly of his prudence in avoiding the difficulties arising from the near neighbourhood of the English fleet. With a self-denial which did not meet with sufficient acknowledgement in the hour of victory, he shared the glory of the capture of Cadiz with General Hamelin. M. des Rotours well deserved that the King should change the name of his flag-ship the *Centaur*, to that of the *Santi Petri*, that is to say, the name of the fort that had first yielded to the efforts of our navy.

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[1] In a letter to M. de Chateaubriand, M. Hyde de Neuville relates that the King had returned to his capital and been welcomed with enthusiasm. This letter contains reference to events of 16th May so it must have been finished after that date [Tr.].

[2] He sailed at four o'clock on the 13th May [Tr.].

His Majesty desired to visit this ship, by way of making it clear, that only the absence of the French fleet had led him to seek, under the English flag, the protection he would have wished to owe to the two nations . . . I therefore invited him to a fête on the 26th May, on board the *Santi Petri*.

[Madame Hyde de Neuville describes this fête.]

You would have thought we had a magic wand if you had seen the formidable *Santi Petri*, which had been bristling with cannon on the evening of the 22nd, now only four days later, transformed into a fairy palace . . . Imagine this fine ship illuminated with two thousand lanterns . . . a great ball-room draped with white and adorned with the arms of Portugal, and with garlands of roses, lilies and laurel . . . .

The King and the Princesses arrived at seven o'clock. After having bowed graciously to the assembly, His Majesty retired to a state-room and talked for a long time to the Ambassador and the Admiral. Afterwards he received all the members of the Diplomatic Corps, and then came, and sat down on the throne to receive the homage of his subjects, according to custom.

After all had kissed his hand, the ball began, opened by the French Ambassador and the Duchess de Foëns.

At midnight, the King had supper . . . and after this, the ladies' supper took place, at which I presided. We drank the health of His Most Faithful Majesty, and at this moment, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired from the *Windsor Castle*, the Captain having kindly offered to supply the salute, which could not be given from the *Santi Petri* on account of the illuminations.

I must not omit a pleasing detail. Between the King's supper and that of the ladies, a rocket, which went off too soon, gave the impression, on board the *Windsor Castle*, that the King's health was being drunk, and at once, the sound of cannon was heard. As no one expected it, the ladies were startled, and the Princess Isabella-Maria received a nervous shock, which cured her suddenly of a severe pain that had obliged her to keep her arm in a sling. It was a case of good coming out of evil !

The supper, to which more than six hundred persons sat down in turn, lasted until the morning. The King withdrew at four o'clock.

I should add, that whilst we were on board the *Santi Petri*, three or four hundred marines were entertained at our house, as there was no room for them on the ship. They danced, and had supper in our garden, which they also illuminated, as we could see from the vessel.

CHAPTER XVI

'WHAT SHOULD BE DONE WITH THE QUEEN?'

Council called together by M. de Palmella.—What shall be done with the Queen?—The Queen commands the presence of M. Hyde de Neuville.—Interview at Caylus.—The Archbishop of Evora conveys the King's Order to the Queen.—She refuses to leave the country.—The King's letter to her.—Lord Beresford returns to England.—Chateaubriand succeeded by the Baron de Damas as Minister of Foreign Affairs.—Death of Louis XVIII.—M. Hyde de Neuville is given leave of absence.—Regret of the King of Portugal.

THE urgency of certain measures was so evident, that the Marquis de Palmella called together the Spanish Ambassador, the British Minister, the Russian Chargé d' Affaires, and myself. The Count de Subserra, who was present, informed us that M. de Palmella would submit to us, one by one, the various points on which the King desired our opinion. M. de Palmella then made a very clear statement, and paused at the question: 'What should be done with the Queen?'

Everyone agreed that if it were possible to send her away, this was the course that the King should take.

I maintained, that the Queen was but a secondary danger, and that it was the Infante who ought especially to be kept away from the country; that we must not deceive ourselves into thinking it would be possible to detain the young Prince long in France, if he took it into his head to return to Portugal; that he was a most difficult man to keep under surveillance, because he was not to be deterred by anything in the way of danger or fatigue.

It was decided, however, that the Archbishop of Evora, who on this occasion would act reluctantly, but would not dare to refuse, and a Member of the Council of State, should proceed to Caylus, to inform Her Majesty of the King's Order that she should withdraw at once to Madeira, or to some other place out of Portugal. Should she refuse, the King's Order, drawn up in the most dignified and considerate terms, was to be made known to her. Should she still refuse, the Order was to be published, and the Queen, a rebel against the commands of her King and husband, should be detained prisoner at Caylus until she were willing to obey.

Thus, without any violence being done, the Queen would only have added to her misdeeds; the dignity of the Royal authority would be unimpaired, not having yielded in any way; and the Queen would only be imprisoned as long as she chose, being free, at any time, to leave the Kingdom, and live in Madeira in accordance with her rank.

. . . .

The Queen, shut up in Caylus, had, as I have said, been ordered not to appear any more at Court. Until an answer was received from Spain, it was uncertain whether she would leave the Kingdom or not.

Keeping her bed, and giving out that she was very ill, she carried her unreasonableness to the point of accusing her husband of being the leader of the secret societies; she did not spare the Nuncio, and I wonder she did not charge the Ambassadors of France and Spain with being Jacobins.

At last, the reply came from Spain. His Catholic Majesty strongly urged his sister to leave Portugal, and travel in Italy.

The Queen refused three times to receive the Spanish Ambassador, the Duc de Villa Hermosa, who, as *Ambassadeur de Famille*, had the right to present himself without requesting permission. Great was my surprise, at this juncture, to receive from Her Majesty's Secretary a command to attend a private audience at Caylus, on the day but one following.

I knew well the curiosity and astonishment that the announcement of such a favour—if favour it were—would excite, so I resolved to keep it secret, except from the Count de Subserra, whom I asked to inform the King.

The strict etiquette of the Court of Portugal rendered it out of the question for me to decline such an appointment.

I made up my mind, not to conceal from the Queen my feeling with regard to the present situation, if she should refer to it; my course was to be silent, if she did not call for an explanation.

Thus, I went to Caylus, greatly puzzled as to why I was going there.

After having been shown into an ante-room, where I found the First Maid of Honour, the Marquise de Lumiarès, who, it will be remembered, had received us—my wife and myself—on our first presentation, I was conducted almost immediately to a large and very dimly-lighted room; at the far end, sunk among a heap of pillows or dark coverlets, on a bed or reclining chair, an olive face was almost lost from sight.

Two sparks only were emitted from eyes which gazed earnestly upon me. It was the Queen.

She welcomed me in a few sentences in French, evidently learned for an occasion of the kind. I replied in very similar words.

Then, raising herself on her elbow, the Queen addressed me in Portuguese with extreme volubility, intermingling her words with so many lamentations and interjections, that I had a very vague idea of her meaning.

From every point of view it was necessary that my reply should be extremely guarded. As the Ambassador of a Foreign Power, I could not pledge my Court, or incur any responsibility on its behalf, with regard to a matter which concerned only the Royal Family; the King having recovered his full authority, in appearance at least, if not in fact.

The Marquise de Lumiarès, who was present, did not speak a word of French. The Queen, guessing from my hesitation that I only half understood her, said a few words to her Maid of Honour, among which I caught the name Leonara. I, at once, concluded it was a question of an interpreter, who appeared presently, under the form of a charming young girl.

The Queen began again to speak in the same tone of distress.

'Her Majesty wishes your Excellency fully to understand,' said the Señora Leonara, 'that she is grateful for the support which the Diplomatic Corps gave to the King at a critical time. She was most anxious to thank the French Ambassador in person. She hopes he will kindly bear witness, that it is nothing but her deplorable state of health, joined to the trials that she has undergone, that prevents her complying with the King's desire that she should leave Portugal.'

I entered into the spirit of the comedy to which I had been invited, and replied:

'It rests with Your Majesty to judge of the decision you take, and of the consequences that may result. The eyes of Europe are fastened upon the recent events, which nearly brought about the fall of the throne; while deploring these events, Europe knows how to distinguish the authors of the odious conspiracy, as well as to admire the magnanimity of the King. The Queen must feel the force of this, when she reflects that the Infante Dom Miguel, on leaving the country for a time, will receive from the Most Christian King and his family, the welcome that is due to a young Prince, who is not so much guilty, as led astray by evil counsel.'

'Yes,' replied the Queen, extending to me a very beautiful hand. I kissed it, as I took my leave.

I withdrew, followed by the aged Maid of Honour, and the young girl, upon whose lips I had noticed a smile hover more than once during our conversation.

As there was no danger of our being overheard, I congratulated her on the charming help she had given, and added: 'May I venture to ask what were the words Her Majesty used, more than once, while I was speaking to her?'

'Ought I to tell you?' replied the young girl blushing, 'but they were expressly intended for you. "An honest man! An honest man! but in league with rogues!"'

It was with difficulty that I repressed a burst of laughter as the door closed upon my young interpreter.

This incident passed almost unnoticed in Lisbon, where all minds were still preoccupied with the recent dangers, and unable to pay attention to an event which presaged the result of the pending negotiations.

The mission of the Archbishop of Evora failed. The Queen refused to comply with the advice of her brother, and the Order of her King and husband.

This refusal had been foreseen, but it became necessary,—especially after the appeal to His Most Catholic Majesty,—that the King should make a statement,[1] and justify, beforehand, in the eyes of Europe, the measures that might be called for by the conduct of the Queen. . .

Her Majesty did not yield. To all these steps, derogatory to the dignity of the King, she opposed the force of inertia, alleging as a pretext her bad health. There was an iron will in this little woman.

What I regarded as of especial importance was to avoid giving any impression of persecution; it was evident that she wished to pose before Europe as a martyr Queen.

. . . .

As the influence of France in Portugal increased, England became more and more irritated. Lord Beresford, who had been so openly mixed up with the recent events, could no longer remain at Lisbon. Sir Edward Thornton, the English Ambassador, at one of those meetings of the Council to which the Diplomatic Corps were invited, announced that Lord Beresford was about to leave ; but England delayed to recall him, and the Court of Portugal durst not send him away. At last, on the 18th July, he embarked for England. The King withdrew to his private apartments to avoid seeing him ; he refused, three times, to see Lord Beresford, but had not courage to declare positively that he must leave his dominions.

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[1] M. Hyde de Neuville quotes this letter of John VI to the Queen in full. It is dated from Bemposta, 22nd June 1824. [Tr.]

Soon, Sir Edward Thornton fell into disfavour with his government, both on account of the goodwill which he had shown to the French Ambassador on this occasion, and of the co-operation of the French and English diplomatists on the 30th April.

[On the same date as the letter of John VI to the Queen, the Viscount de Chateaubriand wrote to M. Hyde de Neuville informing him that he had been deprived of the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs. After an interval of two months, during which time the portfolio was held by the President of the Council, M. de Villèle, the Baron de Damas, was appointed Foreign Minister, on the 4th August. On the 16th September, Louis XVIII died, and on the 20th, M. de Villèle wrote to M. Hyde de Neuville, giving him permission to return to France for a time.[1]]

The time was drawing near when I was to leave Portugal. Although I had lost none of my interest in the country, I felt that, as a Royalist and a Deputy, my place was in France during the forthcoming Parliamentary debates.

It was with much regret that I parted from the public men I had known at Lisbon, and especially from one to whom I was attached more closely than is usual in the diplomatic career. While rendering full justice to the talents and high qualities of the Marquis de Palmella, I desire, as a friend and an Ambassador, to portray in a few lines the character of the man with whom I had the most intimate relations, and from whom I was never separated by the least difference of opinion.[1] The Count de Subserra was one of those who knew Portugal the best, and could see most clearly the degree of liberty that she was at this time able to bear. He has been accused of reactionary ideas. His thorough knowledge of European forms of government, acquired during a long residence in France, had given him an intelligent appreciation of the tendencies of the age : but, in the interests of his country, he desired to adapt them to the manners, customs, and modes of thought prevailing in Portugal.

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[1] . . . 'You have asked leave to come back, come. We shall not take any definite steps with regard to Portugal until we have seen you. . . .' M. Hyde de Neuville remarks with reference to this letter : 'Although so many years ago, I cannot read without emotion one of the last intimate letters written to me by M. de Villèle, and still couched in the most conciliatory terms. The divergence of opinion which separated us, was due solely to my conviction that the policy of M. de Villèle was disastrous, and would inevitably lead to the fall of the Monarchy.' [Tr.]

Before I left Lisbon, the Count de Subserra asked me to draw up for the King a memorandum on the political situation. I hesitated, as such intervention seemed beyond the limits of the duties assigned to me by my Government. M. de Subserra assured me, that the step would have no official character, and the memorandum would be presented to the King merely as the private testimony of a friend, devoted to the Monarchy and to Portugal. As M. de Subserra said the statement might be of great service to him, I consented.[2]

When I took leave of the King, he deigned to say that he attached great importance to my observations : 'You will find proofs of my appreciation of them when you return to Portugal, as I hope you will.' There is no doubt that, at the time, the King was full of trust and good faith ; but his feeble character, liable to be shaken by the least opposition, was destined to yield to the Ministers who obtained ascendancy after I had gone.[1]

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[1] M. Hyde de Neuville speaks of his great satisfaction when a few years later his family became united to that of the Count by the marriage of his nephew, Saint-Léger de Larue, to the daughter of the Countess de Subserra. [Tr.].

[2] This letter to the King dated 25th December 1824 is given in full in the *Mémoires*. [Tr.].

All political life seemed now extinct in Lisbon; the unusually hot season had dispersed the inhabitants.

Reverting to the last days I spent there, I recognise the truth of what La Rochefoucauld said, that we are never where we are, 'we are always further on.' The *further on* which absorbed my attention was my return to France, and yet I was leaving a terrible ferment of discord behind me. The new English Ambassador, Mr A' Court, had revived the project of overthrowing the Prime Minister of Portugal, and I had reason to dread the triumph of the policy I had fought against; my fears were only too quickly justified.

The arrival of the *Armida* cut short this difficult situation. M. de Villaret-Joyeuse, who commanded the vessel, had received orders from the Minister to return to Brest without delay. It took us but a few days to complete our preparations, and on Tuesday the 4th January we were escorted to our carriage, and afterwards to the banks of the Tagus, by the Marquis de Palmella. There, we found some members of the Diplomatic Corps, and the Staff of the Embassy headed by M. de Merona, the Chargé d' Affaires.

At this time, I looked forward to returning to my post after taking part in the session of the Chamber, but another destiny awaited me, and my farewell to the beautiful banks of the Tagus was to be forever.

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[1] 'I had received a private letter from the King, John VI, full of the kindly feeling he had always shown towards me.' This letter is dated some months earlier, 12th May 1824, in it the King expresses his hope that M. Hyde de Neuville would defer his departure as long as possible. [Tr.]

CHAPTER XVII

THE CORONATION OF CHARLES X

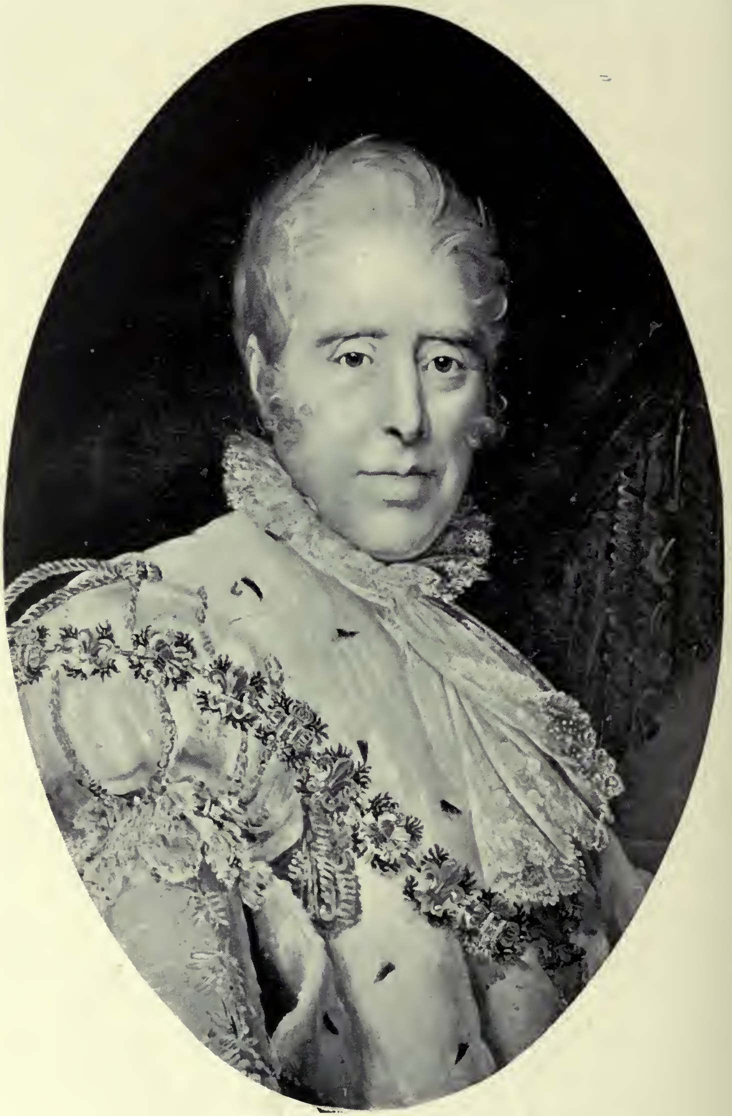
Return of M. Hyde de Neuville to France.—Interview with M. de Chateaubriand.—The Coronation.—'Little Emily.'—Chapter of the Royal Orders.—Court Ball.—M. Hyde de Neuville is received in private Audience.—Letter from the Baron de Damas announcing that the Embassy to Portugal is suppressed.—Sympathy with M. Hyde de Neuville.—He retires to Versailles.—After three months he returns to Paris, to the Faubourg du Roule.—The Marquise de Vence and Charles X.—Restrictions on the Press.—Disturbances in Paris.—The Duchesse de Berry.—Disbandment of the National Guard—M. Hyde de Neuville's name struck off the list of Ambassadors in *non-activité*.

I COULD not help feeling that a grave responsibility was about to fall upon me, that of taking part with one, or other, of the two eminent men, who were being led further and further apart by divergence of opinion . . . .

If the intensity of the struggle had not kept me away from France, I owe it to the deep conviction that the course I was taking was the best, and that it would have been a crime to forsake the firm ground of the Charter, granted by the King. To conciliate interests, while defending principles ought to have been the part of every loyal Deputy. Why did the King's Ministers, taken from among our ranks, deviate from this rule ?

The work of M. de Villèle,—I will not say a great work, but a necessary one,—might have been directed to a good end, if he had frankly accepted the consequences of Constitutional Government, and drawn more closely together, instead of slackening, the ties which bound the country to the Bourbon rule.

Remembering the consideration shown to me at various times by M. de Villèle, I shall, perhaps, be



Neurdein, photo.

CHARLES X.
By Gérard (Louvre).

charged with ingratitude. My answer is, that in following the line marked out by M. de Chateaubriand, I acted less from friendship than from conviction.

When I returned to France, I still hoped that the Royalists, as a party, would urge the Ministry to remedy any defects there might be in our institutions, without departing from the principles upon which our system of government rested.

My first visit, on arriving in Paris, was to M. de Chateaubriand. He was alone. We looked at one another with deep emotion ; I held out my hand, and he greeted me affectionately.

'My dear Hyde,' he said, 'are you come to witness the fall of a throne ?'

'No,' I answered, 'but to consult with you as to how it may, and should, be strengthened. I am come to conciliate, if conciliation be still possible.'

We had a long conversation, the drift of which may be gathered from these opening words.

. . . .

The Coronation of the King brought a truce to Parliamentary warfare . . . .

Ever since his accession to the throne, Charles X had been resolved that his Royal power should receive the religious sanction that had been given to his predecessors. After the matter had been discussed in Council, he wished the members of his family to give their unanimous adhesion . . . The Dauphin, a fervent Christian and dutiful son, bowed respectfully before his father's will. The Duchesse de Berry, whose Neapolitan faith was joined to her tenderness as a mother, saw another halo of glory surrounding her son's head in the future. Only the Dauphiness sought to hide her emotion out of respect for the King, but her face was bathed with tears. The fanatics who have frequently alleged that Louis XVII had not died in the Temple, have sought, in this incident, a proof of his existence and right to the throne. Nothing is more absurd. Both the Duchesse de Damas and the Duchesse de Gontaut, who honoured me with their friendship, have repeatedly told me that the Duchesse d' Angoulême rarely spoke of her father and mother,—the memory was a sorrow which her great soul could hardly bear; but she would enlarge upon the sufferings, and consequent death, of the young Prince, with a bitterness which seemed to seek for outlet. What more natural, than that the splendours she had seen at Versailles, the Coronation which could not save the Monarchy from the terrible catastrophe of '93, should be a painful memory to her?

Everything was arranged with the most perfect order, and did honour to the Marquis de Dreux-Brézé, Grand Master of the Ceremonies, and the Prince de Croy, Grand Almoner.

The selection of those who were to form part of the Court, and consequently to have apartments assigned to them at Rheims, and seats at all the Ceremonies, presented some difficulty. As Ambassador at a Foreign Court—my presence in France being regarded as leave of absence—I was deprived of any right to these privileges.

The Chamber of Deputies sent twenty-five of its members, chosen by lot, headed by the President, M. Ravez; the same advantages were also shared by one hundred and ten members under the title of *invited deputies*. I was among the number, and I set out with my brother, whose duties as a member of the King's Household, called him to Rheims. . . . Notwithstanding the excellent organisation, it is impossible to give an idea of the arrival at Rheims of the persons who were to be present at the Coronation. Ticket in hand, each one sought the apartments assigned to him; and the difficulty of finding them, led to more than one mistake, through the hosts and guests not knowing one another; all this was a source of great amusement to the public.

An accident, which might have had the gravest consequences occurred on the hill going down to Fismes where the King was to meet the Royal Princes. As the batteries of artillery stationed in the valley fired, the horses of the carriage containing the Dukes d'Aumont and de Damas, and the Counts de Cossé and Curial, took fright. The carriage was smashed, Count Curial broke his collar-bone, and the Duc de Damas was seriously injured; they were both placed under the care of Baron Dupuytren, the First Surgeon to the King.

His Majesty himself had been in danger; his horses bolted, and it was only with extreme difficulty that they were brought under control.

The King was greatly distressed about the Duc de Damas and Count Curial; and refused to go further, until he had been assured that their injuries were not dangerous.

M. Louis Thierry gave me hospitality, and I shared with my brother a very narrow room, which scarcely admitted of our putting on our uniform to go to the Cathedral for the Coronation Ceremony. Owing to my usual unpunctuality, I was late in beginning to dress, and matters were becoming alarmingly complicated, when a servant came to say that a lady wished to speak to me, and handed me a card, bearing a name that I did not know. I answered, that it was impossible for me to see her so near the time fixed for the Ceremony; and I left the house a few minutes later.

On arriving at the Cathedral, I found myself in the midst of my colleagues, and the ushers of the Chamber, acting in concert with a Master of the Ceremonies, directed us to the left of the Nave, while the peers were on the right. Above us, approached by some steps, was a gallery of ladies in full court dress, with long trains. We were patiently awaiting our names to be called, in order that we might be shown our seats, when a hand was laid on my shoulder. I turned, and saw a tall, handsome young lady, an absolute stranger to me.

'As a favour, Monsieur, be so kind as to find a seat for me.'

'Alas! Madame, it is not in my power to gratify you.'

'Oh! You will not refuse me; I am little Emily.'

The name conveyed no idea to me.

'Do you not remember Mlle. Darcy.'

I stammered an excuse, repeating that my memory was at fault. The conversation had drawn upon us the notice of several of the Deputies standing near. In a voice broken with emotion, she continued:

'What! You do not remember Mlle. Darcy, at whose house Charles Loiseau tried to rescue Sir Sydney Smith and M. de Tromelin from the Temple? I am her niece, the little Emily who used to beat the drum, to distract the attention of the warders from the sound of your work.'

'Oh! Heavens! What a recollection at such a moment! I will not forsake you, Madame,' I exclaimed, taking both her hands. 'Come quickly up these steps.'

The incident spread from mouth to mouth. The ladies in the gallery drew closer together, and made room for the young lady in their midst. They took off her hat, and hid her behind a column, covered with the long trains of those around her. I was assisted in this rather daring feat by some friends, who, as luck would have it, were seated not far from us—the Marquise de Rochemore and her daughter, Constance d'Argence, and Isabelle de Courval, daughter of the Maréchale Moreau.

During my short stay in Rheims I saw 'little Emily' several times. She was married to a rich merchant in the neighbourhood.

The anecdote made a sensation among the visitors at Rheims, and I was able to offer to Madame Restour a beautiful Coronation medal, given to me for her by the Minister of the Interior. I caused a souvenir of the Temple to be engraved upon it.

On the day following the Coronation, the King held a Chapter of the Royal Orders, in the presence of a great number of people.

A little incident caused some merriment. The newly appointed Knights of the Holy Ghost were called upon to take the Oath, placing their hands between those of the King. They advanced in two lines, the heralds announcing the name of each member of the Order, first to the Dauphin, and then to the King.

By a curious coincidence, the Count de Villèle and the Viscount de Chateaubriand reached the foot of the throne together. In a low voice, His Majesty addresses a few kind words to each. Taking off his glove, he holds out his hand to M. de Chateaubriand, remarking: 'A cat in gloves[1] catches no mice.' Chateaubriand does not hear what the King says; and rises with that contraction of the features, which results from a confused sense of having taken part in a laughable scene without knowing what the laughter is about.

[In her diary, Mme. Hyde de Neuville describes the brilliant fêtes on this occasion.]

Fêtes followed one another rapidly, and seemed to lose none of their animation, in spite of the great heat which lasted three or four days. It was truly a summer Carnival, and a most brilliant one.

On the Monday, tired as I was, I was obliged to go to the grand Court Ball; where, I confess, I was compensated by the magnificence of the dresses, the beauty of the scene, and the opportunity of seeing close at hand the King and the Royal family, especially our dear Dauphiness.

Out of consideration for the dancers, she came close to where I was, to ask one of her ladies, Mme. de Vaudreuil, whom my husband used to know in England, to unfasten her train for her. I helped to render this little service to Madame, who thanked us with her usual kindness, adding:

'I do not dance; but I find a train very heavy. I am really sorry for the dancers; and wish, by my example, to leave them free to divest themselves of this useless weight.'

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[1] The French equivalent to 'puss in boots.' [Tr.]

After the Dauphiness had left us, we folded up her train which was rich and beautiful, like all her attire. I remarked that I remembered the fêtes that celebrated her birth; and this event proved also to be one of Madame de Vaudreuil's earliest recollections. Thus, although strangers to one another, we were united by the same feelings of love and admiration for Madame.

[We resume the narrative of M. Hyde de Neuville.]

On the 28th June, I had the private Audience usually granted to an Ambassador on leave of absence.

In the course of a long conversation, I was able to explain frankly my conduct as a Diplomat and as a Deputy. The first was praised with a warmth which veiled the difficulty of expressing approval of the second. As a kind word was ever on the lips of Charles X, he said: 'I know you always act from conscientious motives'; then plunging into the burning question, he added: 'You will share in the indemnity granted to the émigrés.'

'No, Sire, I never left France except by Your Majesty's orders, and on Your service.'

The King replied: 'That is true; I do not forget it. I know, my dear Hyde de Neuville, all you have done in our cause.'

I never saw the King again until the day I entered his Council. It is due to him to say, that, notwithstanding the great sacrifices I made, in order to follow the course which seemed to me the best, and of which the King no doubt disapproved, he never spoke to me except with good-will and affection.

A few days later, I received a letter which I was far from expecting after the reception accorded me by the King. On the 3rd July, the Baron de Damas wrote, informing me, without any explanation or apology, that the Embassy to Portugal was suppressed, and that I was placed *en disponibilité*.'[1]

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[1] On the list of Ambassadors at the disposal of the Government for other Diplomatic missions. [Tr.]

The first person whom I informed of this measure was M. de Chateaubriand, to whom I wrote :

'*3rd July* 1825

'MY NOBLE FRIEND,

'You wrote to tell me you had left the Ministry ; in my turn, I announce to you that I am no longer Ambassador.

'They have attacked me because I took your side. So much the better ; it will bind us more closely together in friendship. May God be praised, and the King blessed ! The King can do no wrong.[1]

'Yours ever,

'HYDE DE NEUVILLE.'

Chateaubriand wished to write an article denouncing the measure. I stopped him with the following lines :

'*4th July* 1825

'MY NOBLE FRIEND,

'A thousand thanks, but I send you the letter which was written to me. You will see there would be an answer to the article. I am *en disponibilité* ; certainly I do not deceive myself. I know what my faults are. I am proud, very proud, of them. But I do not wish to forge weapons against myself, and you will agree with me. I do not trouble about the Ministers ; it is the King I look at, and above all, the interests of his crown. Do not let us endanger it.

'Let the newspapers say what they will ; I ought not to take any part. . . . Mr Canning said, I was too good a Frenchman in Portugal. Let us show that he was right. I am not so strong as you, and must have better armour, and act on the defensive.'

A voice that often found its way to my heart, spoke at the same time as Chateaubriand :

'I have heard nothing officially, for I never see the Baron de Damas ; but the rumour has reached me, and

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[1] M. Hyde de Neuville wrote these last words in English. [Tr.]

I believe it, because I dreaded it. Come and see me as soon, and as often, as you can. Loss of favour will only attach me more closely to you, if it be possible to add to the deep and affectionate feelings with which I have long regarded you.

'Confess now, that I was right in wishing you not to come to Paris, or to be a Deputy. . . .

'RICHELIEU-MONTCALM.'

These letters softened the bitterness I had felt at first. My Royalist convictions had been shaken with astonishment, I, at variance with the Government chosen by the King !

The papers that supported the Cabinet abstained from any attack upon me personally, or upon my well-known opinions ; it was the Embassy that was withdrawn from Lisbon, the post, not the man, that was suppressed. The organs of the Opposition thundered, as might be expected . . . I felt that all discussion on the subject was undignified, and uncalled for ; as a matter of fact, a Minister has always the right to change his agents.

Fearing that I might be thought to encourage the outcry, I left Paris and joined my brother at Versailles.

The month of March of this year, 1826, was saddened for me by two deaths, that of the Duc Mathieu de Montmorency, and that of the good King of Portugal, John VI. The news of his death was communicated to us by a letter from the Countess de Sobral, who told us the King had remembered with sorrow the anniversary of the departure of the French Ambassador. Grief had shortened the days of this Monarch, a model of all gentle virtues, whose life had been embittered by those who were especially bound in duty to give him happiness.

I spent three months with my brother at Versailles, occupied most earnestly with the education of my three nieces.[1] I then returned to Paris in order to be nearer the Chamber, and bought a house in the Faubourg-du-Roule ; the remoteness of this quarter, which at that time was almost outside Paris, rendered the neighbourhood more select and pleasant. I let the first floor to an intimate friend of my sister-in-law, the Marquise de Vence ; and it was not long before I discovered the high intellectual qualities of this lady.

She had a great admiration for Chateaubriand ; not the worship that some women carried so far, that their names became associated with his in the memory of their contemporaries, but a dignified and tactful admiration. She did not know Chateaubriand personally, but was able to dispel prejudices against him among the King's friends. At one of those receptions called *Le Jeu du Roi*, Charles X detained her, with his usual charming manners when talking to women. The conversation turned upon some of the guests, and Madame de Vence discussed their merits and defects with animation.

'As I mentioned M. de Chateaubriand,' she related to me the next day, 'I noticed a cloud come over the King's face. I took my courage in both hands, and added, I regretted, that a man of such ability, and such influence over the Royalists, should be regarded as out of favour. The King smiled at my boldness : "Then he is a great friend of yours ?" he asked. "By no means, Sire," I replied "M. de Chateaubriand has never spoken a word to me." The King left me, and I went to the other end of the room to tell the Duchesse de Gontaut of this conversation. She praised me saying : "I have done the same, not so much from absolute confidence in the views of the Viscount de Chateaubriand, as from my admiration for his talent, and, above all, on account of the danger of keeping such a man in opposition. But, be well assured, the King will not take him back into the Ministry." '[1]

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[1] Marie the eldest, was most amiable and beautiful ; she was present with her sisters at a children's ball given by the Duchesse de Berry. The Princess deigned to remember me, and told my sister-in-law she would not forget her. These simple words did me good in the midst of the grave events of my Parliamentary life. (Note by M. Hyde de Neuville.)

. . . . . .

The exasperation aroused in the country by the measure dealing with the Press, the violent attack upon it in the Chamber of Deputies, and the cold reception which it received in the Chamber of Peers, led M. de Villèle to withdraw it. This was an amazing act on the part of such a man as de Villèle. His determination to remain in power under such circumstances, was unconstitutional to the last degree. He ought to have braved defeat, and, once the vote was given, to have resigned. The dissolution of the Chamber at this juncture would have been dangerous; but the effect on the future would have been less harmful than the course that was adopted.

In the evening of the 17th April, the day when this impolitic step was taken, an incident occurred which I learned on the best authority.

The Duchesse de Berry awakened by the shouts in front of the residence of the Minister of Finance which was near the pavilion Marsan, was terrified, sprang out of bed, and ran, alone, and scantily clad, to her son's room; at the sound of her cries, the Prince's tutor, the Duc de Rivière, opened the door. He had heard nothing of the tumult in the streets, and was sleeping quietly near his pupil. Seized with alarm, he caught the Princess in his arms, just as she was falling exhausted, moaning amid her sobs : ‘ My son, my son ! ’

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[1] M. Hyde de Neuville, having related this incident to Chateaubriand, received the following reply:

'PARIS, 17*th August* 1826

'. . . . This lady has too good an opinion of me. If I have suffered at the hands of men, who has not so suffered? What is the little persecution that has fallen upon me, compared with the dangers of your whole life!

Besides, many of the reproaches brought against me are just. Have I amended as I have grown older? I hope so. It would be sad to have white hair for nothing.

Thank this generous lady on my behalf; she does good to me, without my knowing it, like Providence. . . .'

This scene had the saddest effect upon the already shattered health of the Duc de Rivière ; he fell ill soon after, and lingered, with no other consolations than those of religion, and the affection lavished upon him by the King. He died in 1828. It is easy to imagine my grief at the loss of one who had for so many years shared my perils in the service of the Bourbons.

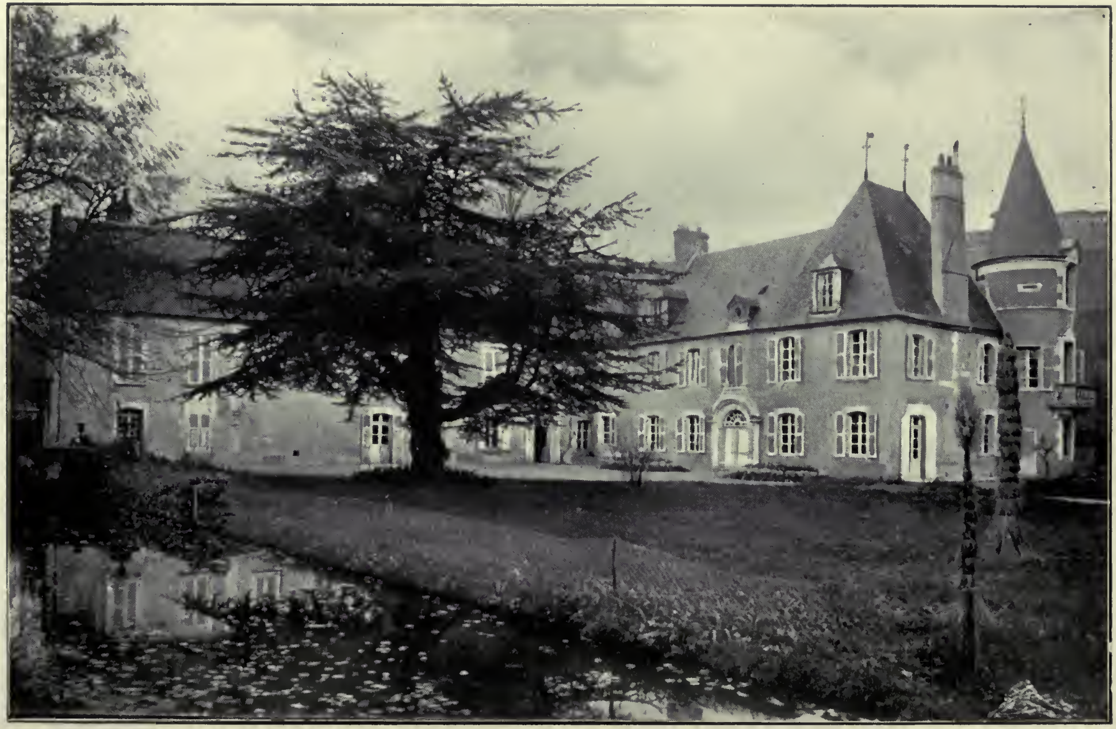
A partial Review of the National Guard had taken place in the court-yard of the Tuileries on the 16th April. The King, who had been well received, was persuaded by the Duc de Reggio, who was in command, to fix the 29th April for a General Review. His Majesty had not realised the possible consequences. They did not escape M. de Villèle, but it was impossible to go back on the decision. Chateaubriand in a letter to the King, which was shown to me, pointed out the danger to the throne. On this occasion, he stood forth as the true servant of the Monarchy, and if we consider at what a distance he had been kept by the Court of Charles X, it is impossible not to admire his magnanimity.

Let us briefly relate what happened on the Champ de Mars. The King who had been distressed by shouts of ‘ Long live the Charter,’ mingled with those of ‘ Long live the King,’ recovered his usual gracious manner after the unanimous cheers of a few legions. When, however, the Princesses passed, the most violent and hostile tumult broke out, and was continued under the windows of the residence of the Minister of Finance. ‘ Down with the Ministers,’ resounded on all sides until nightfall.

M. de Villèle’s obstinate resolve to remain at the head of the Cabinet was unshaken. He suggested to the King to disband the National Guard, in spite of the kind words His Majesty had addressed to the Duc de Reggio. Charles X, with his usual affability, was inclined to put down the shouts to the account of a few hot-headed men. Still, the measure of disbandment was taken, and among the Ministers, the Duc de Doudeauville and M. de Chabrol alone resigned; they would not take the responsibility of such an act.

I had been absent for a few days in Berry, and returned on the very day the National Guard was disbanded. I was deeply moved by the thought of the consequences which I foresaw. . . . These great events were quickly followed by secondary measures. One, which I had expected, was announced to me by Baron de Damas himself, to whose lot it fell twice to inform me of the Royal disfavour. I was struck off the list of Ambassadors *en disponibilité.* This step was the natural consequence of my opposition. I had nothing to say against it. It shocked my friends, but my calmness increased, as their anger rose. Certainly, I was made for persecution. But, although resolved to utter no word of complaint myself, I was defended by the leaders of the two parties of the Opposition—Chateaubriand, and Benjamin Constant.

I received numerous other marks of sympathy; those which touched me deeply, were from Portugal. What I most regretted was the withdrawal of the Embassy from Portugal. France would now lose the position that I had sought to give her in that country, so ready to extend the hand of friendship to us.



Berthaud frères.

CHÂTEAU DE LESTANG.

(Showing the Cedar planted by M. de Chateaubriand.)

CHAPTER XVIII

THE MARTIGNAC MINISTRY

BARON HYDE DE NEUVILLE MINISTER OF MARINE

Double Election of Baron Hyde de Neuville.—M. de Chabrol attempts to form a Ministry.—Project of MM. Berryer and Michaud.—Reconciliation between Charles X and the Count de la Ferronnays.—Martignac.—Ministry formed.—M. Hyde de Neuville replaced on the list of Ambassadors in *non-activity*.—Weakness of the Cabinet.—Ministry of Marine offered to M. de Chateaubriand.—He declines it, and suggests M. Hyde de Neuville.—M. Hyde de Neuville seeks the assistance of the Duc de Rivière and of the Duchesse de Gontaut in obtaining the King's sanction.—He accepts the Ministry of Marine.—Accident to Mme. Hyde de Neuville.—Interview with Prince de Talleyrand.

I NEEDED rest after the excitement of the Parliamentary struggle, and returned to Lestang, my humble Castle in Berry, delighted to be once more among my vines. The peace of country life was somewhat problematical, as I was so near my constituency, but I was consoled by receiving many expressions of sympathy under the persecution I had suffered. . . .

I occupied myself in preparing my Election Address, being firmly resolved to break entirely with the exaggerations usual in political warfare. . . .

While at Nevers, I received news of my election at Mayenne, and I regarded this double success—for I won easily at Nevers—as a clear sanction of the course I had followed in politics. . . .

Obliged to make a choice, I resolved to do my utmost to secure the election of my friend, the Viscount de Lézardière (who had just failed in La Vendée) for Mayenne, as I was unwilling to break the old ties that had so long bound me to the Nivernais.

On returning to Paris on the 27th December, I found there was a general opinion that the two Ministers whom the King had chosen to form a new Cabinet, would not be allowed a free hand. . . . M. de Villèle hoped to resume the reins of government as soon as the bitterness and prejudice against him had died out In saying this, far be it from me to ascribe a mean ambition to the fallen Minister. His one passion, if so cold and calculating a nature can be said to have a passion, was to carry out the projects he had elaborated during his long term of office.

It was a great mistake, at this juncture, to entrust the task of forming an administration to M. de Chabrol. . . . One name alone, by its great renown and unquestioned merit, would have met the situation,—that of Chateaubriand; but Charles X had strongly objected to it, and Chateaubriand was the one man that M. de Villèle would not have at any price. These thoughts were in the minds of all, but not one of the King's advisers was willing to incur the Royal displeasure by telling Charles X the truth. A woman, the Duchesse de Gontaut, alone had the courage to do this. I shall recount, later, how I sought her advice at a decisive moment in my career.

It must not be thought that all the Court was hostile to liberal ideas. It included some noble minds, who, having witnessed the dangers that threatened the Crown, had been *converted*, if I may so say, to the idea, that sincere Royalism could be united to no less sincere Liberalism. Among these was the Duke de Riviere. He had more than once reproached me, in a friendly way, with the ardour of my opposition, and in defending my opinion, I had been able to convince him that our opponents were gravely compromising the Monarchy.

Soon after my return, I had an interesting visit from MM. Berryer and Michaud. They brought me a list, asking me to submit it to M. de Chateaubriand for his approval. It contained the following names: M. de Polignac for Foreign Affairs; M. Portalis for the Seals;

M. de Chabrol, or M. de Martignac, for the Interior; M. Roy, or M. Mollien, for Finance; the Duke de Bellune for War.

'But,' I answered, 'one name is wanting, that of the very man whose approval you seek.'

They knew that Chateaubriand had declared, he would only enter the Cabinet on condition of being reinstated in his former department; but how could they offer any other to the Prince de Polignac? I should say, however, that, at this time, the Prince did not hold the extreme views which urged him to the Coup d'Etat of 1830. It would not have been impossible for him to be in the Ministry together with Chateaubriand, provided that, like M. de Villèle, Chateaubriand had been President of the Council. His refusal to join the projected Cabinet rested, less upon the personality of the Prince de Polignac, than upon the difficulty that both desired the same office. What might not have been the effect upon the mind of the Prince of daily contact with such men as Chateaubriand and Martignac!

The project to which I have referred was not carried out. . . . The Count de la Ferronnays, as Ambassador in Russia, would naturally have been put forward; but a painful difference between him and the Duc de Berry had deprived him of the King's friendship, and M. de la Ferronnays had been kept away from the Court. M. de Chabrol brought about a reconciliation, and when the King spoke of the dangers threatening the Crown, M. de la Ferronnays consented to share them with him.

The new Ministry entered upon its duties on the 5th January, 1828. M. de Martignac was Minister of the Interior, and had tacitly the direction of the Cabinet; the Count de la Ferronnays was Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. de Caux, of War; Count Roy, of Finance; M. de Portalis, of Justice: M. de Vatismesnil, of Public Instruction: while Mgr. de Frayssinous and the Count de Chabrol, had Public Worship and the Marine.

I will not attempt to speak of the men who were so soon to be my colleagues: I might be accused of partiality. I will content myself with expressing my sympathy with two of them—a sympathy that survived the political events that broke up the Martignac Ministry.

Auguste Count de la Ferronnays had the noble countenance that betokened his chivalrous nature, together with the easy and gracious manners hereditary in his family. His frank expression breathed kindness, while his head a little thrown back, had the commanding air of one who has nothing to conceal. . . . He sustained the interests of France with great dignity during the seven years that he was Ambassador in Russia. A Liberal from conviction, he supported M. de Chateaubriand, rather than M. de Villèle, and he did so with a courage that disdained favours, and was undeterred by ill-fortune.

Apart from his political career, I knew an incident in his private life that it is a pleasure to relate. While in Russia, he lost a servant who had been attached to him for many years. Returning to France, he wishes to make sure that the money sent to the father of his servant has been faithfully delivered, and he goes to see him. The old man is in his second childhood ; but seeing a face associated in his troubled brain with his dead son, he exclaims : 'Ah ! It is you my son ! ' His tears flow : he hesitates between the dim memory of the one he has lost, and the reality to which he clings joyfully. M. de la Ferronnays cannot find it in his heart to destroy the poor father's delusion. He goes away, promising to come back : and he does, in fact, come back, to play this kindly part for the old man, and to lavish upon him all the care of a son. This story was told me by my faithful Derbier, the companion of my long years of exile, and of my little grandeurs in France. The old servants in the days gone by, were worthy of masters like M. de la Ferronnays.

With regard to M. de Martignac.[1] . . . His distinguished presence, penetrating voice, and ready eloquence,—at times playful, but always lending itself to great effects at the bar or the tribune,—spoke to the mind and heart, with a power which his adversaries admired, while they dreaded it. Hence, the well-known interruption of one of them, when M. de Martignac was speaking in the Chamber : 'Silence, Siren ! '

The first measures taken by the new Ministry were acts of justice. The King restored to M. Villemain and M. Michaud the functions of which they had been deprived ; and on the same day, the 8th January, a private letter from the Count de la Ferronnays informed me that my name had been replaced on the list of Ambassadors *in non-activity*. The Count wrote : 'I rejoice that one of the first orders I have received from the King should be a testimony of his goodwill towards one of his most faithful servants.' Among the many letters of congratulation I received, the one I valued most was from Madame de Montcalm . . . .

The fierce struggle in the Chamber, over the verification of powers, and the choice of a President[2] placed Mgr. de Frayssinous and M. de Chabrol in a difficult position. As men of tact and honour, they were unwilling to be a source of embarrassment to their colleagues, and resigned.

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[1] M. Hyde be Neuville first became intimate with M. de Martignac in the session of 1826, although they were not altogether in agreement on political questions at that time. 'His talent,' writes M. Hyde de Neuville, 'had not then attained the height to which it afterwards rose ; but he sought me out, and I had intimate conversations with him, greatly to my profit. Martignac often gave pleasure by his repartees. One day, in the midst of a violent scene in the Chamber, a bitter little voice, from one of the high benches on the left, answered in falsetto the loud reproaches of one of our colleagues. Martignac said : 'The flute and the big drum cannot keep time ; there will be no concert.'

[2] M. de Martignac had been led during the struggle to promise that the 'rights of election should be respected henceforth, and that the action of the new government should never be inquisitorial *as that of the preceding Cabinet had been* ' M. de Chabrol and Mgr. de Frayssinous had been members of this Cabinet. [Tr.]

I took advantage of the remodelling of the Cabinet, to urge the necessity of offering a portfolio to M. de Chateaubriand. I did this, not only in his interest, but in that of the Cabinet, for its weakness was evident, and arose from the circumstances of its formation, quite apart from the merits of the Ministers.

I knew, from Chateaubriand himself that he would not have consented to join such a combination at the time when M. de la Ferronnays had been appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, but the circumstances were changed. Recognising, after the first day of the session, that the majority was no longer with them, the Ministers had made a calculation of the votes at their disposal and submitted it to the King. Charles X was alarmed, and it was decided that the vacant Office of Minister or Marine should be offered to Chateaubriand.

Although the Admiralty was certainly not a secondary post, I was convinced that it would not be acceptable to Chateaubriand, unless the Presidency of the Council were added to it. I was, therefore, unwilling to take any part in the overtures made to him; I felt that the secret irritation I had noticed, could only be overcome by a distinct offer, which would show that his admission had the full consent of the King. However, an ambiguous word — like everything that Laborie wrote with his illegible hand—led me to hope that my project had been brought forward, and regarding success as almost certain, I went to Chateaubriand, to vanquish, if necessary, a last resistance.

It was late, and he had already retired to his room. My name was announced, and he came towards me with a radiant look, and a brow from which the cloud that had so long hung over it, had disappeared.

'Well,' he said, 'the Marine, is it settled?'

'That is what I come to ask,' I replied, 'it would be the wish of my heart.'

These words caused a moment's silence, which was broken by kind and cordial expressions from Chateaubriand.

What was my astonishment to learn that he had positively refused the post, and suggested that it should be offered to me. 'The matter is settled,' he added, 'it will be communicated to you to-morrow.'

I said : 'Reflect, I beg of you, that my entrance into the Government will not strengthen it in any way. We are losing the only possible chance of saving the Ministry and, perhaps, the Crown . . . Let a name like yours give the Cabinet the baptism of popularity.'

Nothing would persuade my illustrious friend, and I went home greatly troubled. I had never thought of being called to this duty, where, from the point of view of responsibility, the dangers outweigh the honours.

When night does not bring counsel, it generally increases anxiety. I was haunted by a misgiving that reason could not dispel. In the political course I had followed, I had unquestionably acted according to my conscience, but had I not saddened the heart of the King ? The thought of finding myself in his Council, brought thither by the triumph of ideas opposed to his own, was odious to me. I said to myself : I will fulfil my duties as Deputy ; I have pledged myself to do so in the face of the country ; but I cannot be the King's Minister as long as he blames me, and bears me a grudge.

As early as possible the next day, I sought out the Duc de Rivière. I was shown into a drawing-room where I could hear the childish voice of the Duc de Bordeaux. The joyous accents of the boy who was then the hope of France, touched me deeply. The Duc de Rivière came in, and I told him very simply the scruple that brought me to him. Assuredly no more noble soul ever received such a confidence !

He said : 'My friend, in what you tell me I recognise your devotion to our Princes ; but I cannot speak of it to the King, having recently had a difference of opinion with his Majesty on the subject of M. de Villèle. Go to the Duchesse de Gontaut, my dear Hyde; she has the ear of the King and will be better able than I, to remove the scruple that does you so much honour.'

Without leaving the Tuileries, I sent in my card to the Duchesse de Gontaut. She received me at once, and I found her as kind and amiable as ever. She promised to speak to the King, and I felt that the mission I entrusted to her called for the delicate tact of a woman.

Whilst we were talking, Mademoiselle ran into the room, and with the graciousness of Royal children, held out her hand to me, and I kissed it. Mme. de Gontaut told her my name, and added a few words in English; Mademoiselle then thanked me for a collection of Brazilian birds I had sent her from Lisbon. Alas! The next time I was to hear the voice of the young Princess, that I now heard for the first time, was at Kirchberg, in exile.

The same evening, I received a note from Mme. de Gontaut that filled me with joy: 'Have no fear. The Personage whom I have seen, has told me that you will always be to him the devoted servant of the Royal cause. He added that "the passing differences of politics cannot change the confidence that he owes to the friend of evil days."'

If in the eyes of a new generation, this step partakes of puerile, if not culpable, servility, I hasten to say that to us old Royalists, notwithstanding our conscientious adoption of liberal ideas, the King is always the King. How then could we fail to be moved by the opposition he showed when the new Ministry took office, when he said that he had parted with M. de Villèle against his will, and that M. de Villèle's system was his own!

I was dining at the house of my colleague, M. de Montuel, when my nephew came to fetch me, and to tell me of my appointment to the Ministry of Marine. Count Roy was waiting for me. I can say with truth that my feelings were far from those of gratified ambition . . . I saw myselt, more than ever, in the midst of storms, and I knew how little my wife wished me to enter the Cabinet.

I was dining with Lézardière, Montbriand, and several of my colleagues, and the question had been raised more than once whether it were likely that I should be offered the Marine. The Marquise de Belabre, who was sitting next to me, said laughingly : 'I have a favour to ask of you, my Lord ; my brother is in the Marine ; he is a good officer ; will you kindly give him a command.' This was before Saint-Léger arrived. I answered in the same playful tone ; and Madame de Belabre who was sprightly and amiable, continued in the same vein. A few days later, she came to see me at the Admiralty. Her brother was a very good officer, and I was pleased to be able to give him the post.

I returned home, and found Count Roy, who had come to tell me that my appointment would be in the *Moniteur* the next day, if I were willing to accept it. I had made up my mind, and accepted. Count Roy seized my hands, and—in spite of his usual cold reserve—showed such delight at having me for a colleague, that I was deeply touched. We saw a great deal of one another, not only while the Ministry lasted, but afterwards, the estate and Château of Sancerre being near Lestang. M. Roy who was unequalled in matters of finance, had also great delicacy of perception ; when, as rarely happened, he passed judgment upon anyone, his opinion was stamped with impartial justice, free from all personal interest.

I was appointed on the 3rd March,[1] and on the 5th, I took the oath, together with Mgr. Feutrier, Bishop of Beauvais, who succeeded Mgr. de Frayssinous as Minister of Public Worship. Through all the State Ceremony I could discern the kindness of the King towards me.

[M. Hyde de Neuville's dread of accepting office would almost seem to have been a presentiment. On the 10th March, the very day when she was to remove to the Ministry of Marine, Madame Hyde de Neuville was on her way to take leave of one of her friends, when, in the darkness, she mistook the door, and fell down the cellar steps. There she lay for some time, without anyone coming to her assistance. Her right leg was broken above the knee, the left seriously injured, and her head severely bruised. Her injuries were attended to the same night, by a pupil of M. Marjollin, and the next morning by M. Dupuytren[1] and M. Marjollin. Her husband's grief was extreme. He writes in one of his note-books : '10th March, a terrible accident, my most kind and good wife breaks her right leg. What has not my Ministry cost me ! And yet what thanks are due to God when I reflect that, at one time, there was a question of amputating the leg. What patience ! What courage ! Truly she is a brave woman ! ']

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[1] 1828.

An accidental circumstance brought me, at this time, into communication with Prince de Talleyrand. His house in the Rue Saint-Florentine faced the official residence of the Minister of Marine. I was returning home one afternoon, when a footman in the Prince's service came in haste to enquire if M. Dupuytren, whose carriage was often standing near my door while he was attending Mme. Hyde de Neuville, was with her, as the Prince had been suddenly taken ill.

I ascertained that the distinguished surgeon had just left, and went, at once, to convey the information to the household of the Prince, and to enquire after his health.

He had already recovered from a slight fainting-fit, and in spite of my remonstrances, one of his secretaries told him I was there. He asked to see me, and I went in, apologising for disturbing him. He was paler than usual, otherwise his face bore no trace of his recent indisposition.

'My dear Baron,' he said, 'Sit down, and bear witness that I am not dead, as the evening papers are just going to report, to the mild joy of those who boast of being my friends, and the regret of my enemies. I have had many since the day when I took you to the little Luxembourg ; do you remember him, the First Consul ? That was the day of his greatness. What lofty ideas ! What thoughts haunted his mind ! And what was he not ready to dare in order to carry them out ! And yet, when all nations bent the knee before him, a little corner of France resisted him. You know it better than anyone, for you and General d'Andigné refused him the pacification of the Vendeé that he asked. Remember, Monsieur le Ministre, that La Vendée is a jewel to be guarded, — the most precious jewel of the Crown of France. The Stuarts had Scotland. The Bourbons have their faithful Vendée. If ever a new government should be established in France, and led by a wise policy, it is La Vendée that it will seek to destroy,—La Vendée with its fidelity, its memories and its glory.'

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[1] First Surgeon to the King.

As he spoke, the Prince looked at me with the gracious and yet haughty air that was habitual to him, the air of a man accustomed to conceal his thoughts. This conversation, which I have never forgotten, came back to me with strange force, three years later, when La Vendée rose for the last time.

It was then, that the Duchesse de Berry passed through the Western departments, and was received with enthusiasm on the battlefields, where the people, having preserved their organisation, flocked to acclaim the Mother of the Duc de Bordeaux. To those very scenes, she was to come again a little later, a fugitive, and, falling into the hands of the police, to be betrayed, and end a glorious epic behind the prison-bars of Blaye.

CHAPTER XIX

'CHATEAUBRIAND ALWAYS CHATEAUBRIAND'

Debate on the Address.—'Deplorable system.'—Anger of Charles X.—Chateaubriand presses to be admitted into the Cabinet.—M. Hyde de Neuville and the King.—'Chateaubriand always Chateaubriand.'—Chateaubriand suggests a modification of the Cabinet.—The Duchesse de Gontaut lays it before the King.—Failing health of M. de La Ferronnays.—He warns M. Hyde de Neuville against a Polignac Ministry.—The Prince de Polignac returns from London.—The Cabinet resolves not to admit him.—M. Hyde de Neuville writes to the King, urging the claim of Chateaubriand.—'Not yet.'—At the close of the session, M. Hyde de Neuville tenders his resignation.—The King does not accept it.

I WILL not attempt to trace all the acts of the Government of which I formed part; this would be to anticipate history. . . I have already spoken of the disintegration that became evident after the fall of the Villèle Ministry. There had been a general wish for its overthrow, but no definite resolve to support its successor.

The debate on the Address was the first act of the Chamber. The following paragraph was the only one discussed in the Committee. 'Worthy Son of Henry IV and of St Louis, You invoke the laws as the strongest support of thrones, after God Who raised them. . . Sire, these memorable words will resound through posterity. France receives them with deep emotion. . . . She asks only from the depositaries of Your power, the reality of Your benefits. She complains only of the *deplorable system* that so often renders them illusory.'

As a member of the Committee, I had tried to find another word, but *deplorable* passed.

Ah! M. de Villèle! I do you justice while I blame you. You did not desire that system. You lamented the faults, the claims thrust upon you, after you left our ranks, and yet you submitted to them !

The King, deeply hurt, was unwilling to receive the Address. He asked that it should be presented by the President and two of the Secretaries, from whom he did not conceal his displeasure. M. de Martignac and M. Portalis were the only Ministers thus called upon to calm the King's anger. M. de Martignac showed great deference, and at the same time, great firmness. He begged his Majesty to take the night to reflect upon his decision ; and at the mention of the word *dissolution*, he said : 'The King will kindly consider the choice of other Ministers if he persist in his resolve.'

The next day, the anger of Charles X was appeased. The change had followed so quickly, that there is little doubt that some hidden influence had been at work.[1] Evidently, efforts were being made to pave the way for the return of the old Ministry, by prejudicing the King against the new. M. de Villèle has been accused of being the author of this unworthy attempt. I never believed it. There were too many courtiers interested in encouraging the not very constitutional tendencies of the King, for these Machiavellian steps to have been the work of one man only.

Thus, at the very outset, I found myself in a difficult position. As a member of the Committee, I had opposed the extreme harshness of the word *deplorable* . . . . In the new Council I might have taken advantage of my moderation to win the King's favour. I did nothing of the kind, being determined not to abandon my colleagues on the Committee.

These incidents, which were from time to time renewed, caused me great anxiety. They seemed to me to bode evil for the future of the Ministry and of the Crown.

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[1] M. Pasquier refers to this incident : 'A quelle influence devait-on attribuer ce changenent ? . . . On ne l'a jamais su ; mais il est certain qu' à partir de ce jour le Roi est entré avec le nouveau cabinet dans un système de dissimulation qui ne s'est pas démenti jusqu'au moment où il l'a congédié.' *Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, vol. vi, p. 111. [Tr.]

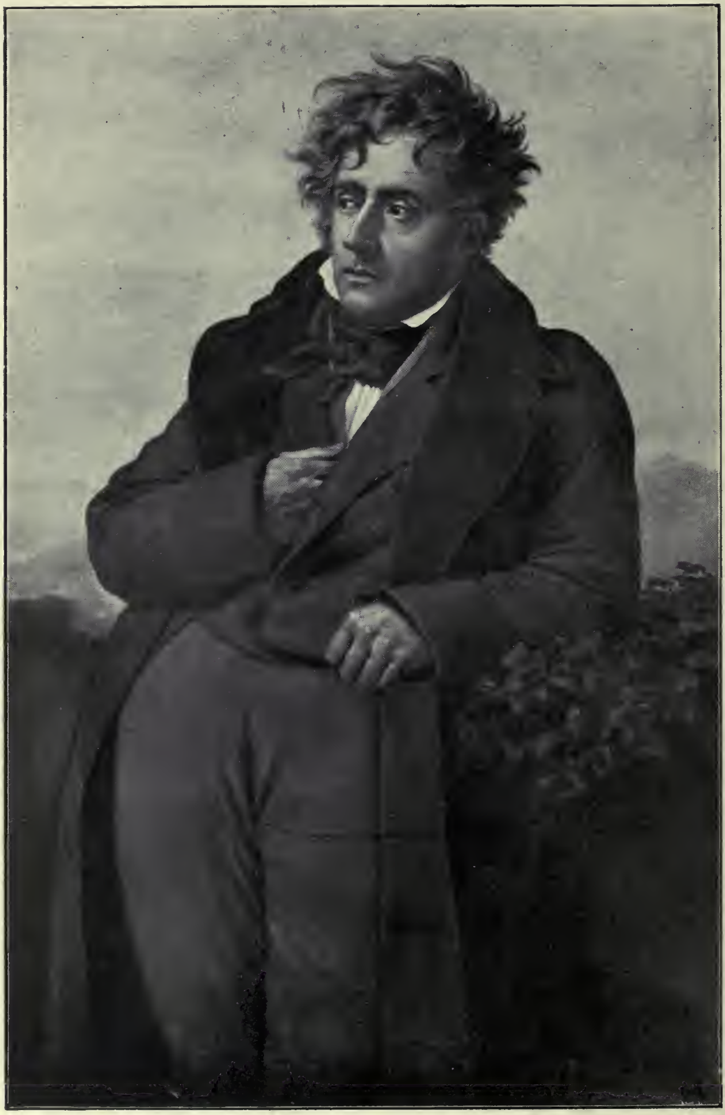
As I have said, safety would have lain in a brilliant personality, able to secure the respect of all parties, and to rally around him wise politicians, convinced that, henceforth, Royalty could only be maintained by a free appeal to the country, and the adoption of constitutional measures,—thus bringing about a real reconciliation between the moderate Left and the Right. Chateaubriand would have been the man for such a policy. I soon saw that he still regretted the loss of office. In proposing that I should join the Cabinet, had he not wished to introduce a friend who would open the door to him? I had reason to think so, for a few days after my appointment, I received the following letter:

'*Saturday*, 15*th March* 1828.

'It seems, my dear Friend, you are about to propose that I should enter the Council without portfolio. . . . If anything is to be done for me, my entrance into the Council is a reparation due to me, without this, the Ministry would seem to sanction the abrupt manner in which I was sent away.

'Once *Secretary of State*, they may do what they like with me, for the better service of the King; but that is not the question of the moment. The first step, if they are willing to take it, is my *immediate* entrance into the Council. . . . I say *immediate* for this reason. My position is no longer tenable: on the one hand, I am looked upon as already a Minister, and obliged to reply that I am not, which becomes ridiculous to the last degree: on the other hand, the immense party that leans upon me, grumbles, reproaches me with my compliance, declares I am made a mock of, and urges me violently into opposition.

'This double conflict wears me out, I must soon



Braun, photo, Dornoch.

VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

By Girodet de Roucy-Troison (Musée de St Malo).

come to a decision ; you know how exacting parties are, they cannot long be put off with excuses. . . .

'CHATEAUBRIAND.'

I took the first opportunity to refer to the subject. When the King expressed his pleasure at seeing me among his Councillors, I thanked him, saying :

'Your Majesty knows I have ever placed at Your service my heartfelt zeal, devotion, and enthusiasm to serve Your Majesty.'

'Yes, I know,' replied the King.

'But,' I added, 'there is another who would bring to this noble task, in an eminent degree, qualities that are wanting to me. I cannot refrain from mentioning him, and regretting him.'

The King's brow darkened.

'Ah ! Yes, Chateaubriand, always Chateaubriand ! He has himself rejected the offers made to him. La Ferronnays asks me to attach him to the present government by giving him a high appointment. We will see about that.'

Respect for the King prevented my going further : but I was convinced that nothing more could be done for the moment, and that Charles X still cherished at heart his old resentment against my illustrious friend.

I had been disturbed by Chateaubriand's letter. I was still more troubled, when on the following day I received a new commission from him. He urged a modification of the Cabinet, to include M. Casimir Perier, and others.

It was no longer possible for me to be silent. I spoke to M. Roy and M. Portalis, begging them to keep the communication secret unless some good could come of it.

I was so eager that the project should be carried out ; it seemed so well calculated to smooth the difficulties that surrounded us, that I gladly offered to give up the Marine, if it would facilitate the rearrangement. I was prevented from speaking of the project to the one man who could have ensured its success. M. Casimir Perier had been designated for the *Interior*, but this Office, being held by such a man as Martignac, could not be given to another. Casimir Perier stood aloof from party. He had the approval of the King, and all measures tending to safeguard the rights of the Crown were sure of his support.

For one moment, success seemed assured. I had sent the project for the formation of a new Cabinet to the Duchesse de Gontaut, begging her to lay it before the King, as coming from me. Notwithstanding her unwillingness to meddle with politics, I confided to her that the real author was Chateaubriand.

The Duchess had bitterly regretted that the young Prince, to whom she was devoted, should not have been a pupil of Chateaubriand ; and like all thoughtful men and women, she was disturbed by the dangers threatening the throne. She, therefore, made an exception to her rule, and returned to tell me that the King had offered no objection to the project, and had even enlarged on the necessity of introducing a few men like M. Casimir Perier into the Cabinet.

Charles X never alluded to this overture in speaking to me. Doubtless, he was deterred by the same feeling of delicacy that had made me hesitate to demolish the Ministry of which I formed a part.

. . . The session of 1828 ended under happy conditions for the Government. The Left Centre had come over to us, but had not the Right shown, on several occasions, a certain opposition ? Were we not in the unheard-of position of relying more upon our enemies than upon our friends ?

This tendency was, in truth, but a little cloud in a clear sky, so I lulled myself with the hope that our Ministry would be the continuation of that of Richelieu. Who would have thought, at that time, that we should come to a similar end ?

The tour which the King made, during the autumn, in the Eastern provinces, was truly a triumphal progress, and he returned delighted with the loyal enthusiasm he had met with. It has been said, that he then became convinced that the concessions his Ministers had asked for, were needless, and that it would be easy to persuade his devoted subjects to accept anything. I saw no indication of this change in the attitude of the King on his return; even at that time, he desired nothing more than a modification of the Ministry, by the admission of M. de Villèle and the Prince de Polignac; this is evident from the overtures made to me later . . . .

Although our position seemed good, we could not disguise from ourselves, that unless a striking concession were made to the Left Centre, it would leave us. It was no longer a question of nominating a few peers, but of disposing of a seat in the Cabinet.

Alas! the health of the noble and generous La Ferronnays was visibly declining; there was no hope of keeping him with us. I feel certain, that had he remained in the Cabinet, we should have triumphed over the difficulties that led to our fall.

Early in January, he fainted during the Council. As I was sitting next to him, I was the first to render him assistance; and I took him back to his house in my carriage. As he leaned his head on my shoulder, he said: 'You see, my Friend, I must leave you.' I tried to reassure him; 'No, no,' he replied, 'the time is come. Hyde de Neuville, stay where you are. Believe me, our cause is in danger. Take my portfolio, I have spoken to the King about it.'

'My dear Colleague,' I answered, 'you know very well, I shall only accept it to give it to another.'

'Do not do that. Charles X will never get over his prejudice against Chateaubriand. I foresee other dangerous combinations. Names like yours, will be needed to save the Ministry, in face of the general disapproval of the country. The King has commanded me to give leave of absence to the Prince de Polignac;

you can guess the rest. Polignac is a friend of mine, as you know, and in spite of his unpopularity, it has been my duty to praise him as an Ambassador; he deserved it, for the way in which he served our policy in England; but to place him at the head of affairs just now, would be to defy public opinion.'

I was greatly troubled by what M. de La Ferronnays had told me. I pondered long over the consequences, and resolved to avoid them, as far as I could, by keeping aloof from the intrigues that were soon to arise. To await events, while confining myself to the duties imposed on me by the great impetus given to the Navy, might perhaps, save me from many difficulties: but the walls of a Minister's office have never been able to shut them out, as I learned much against my will.

While speaking to me, La Ferronnays had been under the impression that the Prince de Polignac would be satisfied with a seat in the Cabinet to which we belonged: such was certainly not the aim of M. de Polignac. As long as he was uncertain as to the direction that affairs would take, and the wishes of the Court party, he may have suggested to the King a modification of the existing Ministry: but assuredly, he looked forward to being the President, or at least, the most important member of it.

I found myself, for the moment, in a difficult position, not knowing whether what La Ferronnays had told me, was spoken in confidence, or if I were free to mention it to my colleagues. Being unable to ask him, I resolved to be silent.

During the new three months' leave of absence granted to the Minister, M. Portalis took over the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, and his attitude left no doubt upon my mind, as to the dangers that threatened the Cabinet, and still more, the country.

The next day, the London papers arrived, full of the departure of the French Ambassador,[1] which was evidently regarded, not as a temporary absence, but as a definite recall.

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[1] The Prince de Polignac. [Tr.]

The consternation in the Council may be imagined. Some of the Ministers hoped that Polignac would bring strength to the Government, on account of the satisfaction which his presence would afford the King. As soon as I had an opportunity of speaking, I warned my colleagues against the Prince, and rallied most of them to my side.

The determination not to accept him as a member of the Cabinet, led us to consider other modifications. I saw, that the one to which I remained faithful, would draw upon me great disfavour, but I was resolved to leave the Ministry rather than desert the cause of Chateaubriand.

A curious incident occurred during this visit of M. de Polignac to Paris. He sent me, through Laborie, an urgent request to join a new Ministry, together with Count Roy, if the King should consent to a reconstruction. . . . Three times, as will be seen, I was called upon to reject similar overtures from him. The Prince returned to London, but did not accept his defeat, and it was but too evident that the negotiations were only suspended.

I place here the two letters I addressed to the King, when the question of choosing a Minister of Foreign Affairs was before him. They were the last cry of my conscience :

'Sire,

It is with sincere conviction that I venture to say to the King, that the Ministry appears to me more than ever in need of such a man as Chateaubriand. The Revolution is raising its head ; it must be opposed by those old grenadiers of the throne, who can arouse no suspicion among the true friends of our liberties.

I venture to add, that any other choice would draw upon us new enemies ; now, the enemies of Chateaubriand are ours already, and the first speech delivered at the tribune by that noble soldier of honour, against the fomentors of disorder, whose designs he recognises, would quickly remind all faithful Royalists, that no one in France has done more for Religion and the Monarchy than M. de Chateaubriand.

I am one of those, who, not in words, but in deeds, will always be ready to sacrifice everything in the sacred cause of Legitimacy, the sole anchor of safety, the sole lasting guarantee of the peace, happiness, and liberty of France. I am Your Majesty's etc.,

The King answered : 'I admit that M. de Chateaubriand has rendered great services, but he has also made many mistakes. His imagination often leads him astray. Besides, I do not say "No." I like him, I know he can be of great use to me . . . but not yet. . . . Come, Come! My dear Neuville, Patience! Time will bring it about, but, I say again, not yet.'

'SIRE,

The King will readily understand, that I do not come again to speak of M. de Chateaubriand, and will doubtless approve of my silence with regard to the last rearrangement, submitted to His Majesty by my colleagues. Delicacy, not to say straightforwardness, prevents my seeking, by isolated acts, to contravene the wishes of the majority of the Council. Still, I desire that the King should know, and should one day call to mind, that I had no part in this new project.

I will add, Sire, that my position becomes more and more difficult; I am the butt of insults, and stupid culumnies, from pretended friends of the throne, who have only become swollen with Royalism since the return of the Bourbons to the Tuileries.

Sire, I will not now speak to Your Majesty of these difficulties, but the King will deign to permit me, in his kindness, to explain my position to him when the work of the session is over.'

Accordingly, in July, I begged the King to accept my resignation, but he refused.

CHAPTER XX

MINISTER OF MARINE

M. Hyde de Neuville devotes himself to the Navy.—Rising of the Greeks.—Missolonghi.—Battle of Navarino.—France resolves to help Greece.—Preparations for the Expedition.—England concludes a Treaty, August 1828.—Landing of General Maison.—Capture of the Forts.—M. Bisson—Report on the Blockade of Algiers.—Session of 1829.—Defeat of the Government.—'First stroke of the knell of the Monarchy.'—M. de Martignac withdraws the measure.—Dread of M. de Polignac.—'Why did you refuse Jules?'—Return of the Prince de Polignac to France.—He attempts to form a Cabinet.—Resignation of the Martignac Ministry.

As I have said, I had not wished to enter the Cabinet, but having accepted this dangerous honour, nothing could please me better than to be at the head of the Navy. To devote myself to whatever might be of service to it, was the realisation of an enthusiasm for seafaring men which I had acquired during my voyages. That life of self-sacrifice, those ever-recurring perils, the honour of safeguarding the men entrusted to you, the dangers which make you feel in the presence of God, and invest you with a kind of priesthood; all this seemed to me so noble, that I sincerely rejoiced that my name should be linked, even for a short time, to this élite command.

Never had there been a more favourable moment for giving expression to these feelings. The Eastern question absorbed the attention of the Cabinets of Europe, and offered to the Navy a rôle upon which the Battle of Navarino[1] had shed a recent glory. I forgot the miserable strife of politics to give myself heart and soul to my new duties.

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[1] In which the combined Turkish and Egyptian fleets were completely annihilated by the allied squadrons of France, England and Russia. [Tr].

Ever since Mehemet-Ali had been charged by the Sultan Mahmoud to crush the Morea, Greece had been subject to a system of spoliation and tyranny. Noble and generous men like Mavrocordato, Kanaris, and Ypsilanti, were the leaders of the heroic defence of Greece. The siege of Missolonghi by Ibrahim Pacha, the son of Mehemet, was twice repulsed by Admiral Miaoulis, who had burnt Ibrahim's vessels at Modon.

The whole population of Missolonghi was in a state of frenzy; women and children carried stones to hurl upon the assailants; the people burned their houses in order that only the ashes might be left to the victors; and ended this memorable defence by burying themselves beneath the ruins of their city, the Primate Kapsalis firing the powder magazine when he saw the Egyptians enter.

A long cry of distress and admiration followed; and Europe recognised the impossibility of taking part in the destruction of such a nation as this. In spite of the rivalry of Russia and England, France, always generous, was called upon to succour the Greeks. I cannot insist too much upon the fact, that Charles X, faced with the alternative of offending England and Austria, upheld the honour of the French flag.

The liberation of Greece dates from the Treaty of the 6th July[1] and the Battle of Navarino. In all justice I must add, that M. de Villèle preceded us in this policy; and the Prince de Polignac, after a struggle against the views of the English Cabinet, had the honour of signing the Treaty.

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[1] 1827. This Treaty was signed in London by the Plenipotentiaries of France, England, and Russia. The second part consisted of a secret Article, providing for the execution of the Treaty, in so far as it related to the fate of Greece, in case the Porte did not accept the offered mediation within a month. This Article was inspired by Russia. Mr Canning did not live to see the result. See *Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, vol. vi, p. 88. [Tr.]

When we entered the Ministry, the Morea was still under the yoke of Ibrahim. It was necessary to drive him out, in spite of the remonstrances of Austria and the displeasure of England. Count de La Ferronnays declared that France would dispense with the co-operation of any other nation in compelling Ibrahim to evacuate the Morea. His zeal sprang from his generous nature ; at the same time he knew that he would have the support of Russia. It will be remembered that M. de La Ferronnays had long been accredited as Ambassador to the Czar, and was therefore naturally inclined towards his views.

Charles X showed a true French spirit on this occasion being less concerned for the material interests of France, than for her honour.

While the Minister of Foreign Affairs followed this courageous course, I made a thorough investigation of the state of my department, since the brunt of the expedition must necessarily fall upon the Navy. I gathered around me those Admirals whose previous services might help to enlighten me ; and endeavoured to obtain accurate details with regard to the ships, arms, and men, in our ports of Brest and Toulon, in order to facilitate the transport of troops, and munitions of war, to the Morea. I was especially assisted in these enquiries by Admiral Baudin who was in command at Brest, and Admiral Jacob who was at Toulon. Lastly, I cast my eyes upon a man who, after the Battle of Navarino, seemed marked out for the command of the new expedition—I refer to Admiral de Rigny . . . .

The military part of the undertaking was entrusted to General Maison, who had gained experience during the wars of the Empire.

After consulting with my colleagues, the Ministers of War and of Foreign Affairs, I presented to the King a report on the Naval forces at our disposal. His Majesty not only gave his approval, but spoke as follows :

'You are right : when it is a question of a noble project, of a great service to be rendered to a cruelly oppressed people, France takes counsel only of herself. . . . Continue your preparations for war with all the activity you have shown: I will not pause on the way of humanity and honour. Yes, I will liberate Greece.'

This generous resolve gave a new impetus to our efforts.

England, hoping to neutralise the action of France, hastened to conclude a Treaty[1] through Admiral Codrington, but it had no result, as will be seen from the following despatch from M. de Martignac:

'[2]Colmar, 10*th September* 1828

'MONSIEUR AND DEAR COLLEAGUE,

'I have laid before the King the despatch of Vice-Admiral de Rigny and the accompanying paper. His Majesty regrets that the Treaty should have been concluded: he thinks, however, that it does not alter the situation. The object of the Agreement with the Pacha, is the embarkation of the greater part of the Egyptian troops now in the Morea: it requires that only 1200 should remain to garrison the forts. There is nothing decisive or final in this last provision. The negotiators have not pledged themselves, and could not pledge themselves, that there should be no expedition to the Morea, or that, if an expedition take place, it should not force the remaining troops to evacuate the forts.

'It will be necessary, either to allow the Egyptians to embark on board the vessels sent in conformity with the Treaty, and afterwards to obtain, by persuasion, or by force, the evacuation of the forts: or to propose to

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[1] Ibrahim could not return to Egypt without a capitulation assuring him the means of transport; this was the object of the Treaty. The French squadron appeared before Navarino, just after Admiral Codrington had signed the Treaty. The English had, however, consented to the sending of the expedition by France. [Tr.]

[2] M. de Martignac was accompanying the King on his tour through the Eastern provinces. [Tr.]

Mehemet-Ali, or rather to Ibrahim Pacha, a more complete Treaty, now become indispensable by the arrival of the French troops.

'Such are the first ideas which occur to the mind, but, perhaps, you will think there is no necessity to give new instructions. Those given to General Maison, were in accordance with the Treaty of the 6th July. It is still a question of carrying out that Treaty; there would be no disadvantage in waiting for the first news from the Morea. . . .

. . . No sooner had General Maison landed, on the 22nd September, than without striking a blow, he obtained the recall of Ibrahim and the Egyptian troops. The garrisons remained, but on the approach of the French, Navarino and Koron surrendered, after scarcely a show of resistance: Modon held out longer, but after a few days' siege, it capitulated, and Greece was saved.

I received many congratulations on the promptitude with which the expedition was got ready; and this success had the result of uniting me closely to the officers of the Navy, with whom I have ever since remained on terms of confidence.

I cannot close this narrative without mentioning the heroic deed of Ensign Bisson.

Placed by Admiral de Rigny in command of a Greek brig, the *Panayoli*, he was attacked by pirates on the 6th November 1827, off the Island of Stampoli, and blew up his ship rather than surrender. The pilot Trémentin was saved. Left alone together, Bisson grasped the hand of Trémentin, before going down to fire the vessel, and made him swear to relate what had happened if his life should be spared. They parted crying: *Vive la France!* Trémentin, terribly wounded, was picked up by the crew, who had been ordered to embark in one of the ship's boats, and to put out to a distance. They only returned to the spot where the *Panayoli* had gone down, in order to ascertain the fate of the two men, who had voluntarily condemned themselves to a terrible death.

At a dinner which I gave to seventy-five Naval Officers, in honour of Trémentin, I presented him, on behalf of the King, with a sword, together with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. The brave man accepted these tokens of respect with a simplicity, not without a certain dignity. He calmly and frankly avowed that, though deeply grateful, he had but one desire,—to go home to his wife in the Isle of Batz, near Morlaix, and tell her his adventures at sea, ready to brave the dangers anew, lame though he was.

One of the chief subjects that occupied the attention of the Government, and especially of the Ministry of Marine, was the blockade of Algiers. War had become imminent from the time the Dey presumed to show disrespect to our Representative at a formal Audience.

I transcribe here part of a Report that I drew up, with regard to the position of the blockade by eight frigates and ten corvets, at a cost of about seven millions a year.

'After mature reflection, perhaps the course to be followed is to gain time, to continue the blockade while negotiating with the Dey, and to begin preparations, in November, for an expedition of combined land and sea forces, to take place in the following spring. . . .

'This expedition, the success of which scarcely admits of doubt, would either cause the Dey to offer full reparation to France: or it would enable us to annihilate a den of pirates, whose existence brings a reproach upon the Christian Powers, for not adequately defending their commerce, or the independence of their flag: or, lastly, it would render us all-powerful in Algiers, and consequently in the Mediterranean.'

. . . .

In the session of 1829, I spoke on the question that decided the fate of our Ministry,—the Departmental and Communal Laws,—which had been awaited with impatience by the most liberal party in the Chamber of Deputies.

Was it possible to foresee a defeat on this subject? Let us speak plainly,—to foresee a determination to use these measures as a weapon against the men who had braved the King's extreme reluctance to have them brought forward? The far-reaching consequences of this adventure will never be known; the word 'adventure' is not too strong to express the conduct of the Left Centre on this occasion. It has been said, that the King desired the struggle, and for this reason, had urged the presentation of the two laws together, thus giving them less chance of success, than if brought forward in different sessions. But was it right for the true friends of liberty to abandon the Ministry, on the very day when they were following so loyally the course marked out when they came into power? . . .

It was a solemn moment when M. Royer-Collard put the amendment to the vote. The Left, and a great part of the Left Centre, rose and voted for it: the Right abstained from voting. The defeat of the Government was complete.

A few words exchanged on our benches, and the haste with which M. de Martignac and M. Portalis withdrew from the Chamber, left no doubt in my mind that they were bearing our resignation to the Tuileries. The sitting was suspended. Deputies gathered around the Ministers, offering timid expressions of sympathy: everyone waited to see if we were still in power. Some friends came up to me, and in a low voice, I uttered the thought that filled my mind: 'What you have just heard, is the first stroke of the knell of the Monarchy.'

M. de Martignac returns, hurriedly ascends the tribune, a paper in his hand: 'Gentlemen,' he says, 'the two measures are withdrawn,' and he reads the ordinance legalising the act. I remained—shall I say it?—overwhelmed: for was it not disarming in face of the enemy? In my opinion, the resignation of the Ministry was the only constitutional course.

Suddenly, a light broke in upon my mind. In urging his Ministers to withdraw the two measures, Charles X had unveiled his intentions, the decision that he had arrived at, to summon a new Ministry that would allow him to govern, as soon as the session should be over. One result followed with certainty from the calculations of the Left, and the defection of the Left Centre,—the advent of the *Ultras*, and a Ministry of the Right.

The choice of a Foreign Minister remained in abeyance . . . At the King's request, the portfolio was left in the hands of M. Portalis. Every name that might have strengthened the Cabinet, was discarded.

Martignac alone preserved his illusions, and refused to believe in a serious disagreement between the King and ourselves.

As I have said, I do not accuse Charles X of deceiving us. Always gracious, especially to me, he rendered justice to our good intentions, believed in our loyalty and sincerity, but lost no opportunity of saying: 'The men with whom you wish to govern are impossible: they will lead us farther than I am willing to go.' It was for the Ministers to recognise in these words a serious disagreement. Let us say frankly, without taking to ourselves undeserved praise: after what had happened before, we were aware—nearly all of us, and Martignac more than the rest—that our resignation would bring the Prince de Polignac to power. To preserve our country from such a danger, was a duty that we accepted. I felt our defeat bitterly, but I fell in with the views of Martignac, as soon as I knew his reasons.

The remainder of the session, which ended on the 30th July, brought us nothing but hostility. Facing the storm, we opposed to it a disdainful coldness, pursuing our designs with the greater firmness and determination, the more we were misrepresented.

One day, I had an audience of the King to present the list of promotions, which it was customary to submit to him before they were discussed in the Council.

The King looked anxious; he greeted me kindly as usual: 'Hyde de Neuville, what you are now, and the way you act, is very different from what you used to be when you braved all dangers to come to me in England.'

'Your Majesty will allow me to say, that though of a different kind, the dangers are as great now, since they may have the same consequences.'

'Oh! Come,' he said smiling, 'one would think you saw cannon directed on the Palace.'

'May I never see them there, Sire. All I know is, that I should put myself in the front to shield your Majesty from them.'

Changing the conversation, the King said:

'Why did you refuse Jules (the name by which he spoke familiarly of the Prince de Polignac) when he proposed that you should enter a reconstituted Ministry?'

'The King will allow me to answer truthfully. I did it because a man should sacrifice everything to his country and his King, except honour.'

Charles X took up the paper I had just laid before him, and read it attentively. At a sign, I took my leave.

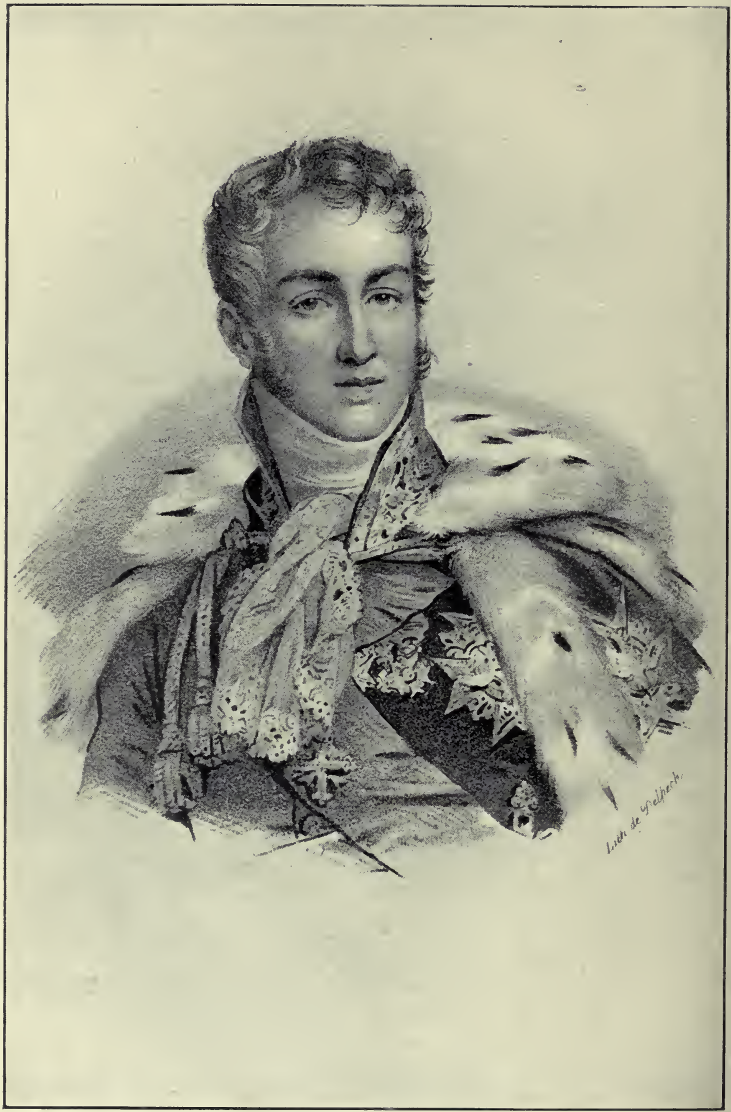
The King's kindness of heart was remarkable. At the next Council, I could see that he sought an opportunity of speaking to me. The subject under discussion was the list of Naval Officers I had submitted for advancement. He said: 'Hyde de Neuville, defend your candidates.'

'Your Majesty will excuse my doing so. I have always been a victim of my sincerity, and it has given my heart a wound that is not yet healed.'

'I only remember your services,' replied the King.

We were now in the unparalleled position of a Ministry assisting in the formation of its successor. M. de Polignac returned from England to his Château of Millemont, and began, at first secretly, and then openly, to take steps for the construction of the proposed Cabinet. . . . As we know, it is not easy in Paris to dispel rumours, whispered at first, but afterwards acquiring a consistency that defies incredulity. I was convinced at once. Realising that our position was no longer recognised, and bordered on the ridiculous, I sought an interview with Martignac; and told him, that if he refused to believe the information I had given him, and did not feel the absolute necessity of referring the matter to the King, I would undertake to do it, with the consent of my colleagues.

M. de Martignac set out for Saint-Cloud, and returned with a confirmation from Charles X himself of the resolution he had taken. Immediately, we each proceeded to Saint-Cloud, to place our portfolios in the hands of the King. The matter made a deep impression on me. Apart from my personal feelings, I could not conceal from myself that we were hastening towards a formidable unknown.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PRINCE JULES DE POLIGNAC.

CHAPTER XXI

PRINCE JULES DE POLIGNAC[1]

Amand and Jules de Polignac.—Prince Jules de Polignac in London.—Exiled French Lady foretells future events to the Prince de Polignac.—Mysterious warning given to the Count d'Artois.—Address of the 221.—Capture of Algiers.—Dissolution of the Chamber.—Prince de Polignac's interview with M. Paul Hyde de Neuville.—The Elections.—M. Hyde de Neuville elected for Nevers.—Returns to Paris in July.

THE names of Armand and Jules de Polignac are closely linked with that of de Rivière. Together they landed on the cliff of Biville, on the 10th January 1804, and were arrested, and brought before the same Court. In the course of the trial, it became apparent that the sentence of death could only be commuted to perpetual imprisonment in the case of one of the brothers. Then followed a generous strife to decide which should be saved: in the end both were saved.[2] They were taken to the fortress of Ham, and thence, successively, to the Temple, and to Vincennes. Freedom was offered to them on condition that they would serve in Napoleon's army, but they refused. On the entrance of the Allies into France, in 1813, they were transferred to the Castle of Saumur, whence they succeeded in escaping, and rejoined the Count d'Artois at Vesoul.

During my visits to England at the beginning of the century, I was brought into frequent communication with

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[1] I have inserted here several scattered passages concerning M. de Polignac. [Tr.]

[2] The sentence of death passed on M. de Rivière and the two brothers de Polignac, was commuted to imprisonment for life at the intercession of Josephine. [Tr.]

Prince Jules de Polignac. His devotion to the Royal cause, and his strong religious convictions, united to a very sincere form of mysticism, caused me to respect a divergence of view which had long subsisted between us, up to the day when, having become President of the Council, he incited Charles X to sign the fatal Ordinances which brought about the Revolution of July.

The simple narrative I am about to relate may throw a curious light upon this unfortunate event. The revelations from Heaven by which the Prince is said to have been guided at that time, date from a much earlier period. His children were brought up in England. It happened that one day he was wandering about the outskirts of London without any definite aim. It was growing dark, and he noticed the low door of an unpretending house : drawing near, he heard sacred chants unlike those of the Protestant Churches. He went in, and found a very small Chapel, with an Altar evidently set apart for Catholic worship, an old priest in surplice singing a litany to the Blessed Virgin, and a few women kneeling around.

The Prince kept in the shadow. Suddenly, a woman rose, ascended one or two of the Altar steps, and in tones that it is impossible to describe, began a hymn in French. The Prince had never heard anything like it, and it pierced him to the heart. The veil over the woman's head was thrown back, showing a face of singular beauty. The depth and inspiration of the gaze fixed upon the stranger, moved him to such a degree that he remained fascinated, conscious of no other feeling than the desire not to lose a note of that marvellous voice. She ceased : the candles were put out, and all was left in silence and darkness.

Greatly perplexed, the Prince made enquiries. The house was a sort of Hospice, occupied by a few old priests and French ladies, stranded from the emigration ; there were still a few such houses left in London at that time.

The next day, the Prince hastened to the evening service. The same chant, the same heavenly inspiration; but just as M. de Polignac was about to withdraw, the young lady approached him with rapid steps:

'Prince,' she said, 'I expected you.'

'You know me, Madame?'

'No, but He who guides me has told me your name: you are the Prince de Polignac, the son of the friend of the Queen.'

'I have been greatly moved by your singing; what can I do to serve you?'

'Much, if you will assist our return to France—my aunt's and mine.'

'Where can I see you?'

'Here, in this house, if you will ask for Mlle. d'H. . .'

The Prince never for a moment doubted the truth of her words, her voice was so clear and pure.

The next day he returned, and found everything as she had said. By daylight, in humble garments which concealed a position bordering on destitution, Mlle. d'H. . . appeared what she was, a lady of dignified and simple manners. Her face, which bore traces of suffering, was beautiful, but from time to time a fixed look deprived it of all expression.

The Prince promised his aid to the two Frenchwomen, and held out to the young lady a hope that she would receive assistance as the daughter of a Knight of St Louis.

The prayerful evenings recommenced. There, under the influence of the inspired chant, when the shades of evening had fallen over the spot where the Prince was kneeling, the singer would come to him, and in the mysterious voice peculiar to her, reveal to him certain circumstances of his life known only to himself. Then, she would dip her fingers in holy water, trace the sign of the cross upon the brow that was bending towards her, and quickly rejoin the other women, who were still engaged in prayer.

One evening, she said to the Prince : 'In a few years, you will be the last Councillor of the King of France, and the last victim to his cause.' Then seeing his startled look : 'Not death, as you are thinking, but that which will place you in solitude in the midst of your country.'[1]

The Prince sailed for France, and did not forget the interests entrusted to him.

[About this time Baron Hyde de Neuville returned from his first Embassy to the United States. As a member of the Association for Befriending the Children of Knights of St Louis, the Prince de Polignac applied to him on behalf of the two exiled ladies, and obtained a pension which enabled them to return to their native province of Lorraine. Writing to Baron Hyde de Neuville in America, on the 27th October 1820,[2] the Prince says : 'I cannot thank you enough for your support in the case of my young protégée, Mlle. d'H. . . She has left England.']

[A somewhat similar incident naturally comes to my mind, as I have heard it many times fromt he lips of M. Paul Hyde[3] de Neuville, who was an eye-witness.

His duties as Keeper of the Forests required him to organise the Royal hunts at Compiègne.

It happened one day, when crowds of people had come in carriages, on foot, or on horseback, to see the hunt, the Count d'Artois had just stopped to listen to the distant cry of the hounds, and to make enquiries as to the way to be taken, when a very tall man, with his hat pressed down over his eyes, came up to him. It was such a common thing for petitions to be presented during the Royal hunts, that the liberty taken by the stranger excited no remark.

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[1] After the Revolution of July, the Prince de Polignac, together with several of the principal Ministers of Charles X, was impeached ; he was sentenced to imprisonment for life. One of the most interesting passages in the *Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier* is the account of the trial, over which M. Pasquier presided, and of his anxiety lest the Prince de Polignac should be condemned to death, or should fall a victim to the popular fury. [Tr.]

[2] The Prince appears to have sent his letter to America, where it awaited Baron Hyde de Neuville's arrival. The Baron had been appointed to his second Embassy to the U.S. on the 12th October 1820, but did not sail until the 14th November, and was then driven back by storms to Brest. [Tr.]

[3] The writer's father. [Tr.]

The Count d'Artois stood listening, leaning against his horse. After a few moments, one of his suite approached to give him information as to the direction of the chase. The Prince stopped him with an imperious gesture.

At last, the Count d'Artois returned slowly to the group awaiting him. His face, that had been animated before, was now grave and sad, and he turned several times to watch the man who had been talking to him, as he disappeared among the bushes.

The First Huntsman, the Count de Girardin, then advanced to receive the Prince's orders, and to attend him on horseback. The Prince spoke to him in a low voice.

The curiosity of the by-standers was great, and later, they learned what had happened from the Count de Girardin, who had received no injunctions to be silent with regard to this strange event. 'Do you know what this man has revealed to me?' the Prince had said, 'that I shall soon be King of France, but the last of my line.']

I knew Prince Jules de Polignac more intimately than his brother, the Duke Armand. The Prince was in correspondence with me during the whole of my mission in America, and our letters became more frequent after he had been appointed Ambassador to London, and I, to Portugal. . . . At that time, we were united by a community of views that political events were soon to dissolve; nevertheless, I have always felt that attraction towards the Prince which is inspired by a beautiful soul, so completely formed for good that it never foresees evil. No one has deplored his errors more than I have done, nor have I shrunk from opposing them when necessary: but I have always held that certain natures, pure from all dealing with evil, are most dangerous in politics, because the mists of illusion hide the truth from their eyes. They soar above our miseries and corruptions, and their want of foresight arises less from defective vision, than from the height from which they look down.

One of the last acts of my life as a legislator was to sign what is called the Address of the Two hundred and twenty-one, which was presented to the King on the 18th March 1830. I will not attempt to lessen the importance of this act; it was the parting asunder, only too long foreseen, of the Crown and the Representative power.

I have read and re-read this Address, and have always asked myself what it contained that was blameworthy. I have read and re-read the previous Addresses, and found none of them so essentially monarchical. In not one of them do we read that solemn declaration: 'Legitimacy is a sacred principle inviolable alike for Kings and People.'

One of two things must be true; either the Chamber was right, or it was wrong. If right, it was the duty of the Sovereign to listen to it; if wrong, to enlighten it. The Chamber did not say: 'Dismiss your Ministers,' it said: 'If we are mistaken, if the country does not think with us, if we are putting words into its mouth, if Your Ministers are not causing alarm, then make use of Your Royal prerogative to send us back to the country. If, on the contrary, our respectful remonstrance is well-founded, then, keep Your Councillors, if You have confidence in them, but in Your high wisdom, bring about an agreement between these acts and the will of Your people.'

What a noble and fatherly reply Charles X could have made! If he had but been allowed to speak, he would have found in his heart what to say to those Deputies, who declared, before Heaven, that Legitimacy ought to be a principle, inviolable and sacred in the eyes of Peoples as well as of Kings.

The presentation of the Address was followed by the Prorogation of the Chamber; it was not until later, that the Dissolution was decided upon. For a few weeks the measure was under consideration. The decision was mainly due to the satisfactory Report sent by the Dauphin from Toulon, where the expedition to Algiers was on the point of sailing.

Preparations for this expedition had been made during my Ministry. A fresh insult from the Dey precipitated the crisis. M. de la Bretonnière who commanded *La Provence* came to propose terms of agreement, when, contrary to all international law, he received a broadside from the guns of the *Casbah*. Such an outrage called for immediate vengeance; moreover, as no one knew better than I did, the expedition had long been in preparation. After much parleying and hesitation, M. de Bourmont took the command of the Army.

I will not dwell on this expedition; it does not behove me to do so, as I had no longer the honour of being at the head of the Navy, when it won such distinction by the intelligence and determination displayed at the Capture of Algiers.

Admiral Duperré, whose views were not in harmony with those of the Government, was little inclined to accept the command of the Fleet. He consented, with the express intention of preserving his complete independence. As he approached the coast, the wind was contrary; he, therefore, bore away from Algiers, and hove to at five leagues distance, near a little peninsula called Sidi-Ferruch.[1] The landing of the troops took place next day, under most favourable conditions. To this skilful manœuvre, the army was indebted, in great measure, for the successes it achieved up to the Capture of Algiers. As soon as I received news of this triumph, in which the Navy had borne so distinguished a part, I wrote to congratulate Admiral Duperré. . . .

From the time the Dissolution was resolved upon,

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[1] M. Pasquier says the landing of the troops was the chief difficulty. The fleet approached the coast the first time, and were obliged to retreat at once, fearing a storm. The Admiral took them to the roadstead of Palma, to the intense dissatisfaction of the land forces. A few days later, the fleet was brought again to the coast, and the landing was effected with great rapidity on Sidi-Ferruch. *See Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, vol. vi, p. 236. [Tr.]

I followed with great anxiety the signs, which became more and more clear, of an intention on the part of the Government to have recourse to a Coup d'Etat, in case a compact Opposition should be returned.

In this struggle, the triumph of the Ministers was their sole aim; the rights of the people were no longer of any account, the good pleasure of the Government was their only law.

Was M. de Polignac sincere when he had just declared from the tribune that our Constitutional rights would not be overthrown by the Crown? Knowing so well the illusions into which this strange mind could fall, I do not hesitate to assert that he firmly believed that Article 14[1] gave the King the power that was disputed. . . .

A letter which I received at this time from my brother, affords one of the most convincing proofs ot the curious turn of thought so often met with in M. de Polignac. My brother wrote:

'I have seen the Prince de Polignac several times; we had a long political conversation that I will relate to you.

'The Prince began by expressing his regret that you took an opposite course from him, when it would be desirable that you should work together; he said, you would understand one another perfectly, the interest of the throne and the country required that you should come together: "Let your brother take one step," he added, "and I will take twenty."

'I answered, that such co-operation might have been useful at one time, but that you were convinced that it would be impossible to work with the men with whom he had surrounded himself; that you were a Constitutional Royalist, and could not unite with those whose views were known to be opposed to the Charter, and to the rights of the people.

'"But if these men," he answered, "are willing to act contrary to their principles, and not to deviate from the Charter, what more can be asked of them? We wish to act legally; as you know, people are continually talking about Coups d'Etat, accusing us of wishing to bring back absolute government, and yet we have done nothing to alarm public opinion."

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[1] Of the Charter. [Tr.]

'"It is easy to believe in your good faith, Prince," I replied, "because we know you are a conscientious man. But no one will ever believe in that of some of your colleagues; and you will not obtain a majority in the Chambers."

'"The difficulties would be removed if your brother would consent to help us."

'The Prince continued to urge the matter, saying he was inclined to separate from some of his colleagues, if you and M. de Chateaubriand would join him.'

I relate this incident, which did not lead to anything further, in order to throw a light on the little known character of the Prince de Polignac. To some extent, it exculpates him from what happened in July 1830. It is the secret of great catastrophes, to have often been brought about by causes so slight that they have escaped notice.

I left on the 22nd June for Lestang . . . and on the 3rd July, I presented myself to my constituents at Nevers. I had previously sent out a very short election address, from which I quote a few extracts: 'I do not ask, but I do not refuse, the suffrage of my fellow-citizens. Men who call for Coups d'Etat, and regard arbitrary rule, and the good pleasure of the Government, as preferable to the rule and law of justice, should not vote for me; for I am inflexible in my principles. I have been, I am, and as long as I live I shall be, the friend and defender of rightful power and national liberties. . . .' I was elected by a large majority; and a few days later, news reached us which left no doubt as to the success of the Opposition in the country.

On the 9th July, a telegram was received at Paris announcing the capture of Algiers. Early the next morning, the cannon of the little town of Sancerre made the valley of the Loire ring with a salvo announcing the success of our arms. A painful feeling mingled with my joy. These sounds, so joyous to-day, would they not soon be heard saluting a new Revolution? I was not mistaken. We returned to Paris on the 15th July: all was calm, but it was the calm that presages a storm.

CHAPTER XXII

THE REVOLUTION OF JULY 1830

The Ordinances.—St Léger de Larue summoned to headquarters.—The Duc de Raguse seeks the King at St Cloud.—Arrests.—M. Hyde de Neuville tries on two successive days to reach the King.—Provisional Government.—M. Hyde de Neuville tries to find the Duc de Mortemart.—Meeting of Deputies.—M. Hyde de Neuville alone on the Right.—Charles X leaves St Cloud.—St Léger de Larue.—Debate on the Declaration of the Vacancy of the Throne.—Last speech by M. Hyde de Neuville in the Chamber.

On the morning of the 26th July, the long expected Ordinances appeared in the *Moniteur.*

I will not attempt to describe the days that followed. I will only speak, from personal recollection, of some of the events in which I took part.

On this first day, the 26th, the Deputies of the Left met together, feeling that the morrow would bring about the triumph of their cause. The press, whose death-warrant had been signed, was the first to take action. The *National*, the *Courrier français* and the *Journal du Commerce*, all organs of the Opposition, resolved to publish an energetic Protest, drawn up by M. Thiers.

As for us, Deputies of the Right, we spent the day in seeking one another. It is impossible to describe the confusion that prevailed.

A circumstance of a private nature added to my anxiety. My nephew, Saint-Léger de Larue, who lived with me in the Faubourg-du-Roule, was aide-de-camp to the Duc de Raguse. In the middle of the night, an orderly came, with a great clatter, to inform him that the Marshal required his presence at the headquarters of the Guard. St Léger left at once, and I did not see him again for some days.

I learned that the Duc de Raguse had gone to Saint-

Cloud, obtained an interview with the King, who had spent the day in hunting, and informed him that there were grave disturbances in Paris, and an ominous fall of the funds. The King gave him no orders. It was only when Charles X was entering his carriage, and the Marshal was going away, that the King called him back, and said: 'Go, at once, to M. de Polignac, and take command of the troops.' No preparations had been made; the troops were not even in barracks. It was not until the middle of the following day, that repressive measures were taken. Two days had scarcely elapsed since the fatal Ordinances, and already riots, mobs, and incendiary placards called for the employment of an armed force. The sound of firing even reached the distant part of the town where we lived.

The same day, I sent a trustworthy man to head-quarters, to obtain news of my nephew, and reliable information as to the state of Paris.

I learned that the Marshal had received orders to arrest M. Laffitte, General Gérard, General Lafayette and M. Mauguin. When these gentlemen presented themselves at the Tuileries to confer with him, the Duc de Raguse told them that his only desire was to end the struggle, declaring, at the same time, that his first duty was to obey the orders he had received. He, therefore, sent one of his aides-de-camp to Saint-Cloud, to explain the situation to the King, while insisting on the necessity of immediate steps being taken. The only reply was to hold out.

Faced by the great and ever increasing danger, my one thought was to go to Saint-Cloud, not alone, but accompanied by such of my colleagues as would go with me.[1]

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[1] He urged M. Pasquier to undertake the sacred duty, but M. Pasquier represented that the King would have no confidence in his judgment. The Abbé de Montesquiou consented, although he believed that the intervention would be useless; he set out, but was stopped at the barrier. He then wrote a letter to the King, which was faithfully delivered. M: Pasquier, at M. Hyde de Neuville's request, also wrote in the same sense, and entrusted the letter to him. *Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, vol. vi, p. 263. [Tr.]

Was not the post of honour for the Right at the King's side? I knew nothing of the barricades until I set out for the country, and soon recognised the physical impossibility of the attempt.

On reaching the top of the Rue Saint-Florentin, I found a barricade erected to prevent the free movements of the troops; it was defended by some men—or rather boys—with guns. I asked them to let me pass. A voice exclaimed: 'He is a worthy man, let him pass,' and they called out 'Long live Hyde de Neuville!' At this unexpected ovation, I made my escape, regretting that it should have come from such lips. Having nothing to hope for, amid the prevailing confusion, I returned home, a prey to the deepest despair.

The next morning, I learned from my colleagues, who had promised to accompany me to Saint-Cloud, that not one of them had set out, alleging the impossibility of getting through.

Then I sprang into a cabriolet, determined to go alone. I took the road through the Bois du Boulogne, but a little beyond the Porte Maillot, my passage was barred by a numerous body of infantry and cavalry, evidently stationed there to cover one of the roads to the Palace, where the King was in residence; I was forced to go back.

At last, after many hours of cruel suspense, I learned from the *Moniteur*, that a Provisional Government had been appointed, under the Presidency of the Duc de Mortemart. To him, I must now direct all my efforts, that had been so sadly thwarted during the last three days.

At the same time, I received a letter summoning me to the opening session of the Chamber. We were to meet at noon, on the 28th, in the Hall of Sessions, without uniform, and taking the letter with us as a pass.

At all costs, I must see the Duc de Mortemart. I had been filled with consternation at the sight of a placard, the first of the kind, posted on the walls of Paris. It ran thus :

'Charles X cannot return to Paris, he has caused the blood of his people to be shed.
'The Duc d' Orléans is a Prince devoted to the cause of the Revolution.
'The Duc d' Orléans has been at Jemmapes.[1]
'The Duc d' Orléans has worn the national colours.
'The Duc d' Orléans has spoken ; he accepts the Charter as we have always understood it, and willed it.
'He will hold his crown from the French people.'

I hastened to the Duc de Mortemart, but he was absent.

Believing that the assemblies of Deputies held at the house of M. Casimir Perier, and afterwards at that of M. Lafitte, might throw light upon the position, I went to M. Lafitte's house. What had the Right done in presence of the activity of our opponents? I found myself in the midst of a dense throng, and face to face with the Duc de Broglie. I poured out my indignation and grief in no measured terms, while apologising to the Duke, who was always so courteous, for the vehemence of my words. He had the good taste to set it down to the conflicting feelings that moved me.

Fighting was over, but the people continued to tear up the pavement to make barricades, fearing the return of the troops. The uniform of the National Guard again appeared in the streets.

I learned that a considerable number of Deputies would meet in the Chamber on Friday the 30th. I went thither. The evening before, the Duc de Bordeaux would have been recognised as King, with his mother as Regent. In the morning, the Duc d'Orleans would have been accepted as Regent for the young Prince ; but within a few hours the position was changed, and it had become a question of a new dynasty.

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[1] On the frontier of Belgium, near Mons.

I was alone on the Right[1], and I saw many glances turned towards me with interest and sympathy. The question under debate was whether the Duc de Mortemart should be admitted, if he presented himself. There was nothing for me to do amid the empty benches around me ; I withdrew, deeply grieved by the defection of the Right on this occasion.

What was happening at Saint-Cloud ? They were preparing to leave ! I learned this from a few lines written by my nephew, in pencil : 'The King left at midnight. The people near Versailles have been arrested. I am following the Royal Family.'

St Léger did not add that, having been charged, by his Marshal, to transmit an Order to advance to the 15th Light Regiment, he was assailed on the Pont Neuf by a fusillade, which missed him, but wounded his horse. A hail of stones fell around him, with cries of : 'To the river with the Aide-de-Camp ! ' Not losing his head, he drew his sword, dashed through the infuriated rabble, and owed his life to the fleetness of his horse.

On the 2nd August, appeared the King's letter to the Duc d'Orléans, announcing his abdication, and that of the Dauphin, in favour of the Duc de Bordeaux. . . .

I succeeded in obtaining an interview with the Duc de Mortemart, and adjured him to defend, in every possible way, the rights of Henry V, since Charles X and Louis-Antoine had abdicated in his favour. We know how he defended them.

. . . . I hasten to close this sorrowful tale. These days of ill-omen were to me a long agony. The impossibility of helping those to whom I had devoted my life ; anxiety as to the fate in store for them ; the presentiment of misfortunes hanging over my country ; the certainty that, without the hereditary principle, Monarchy in France would be a long series of adventures leading to the final ruin of my country! In the paroxysm of my grief I could not help murmuring the words of Christ: 'My God, forgive them, they know not what they do!' As I said these words, I thought of the rash men who had lent a hand to a Revolution which would end, not perhaps in blood, but in mire; or at least, in that decadence to which God condemns nations, when they trample underfoot the principles that safeguard their destiny.

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[1] A single member, M. Hyde de Neuville, sat, sad and preoccupied on the benches of the Right. Vaulabelle, *Histoire des deux Restaurations*, t. vii, p. 447.

I could do nothing more for my Princes, but I owed it to myself to withdraw honourably from the present position. I awaited the moment with impatience, when the Chamber should meet on the 7th August. The motion of M. Bérard called upon the Assembly to vote on 'The Declaration of the Vacancy of the Throne;—the Modifications to be introduced into the Charter of 1814;—the Invitation to H.R.H. Louis-Philippe Duc d'Orléans to accept, as King of the French, the throne which was vacant, in fact, as well as by right, and for which we are informed that it is absolutely necessary to provide.'

The Declaration of the Vacancy of the Throne drew forth more than protests. The Deposition of Charles X, repudiated by all Royalists worthy of the name, involved their final retirement from the theatre of politics, and from all share in the government of the country.

There was silence as I ascended the tribune. I was deeply moved, not because I was called upon to resign all that had hitherto been the interest of my life, but because I grieved over the misfortunes of the Royal family, and those which I foresaw would fall upon France.

'I have only a few words to address to the Chamber, but I am too deeply moved not to ask of you, Gentlemen, a moment's silence and attention.

'I would say, first, that I do not attempt to judge anyone. I know that in politics, as in religion, all consciences are not subject to the same impressions, and thus, men who equally desire and seek after what is right, may without blame, at least in the sight of God, take opposite ways. Let each consult his own conscience. Mine is my sole guide. If therefore, Gentlemen, you do not share my views, I am glad to think not one of you will refuse me his esteem.

'I have done everything that a true-hearted and honourable man, everything that a good Frenchman, could do, to ward off terrible calamities from my country. I have been faithful alike to my oaths and my affections; and certainly, I have never deceived that Royal family who have just been hurled into the abyss by false friends, madmen, traitors, men most blameworthy.

'I have never betrayed the fortune of those whom I have served from my childhood with unwearied zeal. I will not betray their misfortunes, it would be to betray my own life, and to dishonour me in your eyes. Even if I could believe I had received a mandate to shatter a throne, and to make a king, I would leave it to others to carry out such great changes, in order to settle the new destinies of France.

'. . . . But, Gentlemen, I acknowledge no such right, I can therefore only refuse the dangerous sovereignty that you call upon me to exercise.

'I believe, moreover, that the measure you are about to adopt is of far-reaching importance, that in the interest even of those national liberties, which I cherish and have always upheld, it ought to have been submitted to a longer and deeper investigation. I believe there may be danger in seeking to found the future, the whole future of a people,—and above all, of a great people—upon the feelings and prejudices of the moment.

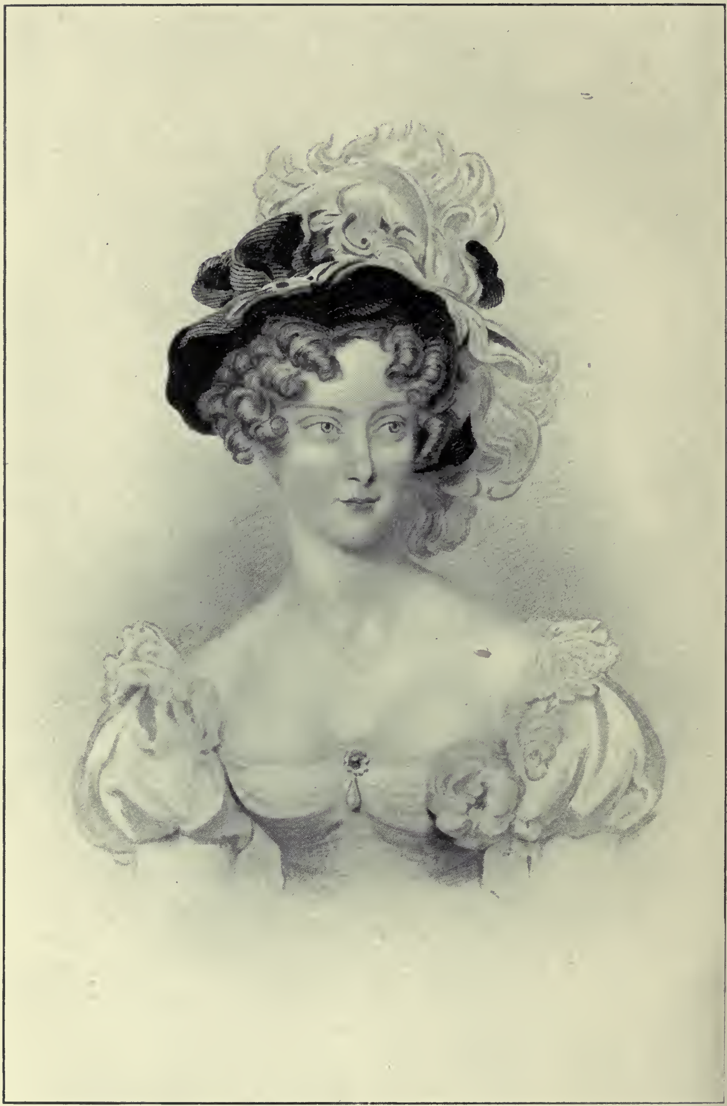
'But, when all is said, Heaven has granted me no power to stay the thunder-bolt, I can do nothing against the surging torrent; therefore, to these acts of which I cannot approve, and in which I can take no part, I shall only oppose my silence and my sorrow. . . .'

M. Alexandre de Laborde followed me on the tribune. ‘We have listened with emotion,’ he said, ‘to the sentiments expressed by the previous speaker, they were already known to us, and are as honourable as is his life.’

He might have added, how few of those who had taken the oath with that Deputy followed him! Let us mention, however, de Conny, Lézardière, Pas de Beaulieu, Arthur de la Bourdonnaye, Berryer, and in the Chamber of Peers, Chateaubriand, to whom a new homage was rendered by one of his colleagues who took an opposite course.

In the session of the 17th August, M. de Martignac explained the motives that led him to retain the mandate given by the country:

‘I distrusted my own judgment when I saw my honourable friend, M. Hyde de Neuville, adopt a different opinion. But this is my conviction and I must silence the voice of affection, when I have distinctly heard the voice of honour. Deputies as we are, we hold our mandate, not from the King, but from the country. This mandate was given to us under other circumstances, but ought we to desert it, because circumstances have become more threatening? I think not.’



MARIE-CAROLINE, DUCHESSE DE BERRY.
From an engraving after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

CHAPTER XXIII

LAST RISING IN LA VENDEE

Rising at Marseilles.—The Duchesse de Berry in La Vendée.—Her letter to M. Hyde de Neuville, M. de Chateaubriand and the Duc de Fitz-James.—M. Hyde de Neuville proposes to go to Madame to explain his views.—Prevented by cholera.—Letter drawn up by Chateaubriand, and sent to Madame by Berryer.—Arrest of M. Hyde de Neuville, M. de Chateaubriand, and the Duc de Fitz-James.—Release after fifteen days.—Sad events in La Vendée.—Letter from Madame, asking M. Hyde de Neuville's advice.—His reply.

The year 1832 brought events which caused me grave alarm . . . .

Owing to repeated risings, a state of siege had been declared in four departments, and finally, in the capital itself. This aroused great popular indignation, and the efforts of the official newspapers to screen the illegality of the step, only ended in rendering it more odious, coming, as it did, from a government, born of a Revolution.

A movement of insurrection in Marseilles, was the excuse for more arbitrary measures in La Vendée. Instructions were given to keep under observation all points where a Counter-Revolution might break out. There was no question that some influence was at work, urging this warlike people, that I had known of old, to defend the good cause. But under existing circumstances, taking everything into account, one asked, with dread, what would be the end of this uprising.

A rumour that the Duchesse de Berry was on board the *Carlo Alberto* caused alarm. It was contradicted ; and we hoped that the Princess, if not a stranger to the insurrection in the West, at least, was not present in person . . . A few days had scarcely elapsed before the news of her arrival in La Vendée was placed beyond doubt.

Brave to the point of rashness, Madame had refused to leave France again, after the unsuccessful attempt at Marseilles.

It was, however, playing into the hands of the enemy to seek to raise La Vendée. Undoubtedly, it would respond, as ever, to the call of the Mother of its King; but did not prudence and foresight impose on the Princess the duty of reserving this courageous devotion until there should be a general movement in France in favour of her Son?

I called to mind my conversation with Prince de Talleyrand, and his words that had all the authority of experience: 'Let the Bourbons cherish La Vendée as the most precious jewel of their Crown!'

Never had there been more admirable devotion than that which accompanied Madame. Cathelineau, La Rochejaquelein, Beauchamp, Bourmont, Clinchamp, Bordigné, etc., all rose, ready to shed the generous blood that had flowed in former days for the most holy of causes.

For several months, I had been aware of the preparations in the West.

The following letter from Madame was well calculated to electrify La Vendée, but was it possible to foresee the echo to her appeal in other parts of France?

Letter of the Duchesse de Berry to Baron Hyde de Neuville

'As my letter to . . .[1] addressed to . . . should have been communicated to you, I merely write to say that it is very important that you should join him, without losing a moment, and to repeat how much I count upon you at this decisive time. May we work successfully for the happiness of France, and soon be in a position which will enable me to show you all my gratitude

'MARIE-CAROLINE, REGENT OF FRANCE.'

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[1] The gaps in this letter, and in another that is inserted later, are due to the use of invisible ink.

My course was traced out for me. I must, by every possible means, oppose the design which this letter foreshadowed. But, as I was resolved to place myself at the side of the Princess in the event of any serious disturbance in the country, or danger to her person ; I proposed to go, myself, to explain the complicated state of affairs to her. I was, moreover, filled with admiration for this mother, willing to brave the dangers of such an enterprise, in order to restore to her son his rightful throne.

I wrote to the Count de Mesnard to ascertain Madame's orders. I said : 'The counsel to be given to the Royalists is to be wise, and take no part in any intrigue or conspiracy ; to await everything from time, and the force of circumstances, and above all, not to compromise the noble Vendée by provoking, at such an inauspicious moment, a rising, which, in my opinion, will have no effect. I see that Madame is badly advised ; she is being led into errors, which may ruin everything . . . .'

The Proclamation that had been sent to me, had also been sent to Chateaubriand and to the Duc de Fitz-James. There was, therefore, no doubt as to Madame's intentions with regard to us. Her appeal rendered it necessary that we should express our opinion with great clearness and loyalty, in spite of my keen regret that it was not in accordance with the resolutions Madame had adopted.

My project of going to her in La Vendée could not be carried out : I had been attacked with cholera, after tending some sick people in my neighbourhood. I did not hesitate, however, to tell her the whole truth, and wrote the following letter to the Count de Mesnard, begging him to lay it before her :

'You are mistaken, my dear Count, my old courage will not forsake me, but it shall never be employed to favour acts, which, from every point of view, I condemn. Conspiracies can only result, to-day, in bringing odium upon that which we ought to preserve pure and stainless

. . . Adieu, my dear Count; no conspiracies, they would only serve those now in power. Let us not make use of civil war, or foreign intervention, and reserve the hereditary monarchy as a means of protecting us from both. The time will come when the country will feel the need of appealing to it for help . . . .'

Chateaubriand wrote direct to Madame to the same effect.

Days passed, and the situation remained unchanged. We learned from the Royalist Committee in Paris, that the Duchess was still in La Vendée, preparations continued to be made, but no collision had as yet taken place. The rising entrusted to Marshal Bourmont was imminent if no counter orders were given. We could hesitate no longer. Chateaubriand wrote a letter, and it was decided to send it by Berryer, the man most able to advise in the matter. He reached Nantes on the 22nd May 1832.

There is no doubt the police were informed of our proceedings. They had a right to keep us under supervision; but the least common sense should have told them to make sure, before taking any steps, that we were responsible for what was happening in La Vendée.

In order to disguise the real object of his journey, Berryer made the excuse of a Trial which required his presence at Quimper. A few days after he had reached Madame, the Ministry, with incredible folly, arrested M. de Chateaubriand, the Duc de Fitz-James and myself in Paris.

On the 16th June, at 4 o'clock in the morning, a loud bell rang—the one that announced visitors in our large house. In a few moments everybody was astir. I had no doubt from the first, that it was a domiciliary visit to search my papers. It was more than that, for when the Commissary of Police came with my concierge, he told me that I must go with him. My old methods of dealing with the police came back to my mind, and knowing that, on such occasions, it is best to let matters take their course, I made no answer to the lawyer, when he introduced the subject, beyond representing in a few words, the grave inconvenience of leaving my bed when I had scarcely recovered from an attack of cholera. Upon this, I got up.

Evidently displeased, not to say troubled, with the task entrusted to him, the Commissary almost apologised, and we passed into my study, where his subordinates were already ransacking the drawers of my desk. There, my family joined me, and among them three fair-haired maidens all in tears, my three nieces; the poor children already pictured me in the dungeons of Vincennes. I reassured them, and kissed them; and set off, leaving my wife much more anxious about my health than about my fate.

On this date, the diary of Mme. Hyde de Neuville contains the following lines:

'Say nothing when the heart is moved,' this is one of the admirable maxims of the book which comes next to the Gospels. I refrain, therefore, from speaking of my husband's arrest. It is one of the designs of Providence, and certainly that which weighs most surely upon our poor human nature, always to go beyond the troubles that are sent to us. I am deeply grieved at not being able to lavish upon my invalid all the care that I know he needs. This day, the 17th, has seemed very long, with no news of him, and not knowing where he is.

Before evening, the report of his arrest spread through Paris, and a crowd of people came to write their names in our visitors book. In the evening, our drawing-room was filled with friends, indignant at the unheard-of measure taken against M. Hyde de Neuville, for they knew the wisdom of his views with regard to La Vendée.

A note, received very late at night, far from reassuring me, added to my fears:

'My dear friend, I am at the Prefecture of Police in the midst of thieves. Apart from this, I have nothing but good to say of the warders and subordinate officers of the prison ; I wish I could say as much for the Prefect of Police, who knows where I am housed.

'The more I think of my arrest, the more I believe in the delirium of certain men. Truly, if I am to be arrested, who can hope to enjoy tranquillity in France? Must one go into exile again ? Poor country !

'See if you can come to me. If they keep me here, I shall want linen and blankets, for you know how much I suffer at night. M. de . . . knows my suffering state ; I am more sorry for him than for myself. It is really too much to have the police and the cholera against me ; but time heals all.

'Adieu, my dear Friend, I embrace you all. I should like to see M. Blandin, for I am still rather ill ; you will know if he can reach the great conspirator.

'Let M. Le Curé have the 300 francs I ought to have given to the Ladies of Charity this morning ; you know where to find the money belonging to the Committee.

'Adieu, tell our neighbours that the little good I have been able to do them is my only conspiracy : France will soon know it.

'HYDE DE NEUVILLE'

Many of our friends used their influence to obtain permission for me to visit the prisoner ; it cannot be done, he is in solitary confinement.

Saturday, 23*rd June* 1832

Every day, we are hoping to see my husband come back. All who knew him, of all classes, demand his release ; but the Court to which the case is referred, has not yet come to a decision, in spite of the very favourable report of the *Juge d'instruction*, M. Poultier, who has discharged his painful duties with delicacy and consideration. Two days ago, the order with regard to Solitary Confinement was cancelled, and M. Hyde de Neuville was transferred to the house of M. Carlier, Secretary General to the Prefecture of Police while

M. de Chateaubriand is at the house of the Prefect, M. Gisquet.

Our prisoner, placed in a room overlooking the quay, has light and air ; and, what is still better, the kindest care on the part of Mme. Carlier. We go everyday to the Prefecture of Police—my sister-in-law, her husband and daughters and I—hoping that M. Hyde de Neuville might be allowed to return home with us, but we have been obliged to come sadly away, saying to ourselves : 'Perhaps to-morrow we shall be more fortunate ! '

Wednesday, July 4th.

A week ago M. Hyde de Neuville was restored to his family, instead of being sent to a private hospital. It was M. Desmortiers, the Procureur du Roi, who consented to, and indeed suggested, this change. I eagerly accepted the arrangement, for it was almost like setting him free to give him back to us.

The kindness of M. Carlier added to my happiness. He dispensed with the guards, saying he would take all responsibility ; he had already done so at the Prefecture, where he allowed all M. Hyde de Neuville's friends to visit him. My good husband, always kind and self-forgetful, was almost sorry to go out of prison, and leave his illustrious friend, M. de Chateaubriand, still there ; he even asks in a letter to be sent back to captivity, if they are unable to release his two companions. . . . At last, on Saturday evening, exactly fifteen days since their arrest, the three prisoners were restored to full liberty. . . .

10th July

On Sunday, the 1st July, the Octave day of Corpus Christi, our prisoner was able for the first time to make use of the freedom, of which he had been deprived on the 16th June at four o'clock in the morning (a very inconvenient hour by the way, which revolted a fine lady, the Princess of Bagration, quite as much as the arrest itself). The first time our friend went out, it was to render thanks to Him, Who sustains us in the midst of our trials.

[M. Hyde de Neuville continues.]

My arrest had not been my only source of anxiety during the days that had passed. Madame and La Vendée remained in the same position. The advice given by Berryer had been disregarded. The Princess who, at first, had yielded to his remonstrances, resolved not to leave her friends, too deeply compromised, she said, for her to abandon them. '*Petit Pierre* remains with you,' she wrote, calling the Maréchal de Bourmont to her.

Disasters were soon to begin.

Cathelineau, the son of the Saint of Anjou, surrenders, in order not to compromise the Chouan who had given him shelter. He is basely assassinated by an officer unworthy of the uniform he bears. In spite of the admirable devotion of Charette, de la Roberie, de Brissac, de Mesnard and so many others, in spite of the heroic defence of the Castle de la Pénissière, La Vendée is conquered.

Events do not open the eyes of Madame, she again appeals to the devotion of her friends. What a heart-rending situation! But if there is a sacrifice to be made for Princes, more terrible than that of giving one's life for them, it is to tell them the truth. It would be an act of cowardice to withhold such advice from Madame, when she asks for it, and the cause of her son is about to be compromised. Never had a more terrible conflict troubled my soul.

Madame wrote to me:

'*30th July* 1832.

'My position having obliged me more than ever to call around me men who by their fidelity in misfortune, and their enlightened devotion, inspire the confidence so necessary to the success of every undertaking, I had cast my eyes upon you, Monsieur le Baron, to act as friend and councillor at my side ; and was about to write to you when I heard of the mean persecution of which you have been the victim. It has given you another opportunity of displaying your noble character, but it renders it the more difficult, if not impossible, for you to come to me, as I was about to request. May I hope, at least, that you will aid me with your counsel. I do not appeal to you as a member of the Provisional Government that I felt it my duty to appoint before I returned to France, and in which I am told you have taken no part, my letters not having reached you. I am sorry for this, as I think you would have infused a little ardour into this Council, from which I had, at least, hoped to receive advice ; but after the non-success of my enterprises it has given me only *cowardly* advice, *to fly from my friends who are compromised in my son's cause.*

'The Provisional Government, which can no longer exist, now that I am in France, has not thought well to meet once. I regretted it, having chosen men on whom I could rely, to assist those who, being here with me, cannot judge so well of the state of France. I do not give up the idea, however, and hope that, individually, they will help the Mother of Henry V to surmount the difficulties around her.

'I count, especially, upon you, M. le Baron. M. . . will deliver my letter to you, will tell you my position, my ideas and my hopes ; he will provide you with the means of writing to me.

'The step I am taking is a proof of my full confidence and my high esteem.

'MARIE-CAROLINE, REGENT OF FRANCE.'

As soon as I had received this letter, I at once replied.

'*Paris*, 19*th August.*

'MADAME,

'My whole life has been consecrated to duty, and my mouth has never betrayed the truth. Since

Your Royal Highness then kindly asks my advice, I ought to show myself worthy of your benevolent esteem by speaking with the utmost sincerity.

'On the 30th April I had barely finished a memorandum which I was intending to send to Massa, when a note, written from that town on the 22nd of the same month, informed me that Madame had just left. In this treatise I said: "The rightful line will return, the country needs it, but it will not be brought back by the Vendée, nor by insurrections. God grant it may not be brought back by a Foreign Power!"

'I added: "The South will not rise at all; the West will make powerless efforts; and if insurrection break out in Paris it will again be the triumph of the Police over madmen and dupes."

'Lastly, I entered into long explanations to show that the faults of the Government of July are the strength of the position; that they will inevitably increase, and thus Legitimists can do nothing better than take advantage of these same faults, while avoiding committing them.

'I cannot reproduce a long statement in my letter; but, what I thought then, I think now; sad experience confirms my opinion.

'The past is out of the power of anyone; I confine myself to the present.

'Madame has not been well-advised but she has made the best of a difficult position; at Marseilles, she alone saved the honour of the flag; in La Vendée, she has displayed the noblest qualities. The faults are due to others; the glory to Madame; but in order to be real and lasting, this glory must rest there. France understands, and history will understand still better, the generous error of Madame. She thought that France was threatened by a Foreign Power; she thought her presence would suffice to arouse the National spirit; she thought, by risking her life, she would save France, and restore a throne to her son. Fortune has proved faithless to self-sacrifice, and has, doubtless, other designs.

'Let Madame wait confidently; fortune will not always forsake a noble heart.

'What then should be done? It is necessary—and I venture to say it to the Mother of Henry V—it is necessary that Madame should leave La Vendée; it is necessary in the interest of her son, of the country, and of herself, that Madame should resolve to leave for a time that beautiful France she loves so well. She will return with the same courage, the same greatness of soul, if events should call her back. Madame has proved that she can travel, and make light of danger and fatigue. But in the existing state of affairs, the presence of Madame in France offers such grave difficulties, that a faithful servant may not encourage, however greatly he may admire, the generous devotion that leads Madame to wish to remain in the West.

'In all classes there is a thirst for material interests, an excessive need of repose, and also apathy and indifference to good and sound principles; the present satisfies no one, the nation would prefer the past, but is easily contented. Taking this into consideration, let us say, that France, as she is now, will only return to the principles of the Legitimists through reason and necessity. We must therefore have recourse to reason. . . .

'Without intending it, Madame's advisers deceive her, and deceive themselves, when they speak of military organisation, committees, associations in all the provinces; this looks very well on paper. In any case, such means are only secondary, and we must take a wide view if we are to carry out great designs. Negotiations skilfully conducted, at an opportune moment, by men of high character who are trusted by their party, will do more than all proposed organisations.

'This could easily be done from Holyrood, whence the rightful line might from time to time communicate with France. Can it be done from La Vendée? No! This classic land of loyalty excites distrust in the masses; the present generation associates it with absolute power, and government by ordinance. No doubt this is absurd. The Vendéan has as true a love of liberty as those who dwell on the banks of the Seine and the Rhône ; but the case is as I represent it. Now, to reign over a people, it is necessary to pay regard, not only to their beliefs, but to their prejudices.

'Let Madame deign to listen to me. No one has at heart a greater love of what is noble and chivalrous than I have ; but, here, it is a question of making history, not romance. I see France as the Revolution has left her, and it is over her that Henry V should one day reign ; it is this France that he must care for, and heal.

'I will await the orders of Madame, to know if I shall continue to submit my observations to her. I would have laid my homage of devotion and gratitude before her, if, without compromising her, I had been able to approach her.

'I beg Her Royal Highness to accept, etc.,

'HYDE DE NEUVILLE.'

La Vendée had said her last word. The battle-cry of her old honour had resounded. The treachery and ignominy of her foes were to close this sad but glorious epic !

CHAPTER XXIV

M. HYDE DE NEUVILLE AND THE EXILED PRINCES

Visit to Charles X at Prague.—Death of Charles X.—Don Carlos of Spain.—His Abdication in favour of his Son.—The Prince of the Austurias at Bourges.—M. Hyde de Neuville assists him to escape.—Letter from Baron Hyde de Neuville to the Count de Chambord.—Baron Hyde de Neuville offers his aid to the Princess Helène in 1848.—Letter to the Princess in 1851 urging the fusion of the two branches of the House of Bourbon.—Her Reply.

The year 1836 was marked by an event which awoke in me keen emotion, my journey to the Princes. The desire expressed by Charles X to see me once more, was one of the joys of my life.

[M. Hyde de Neuville left for Prague on April 22nd, and in a long letter to his wife, dated May 3rd, he described the kind welcome given him by the King, and his favourable impressions of the character of the Dauphin and the young Prince. Somewhat later, he wrote to a friend, as follows :]

'*Prague*, 12*th May* 1836.

'You picture me, most gentle Lady, among my vines, tending a plantation, and giving lessons in history and literature to my two pupils.[1] I am far away from my mountain, but I have before my eyes the Mountains of Hradschin, the very name of which will make your heart beat.

'Ever since the 2nd of this month, I have seen every evening from five to ten o'clock, and often in the mornings, that august family, overwhelmed by so many sorrows, and upheld by so many virtues. It is impossible to imagine greater courage, resignation, gentleness of soul, and confidence in Him, Who does and can do all things, and to Whose decrees we must yield without a murmur. Would that all who worry, and complain of their lot, could see what I see ! . . .'

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[1] His two nieces. [Tr.]

This year brought an event which I was far from anticipating, having left the King in perfect health a few months before. The death of Charles X was a deep grief to me. I had ever regarded him with an affection and devotion that nothing could destroy—neither the disfavour which fell upon my political life, nor the disastrous measures of 1830, which plunged France into a series of misfortunes from which she has not yet recovered. To me, Charles X was always the Count d'Artois, to whom, in my youthful enthusiasm, I looked to raise up the throne once more. Alas ! It was under his rule that the throne fell.

. . . .

I will mention here an event, which in my opinion, was one of those misdeeds, into which the government of July was dragged by the false position in which all governments, born of Revolution, are placed.

In 1839, Don Carlos, or rather Charles, King of Spain, had been obliged to take refuge in France, in consequence of the defeat of his troops by those of the usurper, Isabella II. He was arrested on the frontier, together with his family, and they were taken to Bourges with an escort of police and gendarmes. There, the Prince was subjected to the most unjust persecution, being kept strictly guarded. As may readily be imagined, I was among the first to convey to the King and his family the homage of my respect, and to express the indignation felt by Legitimists of all ranks at this imprisonment, which lasted a long time, and became the more odious as it was quite unjustifiable.

The King and Queen and the Princes were subjected to the useless measure of a daily visit from the prefect, and to the annoyance caused by a special commissary, who ordered that every time they went out, they should be escorted by a brigade of gendarmerie.

Weary of such a way of life, which seriously affected the health of the Queen, Don Carlos abdicated, on the 17th July 1846, in favour of the Prince of the Asturias, who had assumed the title of Count de Montemolin. The King and Queen were, at once, released, and set out for Italy.

Their farewell to their son was touching ; exile was doubly painful as they left him in the hands of their gaolers ; but the Count de Montemolin was young, and surrounded by faithful friends. A year passed before a safe opportunity of escape presented itself, and above all before the situation in Europe became favourable to his cause. It may readily be imagined that I was mixed up with these plots, and shared in their execution. It was taking up my old life once more, in a cause similar to those that had aroused my sympathy in youth.

I will mention a few of our political friends, who had the honour of being trusted to share in the execution of this project :

The Marquis de Barbançois, the Count de Choulot, formerly Aide-de-camp to the unhappy Duc de Bourbon ; M. de Bourgoing, whose frequent journeys to our Princes, and diligence in serving them, and whose ardent and pure Royalism, placed him at the head of an enterprise which, if not dangerous, was at least, difficult.

On the 14th September, at five o'clock in the evening, the Count de Montemolin, with two companions, got into a carriage for his daily drive, followed at a short distance by the usual picket of gendarmes. They reached the foot of a steep hill, which the carriage horses took at a fast trot ; the heavy horses of the gendarmes could not keep up with them. The distance, at first slight, soon increased. A friendly château was by the roadside ; the Prince, who had already almost exchanged his clothes with those of his valet, completed his disguise, and sprang down on the step of a door, behind which his friends were awaiting him. The deed was done, and the improvised prisoner had taken his master's place, before the gendarmes had reached the top of the hill, or were able to see the stratagem.

The carriage then returned to Bourges ; the visit of the Prefect was declined, on the ground that the Prince was not well ; only on the day but one following, did they raise the veil, and make known the truth to the high functionary, who was doubtless, at heart, very glad to be thus rid of the painful drudgery that had been imposed upon him.

What became of the Prince, accompanied by faithful friends to show him the way ? For ten leagues, he gallops along by-ways, and reaches the Château de la Charnaye, the residence of the Countess d'Armes, in the middle of the night. There, some friends were assembled, and I among the number. The Prince rests a little, shaves off his moustache, re-arranges his dress after the hurried ride, and they discuss the safest way to go on.

I beg as a favour to be allowed to take the Count de Montemolin as far as Nevers, about five leagues from Charnaye. My carriage is not so well known in these districts, some distance away from Lestang, as the carriages of the other guests ; moreover, once in the train, with the Count de Choulot, the Prince would have no difficulty in reaching Lyons at daybreak, and passing on to Switzerland.

This was done. Just outside Nevers, the Count alighted, and went to the station on foot. After a hasty, but affecting farewell, I returned to M. de Bourgoing's house, the Château de Mouron, to fetch my nieces who were dancing there, delighted that the ball was kept up so long, though the reason was not fully explained to them, till they learned why the ball was given,—to cover the escape by concentrating all the people of the neighbouring country houses on one point.

. . . .

The Memoirs contain many letters which passed between

Baron Hyde de Neuville and the Count de Chambord. In 1845 the Baron urged the importance of a clear line of action being marked out for the Legitimists, but when in 1850, after a long delay, a direction was given and the policy was inaugurated of abstaining, not only from all government appointments, but even from those won by election, he protested vigorously, regarding it as suicidal. With the Empire of Napoleon III, the question of the Oath once more came to the front, and M. Hyde de Neuville wrote to the Count de Chambord as follows : [Tr.]

'*Lestang*, 25*th* *August* 1852.

' MONSEIGNEUR,

' When very young, I was led by filial piety to take a course which I have ever since followed from conviction.

' That wise and enlightened Monarch, Louis XVIII did me justice, I venture to say, when giving me the few words written with his own hand : "All for God and the Rightful King," he kindly deigned to add : "It is the story of your life." Yes, God, the Rightful King, my Country, our National Glory, our Liberties, for I have never forgotten that *Franc* means *free man*.

' I come, Monseigneur, to a grave question. I will treat of it with the loyal candour from which I have never deviated, and which is due to the worthy Son of St Louis.

' Under Napoleon, an Oath of Fidelity would have given my country back to me ; my political faith stood firm ; and I confess it is with no little pleasure that I read the lines which close a pamphlet, printed in 1827, and distributed to my electors : "I was exiled for seven years for one single word—*fidelity*—which I refused to substitute for *submission*."

' Many people may think my scruple exaggerated ; possibly it may be so ; still, true to my convictions, I would do now, what I did then.

' Under the usurpation of Louis-Philippe, I gave up my salary of *disponibilité*, as a former Ambassador, and resigned my office of Deputy, without any thought of blaming those of my colleagues and friends, who—less pledged than I was—retained their political faith while remaining in the Chamber, or holding public positions, in order to serve the country, and save us from anarchy.

'Monseigneur, the following words are from a letter written to me by a Legitimist, a man of intelligence and good feeling, whose convictions are immovable like my own : "Let Baron Hyde de Neuville refuse the Oath, it is the natural conclusion of a life of singular loyalty ; it is a striking lesson given once for all to those in power, by one whose past places him in a position to act thus, and whom nothing hinders being useful to his country. But that a whole party should surrender the public offices of a society that is in danger ; that during a crisis that may end to-morrow, or may not end for several years, this party should allow its adversaries to invade all appointments, this is too much like political suicide. When a vessel leaks everywhere, ought not everyone of the crew to remain at the pumps ?"

'Monseigneur, I have had some experience of men and things. I do not think Louis-Napoleon will be more fortunate than Louis-Philippe ; usurpations, whether they call themselves Empire or Monarchy, only last for a time. Hereditary Monarchy alone has deep roots ; and may, as we know, last for centuries.

'May God enlighten that family so near to the throne, that delays too long to declare—I will not say *fusion* but *submission*. . . . Yes, Monseigneur, submission ; you are the august head of the family, and those who have deceived themselves, and gone astray, should return without conditions.

'I would gladly believe that it is so ; I earnestly desire it, more for the sake of the Orleanist family than for your sake, Monseigneur ; Legitimacy is to-day our sole anchor of safety.

'Be so kind, Monseigneur, as to read the documents that have been sent to me ; I have been asked to forward them to you. I pass no judgment upon them, I am fulfilling a duty in laying before the Prince, whose heart is pre-eminently French, the views of wise and enlightened men, who are as devoted as I am to the principle which alone can save our unhappy country.

'I do not take the Oath myself, because I wish to remain faithful to my life. It would have cost me less if I had taken it under Napoleon or Louis-Philippe. . . . I could wish, and I do not fear to say it to you, Monseigneur, I could wish that all public offices in France were held by Legitimists. I should not say to them: "Conspire," but: "Preserve your convictions, and lose no opportunity of serving your country; the day will come when you will be able to reconcile all your duties, and the Prince and France cannot fail to gain much by finding many public functions in the hands of men devoted to Order and the Monarchy."

'In speaking thus, Monseigneur, I am but expressing your own generous thoughts; recalling your noble words: *The country before all. I look upon the rights I hold by birth as belonging to France, and far from allowing them, for the sake of personal interest, to become a source of trouble or misfortune to her, it is my will never to set foot in France again unless my presence may contribute to her happiness and her glory.*

'Deign to accept, Monseigneur, the homage of your respectful and devoted servant,

'HYDE DE NEUVILLE.'

It will be seen how keen an interest I took in the fusion of the two branches of the house of Bourbon, an act desired by all enlightened friends of Monarchy in France. Whither were we going without it? . . . . Was it not to the abyss, under a government that was the Empire, without the strength and glory of the First?

In those first shouts of 'Long live the Republic!' in February 1848, I foresaw what would be the sequel to the popular demonstrations that, under my very eyes, had just forced Louis-Philippe to take the sad road of exile, that Charles X had traversed before him.

I made these reflections as the Princess Hélène returned from conducting her son to the Chamber, where she had run some danger, surrounded by a crowd who respected in her neither the woman nor the mother.

My resolve was, at once, taken, it was my duty to go to the help of the mother of the First Prince of the blood. I learned that, after leaving the Assembly, she had sought refuge with her children at the Invalides. I was told she was without money, having but received a thousand francs from a colonel. It was little, very little, to enable her to leave France secretly. The next morning I ordered my carriage to be prepared, procured some money, and went to the Invalides. There I learned that the Princess had already left, and was probably in the Faubourg Saint-Germain.

We had a friend, Mlle. de Fougères, well worthy of esteem and affection, and there was no one to whom I could confide our secret more safely; she knew the Marquise d'Oraison, who was attached to the person of the Princess, and devoted to her. Mlle. de Fougères went to her, and told her that a good Legitimist, touched with the position of the Duchess of Orleans, had prepared everything—carriage and money—to convey her whithersoever she desired to go. The Marquise, who knew Mlle. de Fougères' opinions, and her connection with my family, laughingly answered: 'That good Legitimist is M. Hyde de Neuville. Ah! If this offer had but reached us yesterday, what a service he would have rendered us! The Princess has gone, and God alone knows if she will ever reach her destination.'

I had intended to say to the Duchess of Orleans: 'I will take you, Madame, wherever you wish; to Germany, to England; if I might venture to advise, I would say "Let us go to Frohsdorff. By doing so, Madame, you would render a great service to your children and to France."'

The Duchess of Orleans was informed of my eager desire to help her, and before writing to me, she thrice sent me messages expressing her gratitude.

In 1851, a yet greater ambition seized me. It was a decisive moment. Might not a true and persuasive statement touch the heart of the most devoted of mothers? She must surely be at times uneasy at the thought of the new dangers her son might run, if a throne were offered to him, apart from the hereditary claim he held, as heir to the Count de Chambord. I therefore wrote to the Princess:

'*Paris, March 29th* 1851

'MADAME,

'I sought to render a slight service to Your Royal Highness and you were so good as to preserve a kindly remembrance of it.

'I cannot withhold from Your Royal Highness what is constantly repeated in Paris and in the country: The Princes of the Orleans' family are animated with the most favourable sentiments; the fusion is prevented by the Duchess of Orleans.

'No, Madame, you do not prevent that which is rendered necessary, even indispensable, by honour, duty, and the interest of the two branches; this is what I say to all, and it is my deep conviction. The Princess Hélène cannot desire that which her heart and mind cannot approve, that which is contrary to her interest, to the true interest of her children, and above all, to her conscience, which will ever be her guide and consoler.

'I am one of those, Madame, who look to the welfare of the country before all things. If the Republic, which like hereditary Monarchy embodies a principle, were possible, if it could maintain and strengthen its position, and bring happiness to France, then, in spite of my ardent and respectful affection for the Heir of my Kings, a Prince eminently French at heart, I should say, and he would say with me: "*Before all things, the country!*"

'I could recall facts, and lay papers before you, Madame, which show that the Prince who had the misfortune to pass from the Palais-Royal to the

Tuileries, understood his position, and recognised that in the Monarchical state, the principle of heredity was useful, important, even indispensable. . . . And did not Napoleon himself say: "Oh! If I were only my grandson!" I may add, Madame, that after a speech which I delivered on March 15th 1830, a speech chiefly devoted to upholding the legitimate authority, I received from all sides expressions of esteem and goodwill. The Duke of Orleans, having read the speech, desired to see me. A very distinguished person brought his message to me when I was in the Chamber, and I went to the Palais-Royal. The Prince wished to consult me on several delicate points, to which I had no difficulty in replying. This interview, which lasted more than two hours, had for result on my side goodwill and confidence, and on the part of his Royal Highness, it was an opportunity of showing noble and generous feelings worthy of a Bourbon.

'In that speech, I said: "It is to the hereditary principle that we owe the return of the Bourbons. What more is needed to render that principle dear to all French hearts, to all who love order and tranquillity? . . ."

'Come, Madame, come to the aid of that France which was always so dear to the Bourbons. When the Republic falls, there is only one way of safety for France: fusion and hereditary Monarchy! Yes, if only men of order, of all parties, would unite, come to an understanding and grasp one another cordially by the hand; while blessing that Royal family, those Sons of St Louis, henceforth bound together forever, by ties of esteem and affection and duty!

'Forgive me, Madame. I am neither ambitious nor visionary. My ambition has always been, and it will follow me to the tomb, to serve my country while remaining true to my convictions. This is not advice that I venture to lay before you; it is the petition of an honest man, an old Legitimist, immoveable in his faith, who begs your Royal Highness to put an end to the uncertainty which harms the younger branch more than the elder. Right always recovers its strength in the end; but this sad and lamentable uncertainty is especially harmful to the country. The country before all things!

'HYDE DE NEUVILLE.'

I received the following reply from the Princess:

'*Claremont. May 5th* 1851

'I have not forgotten, Monsieur, the services you offered me on a terrible day, and I have cherished a grateful remembrance of them, and gladly seize the opportunity of telling you so. Alas! why must I add words of regret, and why can I no longer charge you to express my thanks to her who, with you, offered me a generous refuge in the hour of danger?

'Believe in the sincerity of my sympathy, Monsieur; and believe also, that if I am silent with regard to the political part of your letter, I respect the loyalty and disinterestedness that dictated it, and I love to count upon your justice to my family—For this reason, Monsieur, I renew the expression of confidence with which you are regarded by your affectionate

'HELENE.'

My dream had vanished! I bowed my head as I thought that God reserved to Himself the last word for the solution of this great problem: the destiny of France, her happiness or her decay!

LESTANG[1]

Baron Hyde de Neuville withdrew to Lestang, his country house in Berry, in the valley of the Loire, soon after the Revolution of July 1830, but he continued to spend a part of every winter in Paris.

In 1836, the year of his visit to Prague, he sold, with regret, his house in the Roule, and rented a suite of rooms in the Palace of the Countess de L'Espine. The salon of the Baroness Hyde de Neuville was frequented by the most distinguished persons in Paris, irrespective of their political opinions.

In his *Mémoires* the Baron affectionately recalls their names—the politicians who came in the evenings to console him in his voluntary retreat by telling him of their success at the tribune, and many illustrious Portuguese, resident in Paris, including the Marshal Saldanha, the Duke and Duchess de Terceira, the Marquis de Loulé and his wife who was a daughter of John VI. Madame Hyde de Neuville was assisted in doing the honours of her salon by the charming Countess Paul, with her daughters and their husbands. M. Hyde de Neuville makes especial mention of his nephew, Arthur de Bardonnet, adding that, on account of his nobility of character, he intended to bequeath Lestang to him.

It was at Lestang that the Baron spent the greater part of the last twenty-seven years of his life, occupied in tending his vines ; he signed his letters to his friends : 'the Vine-dresser of Lestang.' His one passion was to soothe the troubles, and soften the hardships of the poor around him. He caused seats to be erected on the mountain-side that the women, laden with their *hottes* [1] full of vine shoots, might rest for a moment. One day, he passed an old woman carrying a bundle of firewood. 'My good mother,' he said, 'You will be taken up; that is green wood.' 'Oh! no! M. le Baron, I shall not, for it is from your land.'

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[1] Abridged from the closing pages of the *Mémoires* by the Viscountess de Bardonnet, with the addition of a few passages from other parts of the *Mémoires*. [Tr.]

It was a great pleasure to M. Hyde de Neuville to welcome M. and Mme. de Chateaubriand, to Lestang. Their presence attracted numerous visitors, but M. de Chateaubriand, who was merry enough when alone with the family of his old friend, relapsed into his habitual silence and melancholy on the approach of strangers. Then, Mme. de Chateaubriand, always proud of her husband's fame, would hasten to make amends by her own gracious welcome, and the young nieces of Baron Hyde de Neuville, whom Chateaubriand called his 'two Queens,' [2] would try—not always successfully—to dispel his gloom.

On the 9th November 1837, the Baron wrote to inform his friend of the approaching marriage of the younger of the 'Queens': 'Our dear Pauline is to marry a good young man of our Berry, the Viscount de Bardonnet. Pauline begs the prayers of the kind and saintly lady of Marie Thérèse,[3] and those of the Pilgrim of Jerusalem on the day fixed for her wedding, which is to be in the Chapel at Lestang on the 5th December. Ah! my dear Friend, if only you were within ten leagues of Lestang!'

The Chapel of Lestang, in which is the tomb of Madame Hyde, with her two sons now resting near her, is situated high on the hill, hidden away among the trees.

On the summit of the hill, stands the parish Church amid the narrow streets of the old town—looking down upon the green hills of Amigny, Chavignol, and further away, Sury-en-Vaux and Sens-Beaujeu, the scene of that *Little Vendée of Sancerre* the memory of which still lives in the hearts of some of the people. The aged Baron had not forgotten it, and when in that Church the *Domine salvum*[1] was entoned, he would rise, and in his still sonorous voice, would add the word *Henricum* to the versicle that ended with a different name. People around him smiled, but the public functionaries of those days only grasped his hand with a deeper respect when he held it out to them, as he left the Church.

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[1] A kind of basket carried on the back. [Tr.]

[2] From the name *la reine Isabeau* by which the younger girl was called within the family circle.

[3] The name of the Institution for Aged and Infirm Priests founded by Mme. de Chateaubriand. [Tr.]

The happy home of Lestang has had its sorrows. On the 30th April 1843, M. Hyde de Neuville lost his brother Paul,[2] and in 1848, the eldest of his brother's children, Mary, who was born in America, and married the Count de Lastic Saint-Jal, died at Lestang

Here too, in the following year, Madame Hyde de Neuville died. We read in the Memoirs: 'The heaviest blow that could strike my heart came to me on the 12th September 1849. I lost the devoted companion of my life, who had been my guide and comforter as well as my happiness. Of such sorrows one does not write.' The Comte de Chambord at once sent a letter of sympathy when the news reached him.

For many years longer, Baron Hyde de Neuville continued to welcome his friends to Lestang. There were Fêtes too, from time to time—merry *bourrées*,[3] danced under the trees to the familiar notes of the fiddle of the good old times, and the *poêlée*, or supper given to the vine-dressers at the end of the vintage.

There were also the solemn festivals; on the Feast of Corpus Christi, the aged Baron, once Minister of

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[1] The prayer for the King or Emperor, said after the conclusion of Mass on Sundays. M. Hyde de Neuville substituted the name of the hereditary king for that of Louis Philippe, or Louis Napoleon. [Tr.]

[2] M. Paul Hyde de Neuville was Keeper of the Forests after the Restoration, and later, Gentleman of the Bedchamber in Ordinary to Charles X.

[3] A kind of country dance. [Tr.]

Marine, with his faded grand cordon of the Legion of Honour upon his breast, would walk in the procession holding one of the cords of the canopy.

Baron Hyde de Neuville died in Paris on the 28th May 1857. As the faithful Dr Ricord watched by his bedside, he thanked the protector of his early years for having adopted him. 'Who would not have adopted you, my friend!' replied M. Hyde de Neuville.

'We were all present,' writes the Viscountess de Bardonnet, 'nephews and nieces, kneeling and stifling our sobs, when the Rev. Father Felix, after having administered the last Sacraments, recited the Prayers for those in their Agony.'

'The dying eyes of the Baron passed from one to another, and sometimes to the portrait of Louis XVI at the foot of the bed; then they rested on the Crucifix, and his feeble hand pressed it to his lips. . . . Soon the majesty and calm serenity of a Christian's death overspread the face of the noble old man. God had called him to Himself.'

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